

It was sad to see them walk by
Mostly one by one, some in pairs
So caught up in their speck
that they missed it all together.

A turn of the head would have been enough.
They would have to stop then,
they wouldn't be able to help themselves
Unless they were devoid of any appreciation
for beauty in this world.

I felt an aching when my path led me away
I wanted so badly to turn and just
stare,
to stand still
specks walking by
and look with such purpose
so that I might keep it in my mind.
Knowing with sadness
that I cannot share with others what I have seen

Perhaps if I could paint
others might know what I felt
but, even so

A painting does not make one confident in the existence of God.
One does not gain assurance of life's purpose
from a painting of a sunrise.
It seems merely an excuse to rid the pallet
of red and blue pigments.

When the pallet belongs to a bigger hand
And we become part of the picture
how can we,
tiny specks,
keep walking,
never feeling that we are one with the sky?

-Jessica Hatfield