

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*