

Wrought

For those with faith, it is God who made:
The heavens and earth, and man in his image.
Nothing was *made*, to those devoid,
For all of being sprang from null and void.
But from nought to something make,
To give, to take, to sight forsake,
Is a deep and burning thirst unslaked.

Be it life or be it art,
Either stems from an eager heart;
Quick to anger and quicker to break –
Just as well with that at stake.

A lilting song, the lithest dance:
Holding people in sweetest trance;
Words together so sweetly strung,
By a waxing bard with a silver tongue;
Hands that chip at shapeless stone,
Sculpting deities or mighty thrones;
Tracing lines of colours sublime,
By an artist, dreamer, sans age or time;
In the act, the making done,
Bringing elements close as one
To take a stand in fleeting tense –
But standing surely, forever hence.

Art creates that which God cannot,
For man is flawed to the point of rot.
The truth in looking down inward
To find a muse, a streak wayward:
Shows it clear, an image of self;
As a watcher first, then an artist tall
Sees his soul bared: warts and all.

Fear then surely grips his heart,
As he squirms to hide from prying eyes,
But the shameful glances never once part,
For his eyes stay open till he dies.

As he's washed by waves of guilt
For flinching at his self laid bare,
Never content with what he's built,
He wallows in the tortured air.

So strange a thing it is, to create –
Wrought in passion, sheathed in love,
Wrapped in envy, and forged in hate.

Yet, so proud to call it his,
In his art he finds his bliss:
A mother's hug; a lover's kiss.
Ever still, he onward ploughs,
For he's happy doing what he loves.