

“the artist takes [the] gamble”<sup>1</sup>

in a family that stitches  
to get riches,  
my hand sews a different seam —  
one of words and emotions  
— (of poetry in motion) —

i sing the song of the  
heart’s art,  
i capture life —  
the strife, the way  
the knife pierces everyone  
in its own peculiar way,  
and how the flower  
blooms in every light;  
(in the silvery white moon and parched sun’s gloom)

i never received the gene  
that made me see  
*money’s green sheen!*

forgive me, doctors!  
i hope you’re not hurt  
but the fruit of your loom  
has chosen the pen  
over the scalpel

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<sup>1</sup> Quote from Irving Stone’s *Lust for Life*, a biographical novel about Vincent Van Gogh