

This isn't for you

No artist is present
in this room.

Yet with each stroke,
I receive a critique.

I only have one
canvas,

so I paint over
my mistakes

and regret
some of the

requests I oblige.

The flowers are wilting,
dripping too much into

my roots and
blurring them.

I paint new flowers.

“It was more poetic
when they were dead,”
they say.

So I pluck them entirely.

“The trees are too wide.”

So I narrow them.

I do not know where
my strokes are taking me

or why a panel of
degenerates

whisper in my ear.

So I dip my hand in
orange paint.

I cover my eyes,
my ears,

my lips,

and I press myself
against the canvas.

“It's a mess,”

they say.

“It’s me.”
And it’s art.

~{A}