Painter

The imperceptions of sight and sound
Life is but a pin prick on the skin
Small floods of warm over cool expanse
With limited vision we see, colorblind to the world
Standing too close to the fire
Skin blistered and burning
But we cannot withdraw from the dance of flames
What lays outside the hearth?
On the peripheral just out of view
Man is just confined to atmosphere
To blankets of snow that lull the hum of seeking
Accepting truths told in murmurs and hushed whispers
The script has been inked in pen
A manual we cannot alter now
For maybe that is why we accept what we cannot see
What lays outside the mind may provide more misery than
We already know
So yes, go on
Accept the broad-brush strokes
Don't look for hand that paints it

By Julia Pucci, student, Suffolk County Community College