

The ecstasy of painting

I splosh with squashed panache
and wash the page with paint.
It's kitsch and rich with colour now,
untainted by ineptitude,
a feud that's glued to tint,
alluding mood with glints
of shrewd extruding hints
from crude and skewed intents
at wooed unraveling emotion.

The pigment is a potion
portraying every notion
in motion, an ocean
of lotion for the senses,
dispensing care (a rare affair)
with prayers for sharing touch,
as we meet there with much
awareness and compassion.

The paint and I (in raptures),
can capture fickle factures
with tactless oozing pigment
now in figments of imaginings,
rewonderings and blunderings
beyond asunder splutterings
that spurt our synchronicity
with modest authenticity.

Such rations feature fashions
for fastening an empathy
held within hues' ecstasy
a tendency for remedy,
secreting now creatively
in flexible expansion,
as painting boosts dimensions
producing their ascension,
seducing new attention.