

ART MAKER

Art knocks on the heart's door with logic:

“Humans artists, living in the midst of creative beauty,
are images of the Artist who created it.”

Skip that bond and reap meaninglessness in human art;
forget the goals and aspirations in each human soul
wedded to the cosmic clay we cherish and want to keep,
even as it declines, deforms, decays and dissolves in death.

But if we're an eternal Artist's Self-portraits, then why
we wish to remain *human*—that is, forever eternal spirits
fitly embodied in awesome sculptures of stardust—is this:
the Artist's own human incarnation and defeat of death!

Without such hope, there is no humanly-friendly faith;
without such faith, no significance in human creativity.

Disregard the Art Maker's personal embodiment,
and the only noble, honest thing for human artists to do
is quietly to fold their hands forever, never again to create,
but to await silent oblivion at end of life's short path.

Such hopelessness is hell's lie! Listen to the Art!
Hear the Artist's voice, amid the angry, ranting despair
of noisy unbelief in Art's message of human hope!

— *David L. Hatton, 11/29/2017*