

WEEPING COMPOSITIONS

Ancient Artist, ages ago,
stretched canopy canvas
forever over fixed rotational frame,

first

laying translucent underpainting
with cyclically regular,
undulating chroma,

then

wind-brush blowing
fluffy, flowing matchless masses
in morphing monochromes—

now

thin strokes,

now

layered amalgamations—
congealing, clashing,
weighty wanderers,

sometimes

weeping wetness,

sporadically

wailing tears,
washing exhibition-watchers below.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/26/2018*