

## The Art and the Judge

The dumpster behind the art gallery flowered with graceful lines carved in brushstroke on expensive oil canvases. Inside the art necropolis, the noise of banging and grunting echoed against the metal confines.

A bespectacled face emerged—smudged with grime and soot—as he pushed out canvases.

### **Grave robber.**

He grimaced at the patchouli stench from the street.

The painting's wooden backs scraped the metal sides, screeching.

### **Regressive! Hater!**

He ignored the granola-munchers as they stampeded past the alley's mouth toward Banksy's exhibited transgression.

Propping up the pastoral scene, he reviewed it serenely, conversing with exquisite antiquity perched on greasy pavement.