

DRIFTING INTO CREATION

There is a time in all lives when words find no sure path.
We rest in silence as time drifts by, allowing our thoughts to go astray.
Given its time, thoughts will blend, as visioned words find their way.
When eyes are open influence comes by what we see and feel
When eyelids close, our hidden album of visions reappear.
Oft times a story is told through, pen or taps on ink-filled keys
Chisels in hands carve images in stone and wood,
While turning wheels and hands mold clay,
a color-filled brush blends light with shadows.
Art is born again.