

BEQUEST FROM AN ARTIST WHO DIED IN AUTUMN

Glenna Holloway

Pale trees march up the shadow side of morning.
Somewhere doves are mourning
in shades of leftover winter like the pigments
I blend. I can't remember cinnabar or amber.
The wind casts about for a storm to smear
the umber sky. There is a void in my canvas,
old friend. It glares
through missing colors looking for meaning.

My palette lacks your softened medium
and ripe touch. I move my easel nearer the window
and mix more viridian as you once told me. "Green
is empathy," you said, "leaf, light, laughter."

The scene outside is no longer
what is happening under my brush or behind my eyes.
I paint with light never captured before,
an intensity of knowing. From the old focal point,
the old hue, a new value emerges.

Mentor and source, you will always be missed.
But empty space is vital to design, (ours and His)
how well you knew. And something in its center
will goad me to work; the slow collage of time
will guide my hand around it
and tame each stroke with faith.