

HOLDING HANDS BENEATH THE PALETTE

Composition
passing
We two are a new ~~picture~~, unfinished, unframed.
Stretching our freshly primed canvas to dry,
we envision what we'll paint, knowing
sure strokes are needed in this millennium dawn
as monotonies of gray pall the horizon where ~~sky~~ *leaves*
and earth meet like rubbed pastels. Delineations
seldom apparent, dimensions seem distorted
when borders ~~vanish~~, and insistent eyes
try to furnish lines, try to avoid uncertainty.

mixed
Despite ~~strong~~ hues, changes in the light,
unexpected smudges, other painters' directions,
you and I promised to keep our own horizon true.
We've seen enough modern living landscapes
to understand how the relentless brushes
of time often obscure *the* finer focal points.

correct
Stay close, my ~~darling~~, where ~~master~~-artistry
imprinted deep beyond sight will guide us.
Stay near, and we'll complete this composition
together, walking this ~~surface~~ scene
by love's design traced on our wedding vow:
this palimpsest of life-- not still,
but still with us to the mortal margin's end.

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