The Painter

He captures the beauty in a woman,
And the loneliness in the ill.
The ghosts of his past haunt his room
But he looks on, perplexed and still.

A knock at the door,
A tap at the window,
The flicker of lights
That only comes to a window.

She’s outside his window
Under moon light beams,
He yearns for her touch
To justify his means.

She’s on his mind-
Day in, day out-
As he looks at the canvas
Finding what love’s about.

By his side she paints with him,
Trusting each other’s moves.
Eyes closed, hearts opened-
True love is what he proves.

His eyes break open
And her presence is gone,
Be he sees this painting
As it’s meant to belong.

He painted his wife
As he remembered her then:
Young, beautiful
And forever his kin.