

Portrait

Life is like a vacant canvas
Like thunder rolls and lightning crashes
The sun will rise
The sun will set
We paint our lives
With light as a palette—
Lined with lashes around the eyes
Are brushes dipping, dripping wet

A memory printed, direct, on-site
Capturing treasures in our chest,
Each unique and held each night.
Dreams absorb, not to forget.
Renewed once more, a new day alive,
Until memories are all that's left.

by Kathy Kite

