

# 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*

