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Art

Eric Savir
NSU University School

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Art

Eric Savir

White canvas lying on the table,
The artist stares.
Contemplating his thoughts,
They are drawn on paper,
Art is formed.

The colors speak.
Stories told.
Love, happiness, death,
Ideas materialize for the viewer.
Art is formed.

Words of hatred,
Whispered in the artist's ear.
Spots of red and black blemish his painting.
Tears fall from his eyes, landing on the canvas.
Is everything ruined?
Art is formed.

Suddenly, pride inhabits his mind.
The national flag is drawn.
Blues, reds, and whites reflect the smile on his
face.
So many special times,
Art is formed.