



Motion
by Jo Anne Boulger

Facing blank canvas, being afar in thought,
Makes me move in motion, to create a piece of art.
Subject could be smiling, even have departed,
Maybe just a puppy dog, that is kind hearted.
Starting with brush in hand, outline drawing done,
Working from the shoulder, awaiting the outcome.
Pieces of Souls connecting, united as one,
Knowing in the touch, we'll get the process done.
So, it is with motion, working rapidly,
Effort put on canvas, for the world to see.
What makes an Artist, I ask myself, this quiz,
Putting paint to canvas, is that all it is?
Could it be that yearning, deep inside of me?
Looking for release, longing to be free?
I only know it's something, that I must do,
A motion moving outward, to this, I must be true.
Motion of my body, hand, arms, my sight,
Pleasure in doing, keeps me loose, not tight.
Even if it's novelty, it's being true to me,
My soul is part of the canvas you see.
So someday, maybe, when I am old and gray,
Some looking at my art, whispering, "A Monet?"