

Ode to Art, Through the Years

When I was ten, oh, what a thrill,
My school displayed my art with skill.
The Royal Academy, no less!
A memory I'll always confess.
Sixty-five years have flown since then,
But art still stirs my heart again.

In Central London, I did reside,
With galleries aplenty by my side.
From public halls to private shows,
The art would spark my youthful glow.
And Waterloo's tunnel, once so plain,
Now bursts with graffiti, wild and untamed!

The '70s brought a kinetic spree,
At the Hayward Gallery, by the sea.
Moving sculptures, a curious sight,
Art that danced in the soft moonlight.
Though some may scoff, "Is this really art?"
I say, "Let it stir your curious heart!"

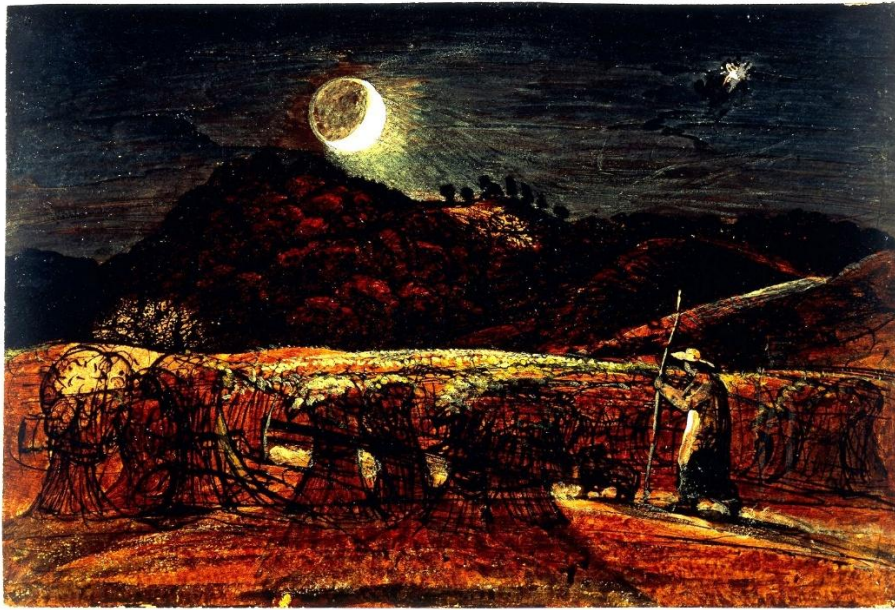
A pile of bricks? Well, I'm not so sure,
But art's debate is part of its allure.
From Summer Exhibitions, diverse and bright,
To hand-painted posters, a skilled delight.
In Libya's mosaics, ancient and grand,
I've marvelled at work from a long-gone hand.

Good design, to me, is art as well,
A car, a dress, or a phone to sell.
For art's not just paint on a canvas square,
It's everywhere we look, it's everywhere!

So here's to art, in all its forms,
Through quiet days and bustling storms.
To pensioners like me, and to you too,
Art's a joy that's forever new.
In the eye of the beholder, it will stay,
A colourful friend to brighten our day!

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The Cornfield



On living with the enduring image of Cornfield by Moonlight, with Evening Star, (1830) by Samuel Palmer, 1805 to 1881, Founder member of The Ancients group of English artists

A picture, long ago, resonates in the life of this young boy
 And like a tuning fork, struck by a bolt of light
 A chromatic blast from an impregnable past, reverberates and rings _on and on

The first i knew, its sketchiness drew me in
 That Cinnabar hill; the clerestory of trees under a waxy crescent-lunacy
 A place to be under a magic sky, primped with Venus that catches my eye
 The crop, gathered and scratched into unwieldy sheaves
 Lines a path lit by some unearthly visitation, to channel a gilded meditation
 A man and his dog, a nighttime walk, a distant dream for me then
 But something we do now _for love and the Moon

How different now; when i was young it seemed
 Time lay ahead, spacious, like this open field
 An inexhaustible landscape ripe with dreams

Time won't wait for regret and doubt, but then reminiscences revive
 Old flames tricked into coming alive
 And though other artists come and go, leaving impressions that linger a while
 The Ancient's cornfield's revelation freewheels through my mind

Time won't wait to feel lonely and drawn; a line riddled into the soil
 God's finger tracing out the beating of my starry core
 Awareness, like a flicker, a camera flash
 A glimpse into the past then blind again once more

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Reflections on my painting of a Potencia

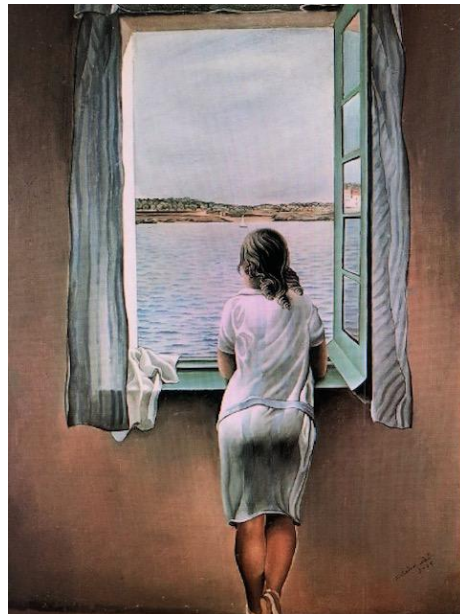
Oh, beautiful flower
 Colorful and peaceful
 It brings happiness to my heart
 With message that "Christmas is near"
 It fills my heart with Holiday Cheers
 Putting the painting aside, looking out
 Spring is here, another promise of happiness, new lives
 New beginnings,
 Hearing Birds singing, buds trying to pop out and saying Hello, makes me so excited.

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Girl at the Window ('Muchacha en la Ventana' Salvador Dali 1925)

Not just the strong pull
 through a rectangle
 to peer from a window ledge
 and see what she sees: blue scene,
 half sky - half sea - rhythmical sea
 which laps to the sill -
 harbour wall and woodland
 a beige-green division;

not the sinuous ruffles of curtains
 or the clinging satin dress -
 not even the girl herself,
 Botticelli ringlets at her shoulders
 and the mystery of a hidden face -
 what draws you in is the search,
 a desire to break down barriers,
 to slide across the water
 to see beyond the horizon.



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Even that's too close

So, there we were, stood in the MOMA, looking at a picture by Pollock,
 And searching for the fag-ends and screws that he'd left in there,
 When Carmel pointed at a filter-tip, an inch from her finger-tip,
 And a man sprang to attention and ran to our side to tell us off for touching the picture.
 "We weren't touching it though, we were pointing at it".
 "Don't point," he said, "even that's too close!".

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My budding artist

I remember the joy of seeing the first scribble on paper,
A chunky crayon held in that chubby hand
As wild strokes appeared on the paper beneath,
The nicest "picture" in all of the land.

Then later a circle, twiglet limbs, weird face
Uniquely drawn but such a precious thing.
Wild hair, wonky mouth, how many fingers?
What pleasure that drawing could bring.

The first house with four little windows,
A central door, a chimney up high.
Swathes of green for the garden
A tree - maybe that's our cat sitting nearby.

Learning not to ask "what is it", rather
"Tell me about it" instead,
Pinning up all that precious artwork
On the wall just over their bed.

Suddenly landscapes start to appear,
The hills, the seaside, the streams.
Little flowers in myriads of colours
Like the paradise found in your dreams.

Eventually cityscapes, detailed & clear
Or animals with their young fast asleep,
Each beautifully drawn & special
Every one I would have liked to keep.

Some days when I'm feeling nostalgic
I'll look back at some drawings filed away,
My children no longer give me their artwork
But my grandchildren fulfill that role today.

I may love to visit an art gallery
Marvel at the expertise and skill
But nothing compares to my "collection"
And nothing on this earth ever will.

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Woman in Gold (Gustav Klimt 1907)

Home in on me, you say,
revere the detail and intricacy –
gold on gold, a golden cosmos
adorning my figure. Admire the lines,
spots and curves of my flowing shawl –
the tactile elegance of slippery silk.

Catch wide eyes peering at you
from the body-clutching dress.
Stroke the skin of smooth long arms
and intertwined slim-fingered hands.
Look at my face, you say –
alabaster pale – held high
by the diamond-dotted choker,
my pert red lips, pink-spotted cheeks –
sheer extravagance, assured allure,
owl-eyed opulence and artistry.



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