

Artistry By Ann Atkins

I gaze, mesmerised by a painting on a gallery wall,
a window onto a familiar place. In another time,
before I was born. I wonder how many leaves grew
to wither and fall as the trees grew dense and tall.

I imagine the artist preparing a canvas,
sketching out the scene, selecting brushes
and paint, pouring love into the palette,
spending time in careful observation.

The artist takes a position where the composition
fills their imagination with admiration.
Knowing they cannot replicate every detail,
the structure, the wonder, tones, light and shadows.

Trusting eye and hand to tell what the heart feels,
in awe of what the original designer conceived.
How each element fits perfectly,
the artist adjusts position, checks the perspective.

It's often said a work of art is never complete,
only an abandoned attempt to capture a mood,
to interpret the landscape, the emotion.
In the moment, the artist knows they are alive.

The brush moves at one with their eyes.
Some trees in this landscape were
alive in their grandfather's time.
and its seeds continue its legacy.

Every time the light changes,
The artist sees something new
And is reminded of why they started.

Although I'm an amateur, unlikely to be exhibited,
I feel compelled to revisit that place.
Now sat amidst that landscape
with sketchbook, pencils, brushes and paint,

I need to make my own impression,
allow myself to stare, absorb the scene.
take photographs for reference, to continue later,
aware the colours and depth don't match what my eyes see,

Today, the light is different, the shadows softer,
the sun hidden behind clouds. I know it's there,
with the stars that won't be seen until it's dark.
Even the darkest night holds the promise of dawn.

That's always something worth holding on for.

Faith Hope Love

If faith is believing in something you cannot see,
knowing it's the truth when there's no concrete proof.
Even if you can't see it right now
I know your worth, I have faith in you.

I hope that one day soon you'll be able to see it,
hope is more than a wish, it's confidence
that something good will happen,
I want to help you to make it.

I will prove that my faith has not been misplaced.
You are so much more than the image
you have of yourself, without you,
this world would be a dull place.

Sometimes weight bears heavy on your shoulders
you barely feel strong enough to hold your head up.
I wish I could show you how much you're loved,
you don't have to be Atlas, taking it all on yourself.

Love is wanting the best for someone,
and I want the best for you. I want you to know,
though you are hurting now, you're held,
and your day will come soon.

You are so much more than a collection of cells,
Your imagination, compassion, your willingness to listen.
I wish I could heal your pain, I know I can't,
but I will sit with you until it goes away.

The nights feel long, when sleep eludes you
somewhere in the world the sun is shining.
People everywhere are moving around
you just have to hold on until morning.

And remember you are not alone.