

"The Canvas"

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There once was a symbol
The canvas followed
An inspiring symbol that filled an inspiring artist's heart
Once he left
The canvases heart was hallowed
And that's was when the story started

A canvas not too young but yet so old
An abandoned white palette that used to be filled with such youth
The white canvas, once ecstatic
A jumping little infant wanting to be noticed

But now?
The artist left the untouched failure to dust
Faded black marks, the only emotion left
No vibrant colors were there to bring it back to life

After decades of endless rotting
Before the canvas took its final bow
It was recognized once more
A kind hearted soul wanted to renew it

He wanted to reshape the pale canvas
Not in a mischievous way
But in a way to make the painting find its true meaning
A meaning that wasn't neglect or abandonment

Overtime, they became two peas in a pod
The blank canvas
No longer the gloomy white clouds looming above
They helped and improved one another to be happier

The love of the artist and the canvas
The aloha
The kindness
The positive impact this very artist gave to the canvas
Or did the canvas impact the artist?