The Picture Painter / Verna Hill

A painter spoke to me today, oh
many others were there too, but the
soft-spoken young man was mine.
He showed large and small slides of his
work meticulously rendered
with a realism reminiscent of the masters
plauded in Art History.
Images impressively large on screen,
in fact were miniature models.
True to his medium of egg
tempera, his ten hair brush flawlessly filled tiny
canvases with delicate designs.
With great abandon and plucked his
little works of art and placed them on,
in, around, between, under, over or with
beautiful frameworks of warm wood.
But then he bowed his head sadly
sighing, his hollow, darkened eyes spoke
of his daughter, a doll,
born imperfect to
an artist such as he striving always
for perfection and then
he showed us his picture of her,
carefully conceived,
a clear consummation
of a father's love
shining in the grey
of her sightless eyes,
unblemished for
future ages.