

## 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 abandonment he then 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.