

## A Painbrush in a Jar of Turps

I am tired and need a rest,  
Time to get clean and see my friends.  
We discuss the last picture,  
A portrait of the artist's wife.  
A pretty thing, a joy to paint.  
Light and feathery strokes.  
To match her features, what bliss.  
Yellow for her hair, blue for her eyes,  
I mix all the colours too.  
Then specks of light to match her jewellery,  
Bright and glowing in their finery.  
Next we shall have to do the background.  
The window, the view and the curtains.  
Which will not be as soft and light.  
I shall leave it to the bigger brushes,  
Only filling in the minor details as need be.  
I am looking forward to seeing the end,  
When I can rest till another day,  
And contemplate the picture  
To my heart's delight.