

The Vase Painted with Mushrooms.

Painted in earthy colours, greens and reds and browns,
Mushrooms growing on the forest floor,
The vase with sloping sides, holding chrysanthemums.
Its glass as fragile as the flowers it contains,
Holding me by their soft touch, their pretty scent,
And transporting me from the everyday world,
Of bills and dentists and washing-up,
And to nature. To the forest where the flowers grow,
And twigs crack underfoot and shade is provided,
By the green branches of trees overhead,
Which shafts of sunlight come through,
And shine on my face, and there I can relax.

I was in a dark place when I painted it,
I was confused and my partner had left.
But now I am well and he has returned,
Putting flowers in the vase where once was emptiness.

It represents to me a permanence,
Something solid to hold on to,
And also the fragility of life.
For the object is here to stay,
But its flowers live and die