

*You hand me a bouquet of paints*

wrapped in transparent sheen of plastic bag—  
twist-tie in lieu of ribbon—

you hand me colors by the dozen:  
corals and aquas, off-yellows and lapis—all different;  
some more used-up than others.

Prizing the surprise,  
days pass; I don't unwrap it.

Unlike flowers, these paints can wait  
for a touch of water.

I enjoy the pristine  
oranges and greens, sky and magenta.  
So many dotty colors to work with.

At first, I'm content just to look at them—  
as if the circles of colors, and the gift,  
are enough.

Next, I photograph the "bouquet," wrapped,  
then more vibrant, disclosed.

As for poignancy—the transient  
pleasure flowers bring—  
I'll create until nothing's left.

Finally, I loosen and shine  
the sage with water and paintbrush—  
wed paint to paper.

Let the hard play begin.