

Peeling the layers
to expose the facts
was like spraying
and ancient painting
with ammonia

Faces melted,
colours turned pale,
shapes lost their vivacity
and essences faded
to distracted blurs

Now the canvas is all white
and my hands are unsoiled
Still all reasons seems replaced
By the false notion of a lucid portrait

Yet again, the savage remains

This empty work of art still gains a crowd
The blind eagerly discuss
the liveliness of its colours
and the deaf insist
it's accompanied by quiet chants

The painter,
a highly praised
but anonymous deity,
lurks in the periphery of the exhibition
amused by the fuzz he is causing,
despite his many flaws

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