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## Word Painting

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## Word Painting

by Taylor Bushey

I can't paint.  
I don't draw.  
My portraits consist of shaky lines  
and lopsided circles.  
Nose-less faces  
and crooked smiles.  
I make dots for eyes  
and blobs for ears.  
I cannot create  
a dramatically shaded iris  
with just a blue pen.  
Eyebrows resemble caterpillars.  
Landscapes are unimaginative;  
half-circles for hills  
triangles as mountains  
squiggly lines taking the place  
of beautiful rivers and creeks.

But with words . . .  
With words, I can stitch  
the most magnificent tapestry  
of rich, vibrant description.  
I can create a stunning landscape  
of slate-blue mountains rearing their craggy heads  
behind a swathe of thick, dark forest  
patterned with massive oak trees  
and dense foliage; a masterpiece  
of wilderness  
and untamed beauty.  
I can draw  
a handsome man  
a lovely woman  
an angelic child  
with the words that flow  
from my mind  
down my arm  
and through my fingertips  
to the pen, the pencil, the keyboard  
and then – the paper, the screen,  
the human voice.  
I can create an eye of unparalleled intensity -  
the iris an explosion of deep indigo,

like wildly tossed ocean waves –  
and the pupil  
ringed in pale silver,  
with a stare like ice  
enough to freeze a person  
into a living  
breathing  
statue  
of awe.