MY ACRYLIC CHOICES

"You have to change to stay the same." Wm. deKooning

After being nurtured in the womb,

upon re-entry into this life,

my freedom to choose begins,

the long path of years lays before me.

I am an empty canvas, white and pure as cumulous clouds.

What strokes I take are as pre-determined as my choice of mothers.

I crawl to canvas and hesitate,

I seize a wide brush,

and splash cerulean blue for serenity.

I am clumsy and fall.

I am a beginner at living.

As I grow, I walk to the faint blue canvas

cover it with the light purple wash of First Communion.

The rectangle of my life takes shape as I mature.

I splash red in the center.

An ego assertion?

Arguments and passion preside,

the dark geometry in Payne's grey and

burnt sienna are fear, fear of the unknown,

but I leap to experience what frightens me.

A bold flat stroke screams energy in diagonals.

There is a rhythm to the order.

The overwhelming black shape at the bottom is

the dark angel of death and grief.

Older now, I step back from the canvas of my life.

It's not finished, but it is taking a shape.

There's a unity of choices in the composition.

As I continue on, a work in progress,

who knows what colors will appear?

Perhaps as at the beginning I shall cover the canvas with white

as textured choices emerge as purified and whole,

And healing through the journey.

Carole Guthrie, 2013