

The Brights of Matisse

Butterfly color by glimpse
and the sky has a cast that lasts
past the new moon.

I'll bind my path to the brilliant south,
where girls dance in the afternoon sun,
in the fabrics of a gathering town.

Off the plains, dump the earthen palette;
shall I miss the minor reveries?

Taking my tales of the North
and new hues to the balm of a seaside town.

Catching the masters' all-day rays.

by Paul Turner (c) 2006