

The Veil of Creation

Why do you like Art?

Here is how I See it.

In all its form, it's a mystery
we are strangers,
and interpret it differently,
groping at the edges of a truth
only the artist holds in their hands.

Yet we are drawn to it,
It's like a mirror where we see not the artist,
but the fractured fragments of them and ourselves .

Magritte knew it,
that art is not the thing itself,
but the breath of what lies beyond
a pipe is not a pipe,

It's the ache of knowing
that what we see will always slip away,
a riddle we can hold
but never solve.

It's the echo of what it means to be,
a testament not to what we understand,
but to the beauty of what we never will.

That's why it's important!