‘Your perspective is quite interesting, but I feel that you have quite misunderstood reality.’

‘Is that so? What do you see in this painting?’

‘That is not important and is the most trivial of all the issues. Mine would be a different one too, but would still be off the tangent…’

‘So what do you imply from all this? Reality, what of it?’

‘Reality is what often hides itself in plain sight. More often, it is taken to be something it is not. Reality is not a matter of moments, or of seconds or minutes. Reality is eternal and persistent, though often mistaken as ephemeral and evanescent. Why? Because it changed us or our ways the moment it revealed itself. What this painting tells is something what its painter painted. His colors meant something to him. We look it with our colors, not his.’

‘So what are **You** after?’

‘To see the world as it is, in the colors it was made, without being affected from its reality. Colors those are intrinsic to it. Not through the colored glasses that I’ve put on over my eyes, shades of imagination. I wish to see through the illusions of ‘What If’s’ and blending that might put loop holes in the firm footings on reality. I wish to see the things the way they are, not the way they become when I see them, without cobwebs and the helter-skelter deviations which hinders it. Plain, blatant truth is what I seek. I am searching for that seed.’

‘Ew, seems like Heisenberg’s principle to me. So you want to say that painting imagination is not creative?’

‘Oh it’s a beautiful expression, but why would someone paint an imagination if he sought no reality behind it? Only that no one asked him, and if someone did, he just smiled back and asked, what do you see? Maybe because you’ll never understand what he did, nor will he understand what you made of it and how. His creation is clear to him in a way that can’t be more clearer to any one else, much in the same way our interpretations are to us.’

‘But…’

‘Alright, I concede defeat. You win. You’ll not know until you know it for yourself. The painter will always fail.’

*“Lara walked along the tracks following a path worn by pilgrims and then turned into the fields.* *Here she stopped and, closing her eyes, took a deep breath of the flower-scented air of the broad expanse around her. It was dearer to her than her kin, better than a lover, wiser than a book. For a moment she rediscovered the purpose of her life. She was here on earth to grasp the meaning of its wild enchantment and to call each thing by its right name, or, if this were not within her power, to give birth out of love for life to successors who would do it in her place." ~*[*Boris Pasternak*](http://www.goodreads.com/author/quotes/7902.Boris_Pasternak)