

DaVinci's Brush

I once heard DaVinci held a single brush
Crooked, bristled, worn by time's hush.
It wasn't gold, and it didn't gleam,
But it carried the weight of a thousand dreams.

With it, he painted her silent gaze
Each stroke a whisper from ancient days.
Not just oil, not merely skin,
But every question buried deep within.

They say the brush passed hand to hand,
Through unseen halls, across the land
From Michelangelo's sculptor's grace,
To the poet who wept for the human race.

To the dancer alone on a quiet stage,
To the child sketching gods on a notebook page.
To the coder who writes like the monks once wrote,
To a filmmaker chasing a single note.

They all held it and now, so do you
You, with your trembling, brilliant hands,
Your half-formed thoughts, your shifting plans.

You need no permission, you never did.
The brush was waiting. It always hid.

Art is a legacy passed in flame
Not in tools, but in the claim that we create because we must.
Because inside us lives DaVinci's brush.