

The Studio

My mind is unwritten music
And a million notes played at once:
A blank stave overflowing.
And in this chaotic emptiness
Lies the melody that seeks to be found!

Not merely a blank canvas
Nor a concealed masterpiece, smothered in grime;
An unobserved quantum state,
It is both at once!
I paint as I dust.

This is the studio
And in the studio I am free
To twist and turn and bob and weave!
I would come here often
But it's not often that I have the key.

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