

HOW GREAT THOU ART 🎨

How beautiful is the mind's eye? We connect dots with acrylic and canvas, understand the meanings behind the curves and crevices. Nod our heads to the smell of oil paint on the antiques at the gallery, but fail to comprehend that a white flag does not only signify victory, but an act of surrender too. If paintings could say everything on a 24 × 40 cm board, I would be the opposite of not being an artist. The flow, the glow, the soul, the whole, the excitement, the tranquility amidst fulfilment, O me, O God! Paint me a rose and thorn my stems- leave me imperfect. Wall my walls with humanity and save me an inn to live in. At least thence I would tell my stories outside a frame. Outside acrylic. Outside canvas.

Howbeit that a painting be more peaceful than sunshine and safer than moonlight yet spring from a taunting mind? Maybe art cares less about our insecurities. Maybe she does care. Maybe the pose of the wired lady with beads on her waist and ankle is erotic rather than an epitome of pain. Maybe the Yin and Yang symbol was just drawn to be an emblem of unity rather than the light and darkness, or masculine and feminine signage.

Right about now, I know that sense is farfetched and weird is much more enlightening. I saw a painting of dignity and I thought, "This doesn't make any sense!" But after a while, the brows high-fived the rows, and the blue bubbles landed on the red algae infested board, and I realised that the bubbles were from the sky. The bubble was rain. The red algae was blood. No matter the amount of blood shed as a result of man's stabs and kills, the skies don't hesitate to keep drenching our murderous skins with rain. She minds her own business and judges not, but adds a tint of blue to her drops just to tell the earth that she can be beautiful again and another again. Someday. Someday.

Art is a language of many tongues- the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear. She is a miracle on walls and only requires a believer to spill her beauty. She kisses our lips to dreams of wets and arouses our hips to dance of moans, yet tells us that the adage 'Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder' is only an art of flirts and stingy, for we sure know beauty when we see one, making us qualified beholders of everything worth looking at. I bet if Adam had a chalk in hand to wand over a mound, he would detail the

haze in is his mind. The crawlers, set off by a figure of earth that bends in curves and round, and hairs with silk and myrrh. He called her woman in summary and blessed the creator in honorary.... How great thou art... How great thou art!