

Art

The line stayed with me,
Spoken, it would seem,
By the kind of voice you hear
Waking from a dream
These are the words
That have been going through my mind
A manifesto of a new and urgent kind

Art
Is trying
To make sense
Of it all

Like the caveman
Painting pictures of his prey
Of how he caught it
Or the one that got away
Why the need to reproduce
What's already there?
To investigate, to demonstrate and share?

Art
Is trying
To make sense
Of it all