

THE ARTIST

I met an artist the other day
whose work quite took my breath away.
His windswept skies were mind-blowing;
his fields and hills were softly glowing
under the autumn light.

He left me to admire alone
the subtle joys of every tone,
the swathing strokes of his great brush
on rippling fields bright green and lush
under the summer light.

Night time brought him no less pleasure –
it gave him further chance to treasure
minute pricks of stellar light,
just on the limit of human sight,
piercing the winter night.

His freshest work made my heart sing –
the whites and greens of an English spring;
the dazzling glint of a moorland stream;
cattle and sheep in a rural dream.
under the clear spring light.

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Stacked in the corner out of sight
lay canvas piles that didn't look right –
marked and marred with stains and patches,
scuffs and dents and cruel scratches.
Was this all done in spite?

The artist asked me to turn away
and listen to what he had to say.
He led me from the gathering gloom
to show his work in another room.
Figures were on display –

Men and women, young and old,
work he'd done which hadn't been sold.
He'd lost them once when they had strayed
and no-one could match the price he'd paid
to keep them on display.

“These people spoiled my perfect plan
through the selfish works of sinful man”.
“Then why do you keep them here at all?”
“Because I want them to hear my call
that even now I love them”.

“I see my children in purest white,
washed clean of sin within my sight,
because of the blood of my precious Son
who paid the price for what they've done
so they will know I love them”.

“The landscapes you saw will soon fade away.
There'll be no night, there'll be no day,
tears will be gone, there'll be no strife;
the glory of God will light their life
and I will always love them.”