

The Impressionist

Zoey Hunsinger

He was a monochromatic man,
painted in pastel with an earthy hue
broken to the core of frosted flames.

His spectacles faltered as he studied the water
and ignored the rusted hills of cavalry New Mexico.
There wasn't enough paint on his palette,
so he marbled a pigment
of his imagination. While O'Keeffe
hung from a cross in the museums.

His hands feathered across
the ridges of a canvas
and his words, though soluble,
blistered at the touch.
He complimented others
with his opaque humor
but left his lover to dry on the easel.

He despised when Courbet arose,
for he preferred the imitation of art.
While surrealism flickered, like a votive candle
melting on its side,
he decided
perhaps a barren canvas was better than none.