

2010

Celia's Art

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Recommended Citation

Drey, Skye-Raven (2010) "Celia's Art," *The Angle*: Vol. 2010: Iss. 1, Article 20.
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2010/iss1/20>

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Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 12, Issue 1, 2010.

CELIA'S ART

poem by
SKYE DREY

A canvas sits in front of her, paints to the side waiting their turn.
She's calm and relaxed as she stares at her slate,
Formulating her next move, making sure it's the right one,
So it matches the picture that's in her mind.

Her hair is up; brown curls sprouting from the back, sides, and front.
Not out straight, though, just limp like long curls are.
They are as relaxed as her mood; just a still calm expression for her thoughts to run through.

There is paint on her face, just a smudge here and there;
Blue paint, bright blue, on her nose and her cheek.
Vibrantly shining on her soft cream skin,
But that's fine with her because there is a more important task at hand.

Her stresses are packed far away in the back of her mind.
Nothing like that exists in this world.
Not people, not college, not deadlines, not time.
Just her canvas, her paints, her brush, her concentration, and the silence.

A line of black here, not too thick, just barely noticeable.
Then a blue one that snakes around the black,
The same blue that's on her face; so bright and full of life.
Now a green stroke that melts into the blue, like a lily pad that melts into a pond.
She puts her chin in her hand and looks at her work.

It doesn't have to be perfect; it doesn't have to be anything,
Because it's not for anything or anyone in particular,
It's for the talent she has been given; the passion that moves her; the love that envelopes her.
It's for art, and nothing else.

So for now, she's going to paint,
With only her canvas, her paints, her brush, her concentration, and the silence to keep her company.
That's all she really needs,
Because art is what she lives for.