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## A Waste of Paint

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**Cover Page Footnote**

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# JUSTIN MILLER

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## A WASTE OF PAINT

Easel in hand, I set out for a hill, wishing to paint the fall of day.  
tonight the heavens are ablaze, in gallant orange and reds.  
A battle for the cerulean sky is fought between two legions  
“Our homeland is being invaded!” says day,  
and as the darkness puts to death beams of light,  
the two sides coalesce, creating the hours of darkness,  
inseparable in their rancor. My brush captures all this strife,  
blending color to mix hues. While once the dark side argued,  
“When will the world rest but without a blanket of shadows?  
Let us each share half of earthen time.” Now, all reason lost,  
they tussle above the highest mountains. Just like the  
irrational humans, day and night cannot settle their  
conflict with words, but lower themselves to violence.  
Soon, you cannot tell one of the grappling, sweaty, raucous brutes  
from his enemy. My stomach, now a tight-knitted coil, tells me

Lovers of beauty admire sunset, relishing this feigning  
glory, but beauty so fickle betrays mine eyes, and so I smear my painting.