

## "Sunset Gallery"

Art is a product of man in which materials and tools are skillfully used to relate or communicate to a human experience. The walls cried out, "applied perseverance." I anticipated to be animated by every room. My heart is a product of ART, it belittles me not to bloom. My day is full of ocean spray plus I'm married to the moon. She loves the night light but that's alright...she'll return soon. Full of stories! Hands full of blackberries she picked out the forest, and before she can open her mouth, I'll become filled with God's will and tell her all about.....my walk down memory lane, how I walked seven miles to catch a train. General Pain was the conductor. He destroyed trains with no structure. Majestically, I held on. Thou Majesty, decorated me lavishly and blew sapphires into my birthstone.

Plants blossomed and seasons changed. I fell in love with this train. Cruising through the desert plains. I found a place! Where "ARTWORKS" and nothing goes to waste. The soul of an artist. Long hallways that simultaneously and the floors are embroidered. Uncharted! Red and Gold. I read the floor prints and the painting started to scroll. Colors started to splash, cameras begin to flash. Waterfalls, Beethoven's Fountain and musical mountains pouring out cash. Every motion was a motion picture. Theatrical! Paramount! It sticks with ya'.

See "ARTWORKS!" Impromptu, red and blue. They heal when the heart

hurts. They awaken the dead. Lost sheep follow Little Bo Peep and music notes cover the ceiling above my head. Micheal Jackson, Fred Astaire, Gregory Hines and Anna Pavlova was there. Dancing on raindrops; Dancing with the stars; I would've danced but I was in an estatic trance counting stars. Elvis Presley, B.B. King, Cotton Candy Land and Lucille's strings. Talk about a show! Popcorn, peanuts, jellybeans and cookie-dough. Celine Deon, Nat King Cole, colorful Pendergrass with butterrolls. Alice Walker and Alex Haley. The "Roots" are "The Color Purple," can someone please pass the gravy! The more steps I took, the more pages started speaking volume outside the book.

"ARTWORKS!" Rich land, a market where artist pan and trade hands. A treasure chest. Dorothy's slipper, Shamu and Flipper, the Big Dipper and Zelda's Quest. Park benches where Shakespeare and Mark Twain can see their works on continental airplanes and rest. Only one way in! The safari sun must wave his wand and unlock the lions den. Then, Mufasa and Scar, will give you the keys to the seven seas and the Lion King's acoustic guitar. Dip it in the water, discover the ancient quarter. It's for the jukebox. Play Earth, Wind, and Fire when the dragon's crew knocks. Outsmart the fox, sink his battleship and swim out of the boondocks.

You're a soul survivor! Go East and hide by the brook cherith like Elijah. See "ARTWORKS!" like the Great Pyramids of Gyza. I've been

carving sculptures and painting pictures for awhile. If this is  
"ARTWORKS," I must be the "poster child." Planets revolve around my  
identity. Venus's wings gave me Saturn's rings and space as an amenity.  
How many licks does it take to get to the center of infinity.

I'm appalled. Record numbers have gathered to scatter their true  
colors on the wall. Art teachers, Art lovers, organizations that support  
ART and satin covers. A love campaign! Smiles, hugs, handshakes, and  
names. I had Walter Washington and Picasso put it in a frame.

"The Wheel of Fortune!" Only fallen tears could turn its gears, the handles were to scorching.

It unlocked a seal. Edgar Allen Poe, a Sonnet To Science, Einstein,  
Theory of Relativity, and some poems of mine. Milk and honey, Nikki  
Giovanni, The Poetic Express and the Energizer Bunny. My status is  
changing, my decline has declined. The little engine that could is right  
on time. Talk about a day! I'll have to spend the night telling the  
Moon why I'm smelling like ocean spray, and, before she can open her  
mouth, I'll become filled with God's will and tell her all about.... The  
dolphins, the mermaids, the desert plains, and the Cashcades. The  
Gravity. The cornerstone the imagination sits on....."The Sunset  
Gallery."