A Kinder Eye

Level 42

In his widowed years of longing, in his windowed room of light
He lay the oil upon the canvas, brought sweet memory to life
His speckled beard a brush of color
His spotted hands both grace and speed
I was the boy who came with evening to sweep his floors and bring his tea
To the world he was the master, his landscapes filled the gallery halls
But now he painted only portraits, unframed upon his private walls
Subjects sitting-walking-laughing in playful flight or soft refrain
A thousand forms and colors but every face the same
Across the page the moving hand of history bleeds
(Across the ages)
For a kinder eye to see us, not as we are but as we dream
A winter's night when I arrived there, he looked so tired and near the end
And as I cleaned his bench and brushes, I wished out loud to be like him
He said that art was only longing, trying to do what can't be done
And though he'd signed a thousand paintings, still he'd never finished one
As I finished up my sweeping, in his sleep he spoke her name
I looked again at all the portraits, each and every face the same
Not as she was in pain or sorrow but in timeless beauty seen
As she served his noble dream
Across the page the moving hand of history bleeds
(Across the ages)
For a kinder eye to see us, not as we are but as we dream

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