Thoughts of Scotland Not Abound

Snuggled in a highland clearing
Among the leaves of the falling branches
sits a young artist
on a broken, dead log
of an old oak tree.

He is drawing a world
of his own making
the world he sees in his mind's eye
where any color can be used
to color any thing
where nothing is unacceptable.

He draws page after page
filling his sketch pad
going from a blank canvass
to a sheet of wondrous imperfections
not noticed at all by an untrained eye.

Someday he
may decide
to put one of his drawings
on a real canvass with paint
for now though he is content
to be creating something from nothing.

by Darcey Anne Farrow