Canvas

by Alan Williams

The artist with fork and trowel.

The paint; soil, seed, seedling or plug.

The art; the hues of colour, texture and structure.

The image that once painted; changes day on day, month on month.

Owen was an artist with the earths paints under his fingernails. He spent his days, his months, his years working on his ever changing canvas. His pictures were those of vegetable and flower, of fruit and shrub.

He was at one with his work, his art. His creativity bought him and inner peace. A sense of calm in an increasingly chaotic worrld. A world where many wanted to practice art the same as Owen's, but few had the patience or the inspiration to create a masterpiece or even a simple doodle.

For some inspiration was natural, for others it came from other arts. Those of book, television, film and video. For those who sought their inspiration in this way, their art too flourished and grew. For the majority it was a short flirtation, a passing phase before moving on.

For Owen his inspiration was hard earned and honed over many, many years. Learning from any source he could find and absorbing new informtion, adding it to his palette to form and mould the images on his canvas and sharing that with the world around, the images showing in a natural gallery; that of the garden.

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