

The Problem With Oils

by Kevin LeMaster

If you were a painter,
and I a poet,
we could have conversations
about Picasso and Bukowski,
and how neither one
took a sober breath.
We would discuss rhyme
and meter, free verse an prose,
and you would hold your breath
until my voice ceased to bellow,
turning a lovely pastel blue.

We would discuss
how the use of oils
is an art form in itself,
and why I don't rhyme
anymore, and when we
make love,
it's like painting
words on your white linen
canvas, spilling all of our
colors in metaphoric
fashion, similes included.

If you were famous,
and I still had to
collect a jar full of
pennies for your
cigarette addiction,
then would I splash
an arsenal of words
on the wall,

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unleashing the English
language for all to see,
and you would light up,
drink the last cup of coffee,
and paint beautifully,
covering up
my masterpiece.

