

# 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.

