

Blank Beginnings

Brush touches blank canvas,

hovering there.

The palette is set,

paint fumes rising to your nose,

softly muted colors drawing your eyes.

Without any paint,

the brush sighs over the painting surface,

in time to the shushing of the sea outside your window.

The scene is set.

All that's left is for you,

empty eyes fixed on the expanse of white before you,

to decide what to paint.

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