

STILL LIFE

BRIGHT tiger lilies with harsh yellow leaves,
Awkward and stiff within an earthen bowl,
Protruding their thin evil tongues at me,
Splashed with dull spots that seem to stand
out high

From the flat canvas ; ah, how I feel there
That man's full fury, trampled on by life,
Baffled in every hope he would pursue,
Rent by the discords sounding in his soul,
Angered and beaten back till he could paint
Those tiger lilies with their cruel leaves,
And their thin evil tongues protruding so.