

# Cliff Walk at Pourville - Monet 1882

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BY CARLYE MEISBURGER

He sought beauty in the classics,  
but preferred the teachings  
of the sun.

Cliffs above the sea,  
painted in morning,  
faces blurred just enough  
to be a dream.

Some days are meant to be solidified,  
serenity fixed in blue  
vitality embedded in green  
bliss mingled in the pink  
of young wild flowers

reminding us  
perfection  
does not require walls.

I want to drink the paint,  
sip the colors from the canvas  
until my blood becomes  
that azure sea.