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.