

An Art Not to be Captured

Written by: Hannah Bryson

A sweep of a brush across the canvas
A goal of not to change but to perfect
Attempting to capture beauty's madness
In every unique sunrise and sunset
In every single tide upon the shore
These universal truths with each new day
There is never an end to nature, for
Endings are only beginnings delayed
Ever changing but always remaining
When day turns to dusk, light will ever stay
In a painting that attempts containing
A power whose essence one can't portray
Nature: more ethereal than any art
Not to be captured, conserve don't depart