

G E R A R D

S M Y T H

Rothko

Alchemist whose sombre days and days
of luminance filled the canvas
and filled it endlessly.

It's as if a thief had taken your thoughts
leaving only the stillness of what is lost,
what is gone.

A whole life you gave,
painting the intimacy between colours:
the vivid, the wintry,

the sunblood of evening
and the variables of black
that bloom and fade like a bruise.

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