

Excitement Within

Robbie L. Rogers

Quietly I stand by my art at the show.
Those people ought to know... it's me they see.
They look and stare, at my splashes, my swirls.
I revealed my all... and they try to see.

I stand there smiling... so pink and proud,
Listening excitedly... giddy within.

What's that? The things I hear don't fill me with awe,
Instead they make me shrink.
"Little Bobby here, who's six years old can paint that well."
Or, "Sally be a dear and paint me one like that."
"I think I'll take up painting too, I can do that well."

Hiding behind my work I stare wide-eyed,
Pretending not to hear;
I stand and smile...
Against my bitter gall I'm still excited...
Waiting for an encouraging word.
I hear... "I like that painting, I think it's great;
I'll buy it if he'll take a check."
But alas they say, "I wonder if he'll hold it till next week."
Then walking away they whisper politely,
"You know, now that I've thought about it,
The colors don't go with the drapes.
I'd have to get rid of the old brown couch;
And Aunt Sarah, who gave it, wouldn't speak for a week.
It's a good thing the artist isn't here,
I'd surely have bought it and hid it upstairs."

Oh well, what do they know, the critics;
I think it's all great.

Then I hear another artist say...
"If you think this show's bad,
And god only knows,
You should've been here last week!"