

THE GIRL WHO PAINTS THE SKY

ANONYMOUS

The girl who paints the sky
Left messages for me in the shades of the clouds at sunset
The salmon pinks and brilliant blues wrapped me in a warm blanket
Even as the winter grew colder

The girl who paints the sky
Wrote morse code in the pinpricks of the heavens
I'd lay on the grass and stare at the stars
Wondering if out there, there could be some far off world where another
me stares back

She used brilliant colours
Even when the rest of the world was shades of grey
In her artwork, I saw beauty, and wonder
I saw charming impossibilities

She showed me what was missing
And left me craving another taste

I followed the strokes of her brush, finding where they met the land
I took the path untrodden
Forging my way up the steepening slopes
I chased her up the mountain
And when the incline made it so I couldn't run, I climbed

Every step of the way, she seemed to be another two ahead
My breath wore thin, and my legs scraped and clothes tore on the rocks
But I continued
And when I reached the apex, she was nowhere to be seen



Instead, I looked down at where I had come from
The rough path I had blazed up the unforgiving mountain
And the world below me was made prettier by the same effort I had put in
to leave it

Suddenly I understood
She painted the sky – and in doing so, brought beauty to the world below
Yet she simply drew brilliance from what already was, hiding beneath the
surface
Only visible when you looked

Looking down at the rocks at my feet, I saw a brush
It beckoned for me, and something inside my heart told me to listen
With one more glance at the bottom of the mountain
Taking in the majesty of the land below
I brought the brush to the sky above me, and painted

I first fell in love with the sky, because she made it so beautiful
But I came to love the earth, because it always was

