

The Artist

I am not the one who creates but the one who destroys, the bush which burns but is never consumed, the river which flows but is never emptied.

The trees have too many fractals, the sunset too many hues, the wind no shape or color at all. How can the grandeur of the infinite ever be captured in brushstrokes and pigment on a cramped canvas with angular borders?

I torched my paintings. All of them. I tore them from their stretchers, piled them into a heap, doused them with kerosene, set a match to them, and danced ecstatically round the flames.

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