

Painting On My Farm

by Alexa Baldwin

There's just something about
Summer painting on the farm.
A whole new rhythm,
A whole new mood.

My wooden easel sits atop
Moist ground.
And my pallet balances
On my palm.

My fingers graze the bristles
Of worn paint brushes,
My eyes scan the jagged horizon.

Without thinking,
My arm raises with the paintbrush,
Beginning it's unique routine.

Hands dancing across
Canvas of white,
Creating a replica of the world around me.