

Beauty not Truth

Alex Roberson

It looks like a child
has gone over it with crayons.
The reds are plastered
and scuffed, everywhere and nowhere
at the same time; a crime scene
of splattered possibilities.

I'm told that if I add another—
if I keep mixing, layering, mixing—
it will be beautiful.
And so I pick up the pastel,
my fingers greasy with smudged attempts,
and try to see a picture under all these tries.
But my life is not a painting,
and I am tired of layers.