

Every Artist Needs A Garden

Dick Levon, March 20, 2001

Every artist needs a real garden,
To set naked foot upon,
Uncovered to the good Mother Earth.
Enveloping beauty of God Presence.
No Doubt!

I need such a garden
Where there is no doubt.
A kind place to rest,
And press my face to a good wind.
Hot or cold, wet or dry,
Neither I nor the earth,
Are I or the earth.
Seamless, I am home.
No doubt.

Every artists needs a garden.
There is no faith, trust, or certainty,
No peace in the artists heart.
Unquenchable thirst, insatiable hunger,
Ever wanderer and form seeker.
No satisfying this hungry soul.
Only infinite unfolding of forms,
Forms within forms within forms.
A Wave rolls never really seen,
Never alone.
Free from each glimpse,
That seeks to capture and imprison it,
In one frozen moment forever.
Pathetic jailer illusion.
Soaked to the bone
The artist is the wave,
Freeing forms freeing spirits.

The Garden holds me.
Melody, image, or passage in verse.
I am filled.
It breaks me as I taste purple wild flowers,
Upon green ground.
I am filled and emptied.
I am clear, yet gaze longingly,
Into the Great Mystery.

Every artist needs a Garden
A real garden, No Doubt!
Where, Yes!
It is this image
This form,
This step,
This stroke of the brush,
This movement
This color,
This shape,
This, yes, this!
This Word.
I will make this world.
It is this,
That I entrust and surrender to.
It is this,
That I have faith in.
It is into this,
That I leap.
Every artist needs such a garden