

CHILD OF THE ARTS

PREMIÈRE SÉRIE // PT1. AR // BY NICOLE BONOMI

Ah you,
Hear me speak then, Dear Poet

Contemplating the world,
In love -
In the mind's eye

Flourish. Flourish. Flourish.

You've been swept away by truth - you wonder what freedom need?
- But [need] nothing more than truth - and these marry.

I, yes, you're channelling
You long to watch the pen [scramble],
Fraught to get the words out in time,
As I dictate to that brain,
That *We here*, kissed

You are no longer ever disconnected [unplugged]
For these days, when you wonder,
Why not the pen dance?
Prefer it We,
That you do.

**That you should engage in your other forms.
You bless'ed Child of The Arts.**

**And YES, ART is in fact,
EXPRESSIONS of VIRTUOSITY
In and always seeking context.**

And you the ARTIST, live on the fringe of so many,
I say: "Build your own world,
It's much more a satisfying game.
Remember, they are but all games,
You are just children there,
Playing,
So might as well you have fun".

Worry not ever again about love,
You, romantic one -
All the kissing and sex,
And magnificent,
Wondrous,
Motion filled,
Expression you desire give, no other than one - will be. Is.
By The Great Hand of The Unseen,
All is arranged.

Now, **LIVE** for **ART**.
This IS **HOME**.

.....France Anew.

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