

## Can You Play?

She invites me over to play  
Canvas calling, bucket ready  
Crumple it first  
Invisible suggestions here, there  
Plunge it deep into the water  
Soak it through and through  
Squeeze it out and set to dry  
Then frost the edges with glaze

Crinkled paper like face and hands  
Holds stories deep within  
Brush hovers overhead  
Poised above the ridges  
Paint on to see what is hidden within  
A path emerges leading inside

Step back and view from every angle  
First effort turned round and round  
She whispers  
“A sign of a good painting...  
you can't tell which way is up.”  
At 50, I am half her age  
Just learning how to play