

TO BE AN ARTIST...

to live
to dream
to feel
the extreme

to be an artist...
to hurt to cry
to be the outcast
wondering why

to be an artist...
is it a curse
a heart wrenching
yet wonderful curse

to be an artist...
to sell your soul on
canvas and paper
clay and beyond

to be an artist...
is it wrong
is it wrong to be an artist
you must open up in seclusion
for all to see
express your elusion
and your fantasies

to be an artist...
your insides come out
your outsides go in
you scream
all before the heavens

to be an artist...
alone and cold
to fight for sanity
and dignity and profanity
to ache in the night

to be an artist...
to laugh and be laughed at
to wish and give up to try
to carry such pain
and try not to complain
when the ground is shaking
and the inside of you is breaking
to see the world through such a strange eye

to be an artist...
just to die

By Cynthia Manuszak