

Gas Station Magnets

I do not envy paintings
Hung up in museums, gallery walls
Lined up nice and neat next to others
Fighting for attention
Praise
Or simple acknowledgement, that would be
Enough

Paintings live a tiresome life, created to be
Stared at
Analyzed, picked apart
Loved, prized until they are priceless-
Untouchable

How nice it must feel to be adored
For someone to stare at you for hours
Pay a fortune because they love you so much
A talking piece, every new set of eyes can
Find something to admire

Or critique

The sad truth is, when you line up paintings
In gallery walls
Some become neglected
“Undeserving” of love because they are put on
Display next to a piece that outshines them

That unloved piece can yearn you, I promise
It can hear all of the things you do not say
It wonders what it lacks
What could’ve made you stare and praise
It doesn’t want to be worth a fortune
No, all it seeks is a pair of eyes to notice it
Appreciate the details in its canvas

It envies the drawings that get to stay in homes
Hung up on a refrigerator with gas station magnets
Humble love

Oh, that would be enough