

Kassandra Ragasa

Untitled Poem

As I stroke the brush back and forth on the canvas,
I realize that what I have done isn't right.
Truthful, I think to myself.
But my work is nowhere near the truth.
Smudges, scratch outs, and erase marks can be seen on my work.
I have erased the truth.
As I paint the canvas white, a lie on top the truth,
I begin to paint again.
No erasing. Be simple. Be truthful.
I paint, and paint until I am satisfied.
I don't think, I just paint.
When I am finished, I step back and look.
I am staring at the truth.
The truth I call my work.
Not the original truth, but the work atop the lie is also the truth.