

AT THE GALLERY



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Which is the work of art?
I asked myself,
and then listened
until I heard your breathe.
The owls just sat there
waiting for what?
I wanted to touch
you and take your hand,
lead you out of the gallery
and into the sunshine.





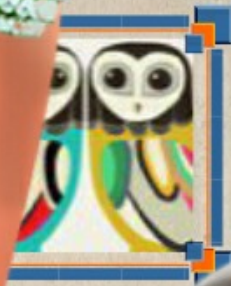
You kept your eyes closed
and just danced
for the owls, or for me?

The gallery was alive now,
the sweat gathering
on my forehead.



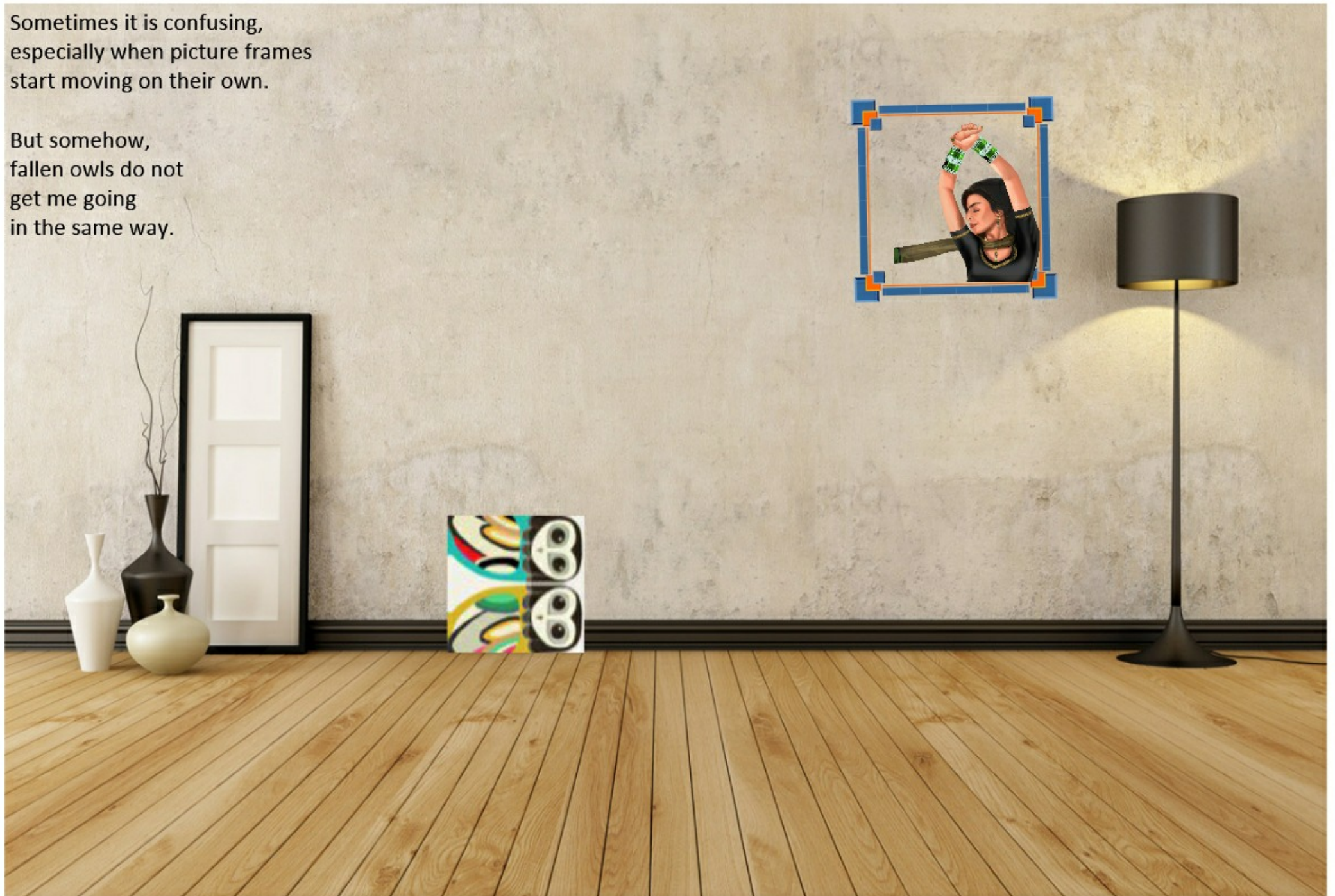
I could hear the patter
of gentle raindrops
on the skylight.

I was glad
you had danced
for me.



Sometimes it is confusing,
especially when picture frames
start moving on their own.

But somehow,
fallen owls do not
get me going
in the same way.



Sometimes it is so easy
to appreciate sideways owls,
just being owls
like in the forests
at night.

Hygienically packaged
for the discerning
people of today.



Ooooh!
I like them owls....





I love the way
the artist has hung the frame
and put the owls upside down.

It is obviously a comment
on how we see life
in the 21st Century.



Sometimes I feel
like I am on display
for the whole world
to look,
and judge me.

It's closing time at the Gallery.



