

Answerlessness

The artist's lifestyle, compared to our worship
of artistic creation, is absurdity.

From the canvas leap bright-eyed snails.
In the foreground, the altar glows radioactively.
The icon pulsates with green cerebral energy.
Sweat beads on the forehead, identical
to the emeralds piled erratically,
a smoke and fairy ring at once.

Did the artist make this squat pineapple god?
Do truck drivers appreciate stall graffiti?
Is the dust a blanket of forgetfulness
or further creation by most disrespected?

There's no answer to today's exercise,
which answerlessness sustains it
which answerlessness defines artists
which answerlessness is the silliest word
in reputable dictionaries.