

“Deciphered – My Fair Lady” by John

Questions, questions, yet Questions

Intriguing dilemma or is it pretence

Mind charged with thought, heart raw with emotion

Say what you see, say what you see.

and yet undeciphered.

Artist, merely reflecting beliefs

An innocent, holding a mirror to society

Isn't he just careless

Some might say care-free

Shouldn't Art be responsible

Or should art be Response-able

Doesn't true Art tell it like it is?

Art mirrors life mirrors Art

and yet undeciphered.

a light sketch

slight strokes of colored charcoal

telling a comic tale

an audience expects

Have a laugh now, money must be raised.

weight of a whole people

offhand, laid out, paper sketched

banal, reduced, belittled.

and yet undeciphered.

Her spirit transcends image

Her voice calls out to me

Deep from the ages

Deeper still into my soul

Time stops.

Say what you see, say what you don't see.

Phil, merely reflecting what he sees

elegance of negroes

poise, charisma, pride, Real.

Human.

Deciphered.