



1st sketch



Ink + Details



Flat colors



Finished



## -The Elderly Painter-

a poem i wrote recently

In a cottage, far secluded from the main village streets,  
An old man lives, a painter, a gardener, an artist.  
And in his works an utmost beauty somewhere sleeps,  
As if t'were something hidden in enshrouding mist;  
This mourning sadness, grimmest gladness, weeps.

Though the old man's eyes are clouded with age,  
And his hands, wrinkled and shaky, cannot now hold  
The artist's noble instruments, and sketch on the page,  
His eyes and his mind remain remarkably bright and  
youthfully bold;

Though he draws ever nearer to sin's final wage.