

(Inspired by Mark Rothko's painting at the Rothko Chapel)

Rothko Chapel Painting

Stormy sky
rain pounding down,
coming in heavy sheets.
A break from the torrent comes
but with this pause comes the onset of fog.
Sticky and muggy air.
The sky becomes bruised,
beat up by the gods high above.
They will never be satisfied.
The day comes to a close,
the gods sleep soundly.
A new day appears,
repeating a cycle of anger and hatred.
Rain
Fog
Bruised
This time it can take no more.
Holding on by a single thread,
the sky takes a breath.
Remembering the happy days,
then... dies.
Nothing,
except space
that the sky one took over was left behind.

