

On the Purposeful Light

Speak to me of morality
a brightness that burns true,
and leaves,
in darkness,
what is known.

Let us make a light motivated by energy.
One that does not merely shine upon the actor,
but which illuminates his intentions

subjectively
so that we may understand
what cannot be understood.

Draw my eye across the scene, and show me
the human barred by bands of white
and his captor not in darkness
but only half so, lest we forget he is contradiction.

Now compose in volume.
Perish flatness, for it does nothing here.

Instead.
Trace lines in space.
And like Brunelleschi,
who breathed life into the planar canvas
Transport the eye
via the orthogonal
past the proscenium
and into the playing space.

So, let your hot amber brushes
paint conical dancers in the sky.
An abstract aurora
of swirling arrows
that point
towards the subject in splendor.

Banish the theatre's obsession with mimicry,
for you may toil, until bells ring of your death,
never to escape their dull song
"Falsity: plaster and paint"

Rather shine up if you will or from aside,
Take on some passionate hue
and imbue the story with a vitality
of crackling souls, entrapped in illuminance.

Nothing is more wasteful than to strain,
reaching to touch flitting verisimilitude
out of discontentment
with the impressionist's portrait.

To yearn, instead, for a wax replica
in its machine-made sterility.
no.
Our product is metaphor for life;
reduced, yet more, than immaculate reality.

White paint on white canvas yields nothing,
Or grey soup;
the amateur's attempt at amalgamation.
Like Caravaggio, give me light and dark
bold in balanced ferocity.

Turn.
Face the shadow fearless.
For what is more absurd
than hiding half your merchandise,
afraid of repulsing the buyer,
and in inactivity, be left sifting dust,
encircled by rotten goods.

Tame the dark beast
by embracing his form
of sharp lines and mottle pockets
in ink-splattered contrast to bleached mundanity.

Attempts to placate him with white cushions,
will only make him multiply.
So, let him fall if he must
But command him to lie where you will it.
His murky contour casting
a dazzling menagerie of shapes
—and in so doing
Hide his imperfection within composition

Or, in your craftiness trick him.
Wash from aside. Sharp.
And so conceal him between the legs.

Most of all.
Selective. Isolated.
Let us know
what we do not
by presenting it in
Halo.
So to elevate the banal.

And let us...
see.