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Battle Within the Universe

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BATTLE WITHIN THE UNIVERSE

SARAH UNGER

She twirled the paintbrush absentmindedly
Between her fingers.
Staring with head titled,
Brows furrowed in concentration,
In front of the canvas.
With a blink she straightens up.
Turning to me with a smile and a wink.
She dipped her brush within the can of inky darkness,
With a flourish it flew across the blank space,
Slowly it bled,
Covering the empties of the glaring white.
She hummed a senseless tune,
Shaking her hips to music only in her head.
I watched transfixed.
She threw the paint brush in a huff,
Leaving streaks of paint upon the wall.
Grabbing my arm she tugs me closer.
With a mischievous look,
She thrusts my hands within the paint cans.

Paint your soul she tells me.
Open myself up and don't stop.
No longer constricted to just the canvas
We paint with our hands.
Touching, feeling each swipe,
Creating a piece of the puzzle.
Slowly light and dark clashes upon every surface
Like the stars outside that fight
To break through the endless space.
You can only see them now when out in the country.
Where no pollution dilates their beauty.
Where the darkness does not win.
They shine in triumph.
We painted and painted these scenes of battle
Between the light and dark.
That forever reaching space that we call the universe.
We see but only a small section of the picture.
It will never be finished.