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## To Theo

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**T**o THEO  
Lex Scheuble, Senior  
English

I dream what I paint  
And paint what I dream  
Moving  
Everything lives  
Everything breathes  
through oil

English art  
Disgusts me  
Curating all day  
Spewing lies of greatness  
Makes one reconsider  
Genius

I am depressed again  
The rain falls  
In front of a yellowish sea  
The boarding-house windows  
Leave no space for imagination

I shake  
I hear things  
The girls tell sweet lies  
Like lemon butter bitter cut  
On the edge of my ear  
They laugh when I walk away  
Drunken  
Raving

Brilliant  
Is not the color I use  
Thousands of paintings  
Thousands of thick, spastic strokes  
And one piece of refuse sold

My Theo  
I fear  
I cannot write  
I cannot paint  
I cannot feel  
It's too loud

I see a place of silence  
Where crows fly  
Among fair fields

One last masterpiece  
And I will paint again

But I will also fail at this  
One  
last piece  
One  
last release  
One  
last letter

I loved you best

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