

2000

Sestina for the 'artist'

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Recommended Citation

Dixon, Katherine (2000) "Sestina for the 'artist,'" *The Messenger*: Vol. 2000: Iss. 1, Article 21.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2000/iss1/21>

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From: Kathrine Dixon <kdixon@richmond.edu>
Subject: Sestina for the 'artist'
Sent: February 01, 2000, 9:15 pm
To: Messenger <messenger@richmond.edu>
Cc: Zinc Design <etownsend@zincdesign.com>

We say, "We are the creators of art.
In us, sounds, rhythms, colors live
freely: no restrictions or facades.
We mold the clay, the words, the world, anything
and everything into the contents of our soul, but
above all, we say, "we are happy."

In truth, we have conditioned ourselves to be happy.
We are a work of our own art.
We fashion, not the truth of beauty, but
the lies that make existence simpler to live,
the fronts that allow us to do, to say anything
without thought to conscience or consequence - liberation in facade.

Or is it that we are caged by the facade,
forced to make others believe we are happy?
For the reality, we would give anything,
most readily of all, our art;
for we are more willing to live
in darkness of soul than in solitude. But,

we never wonder, if we could but
burst the seams of suffocating facade,
how much more deeply we could live,
how much more truly we could be happy.
We could be worthy of our art.
Pretense is unnecessary. But no, we believe anything

before we believe the truth. For truth, like anything
of value, as we perceive it, is but
another form of art
(in the eye of the beholder) - the ultimate facade.
We proclaim it, but are not happy
with it - it is an unsatisfying code by which to live.

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*We don't see that, without truth, we do not live.
Instead, we fight desperately to grab onto anything,
however fleeting, that tells us, "we are happy."
In our hearts, perhaps, we know, but
we are unwilling to forfeit the comfort of our facade.
In the end, though we could make an art of life, we choose to make a life of art.*

*In art lies our collective facade.
If we are to live, best the world see us happy,
Though, really, we are anything but.*

