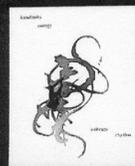
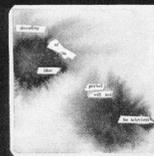
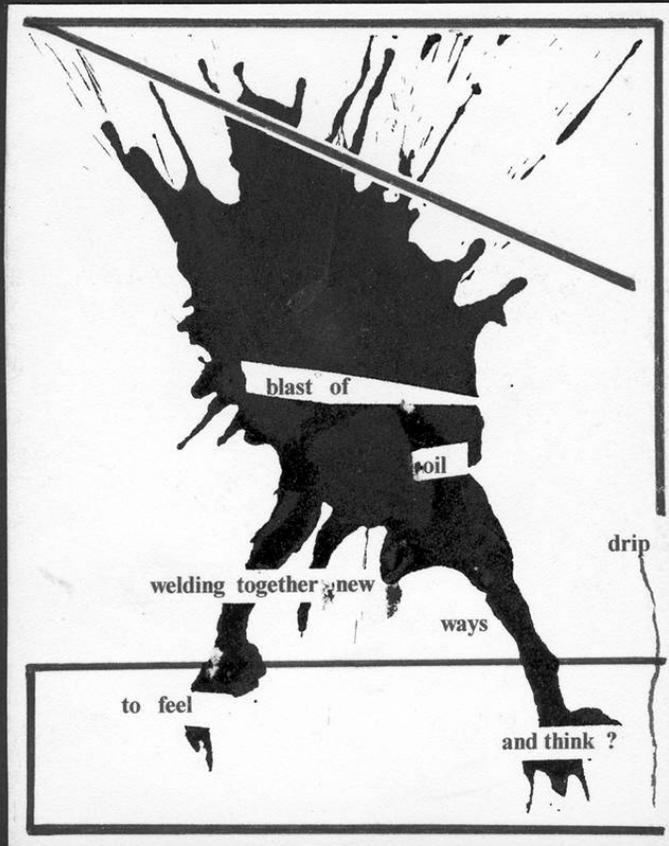




# PAIN TINGS

Andrew Topel





blast of

oil

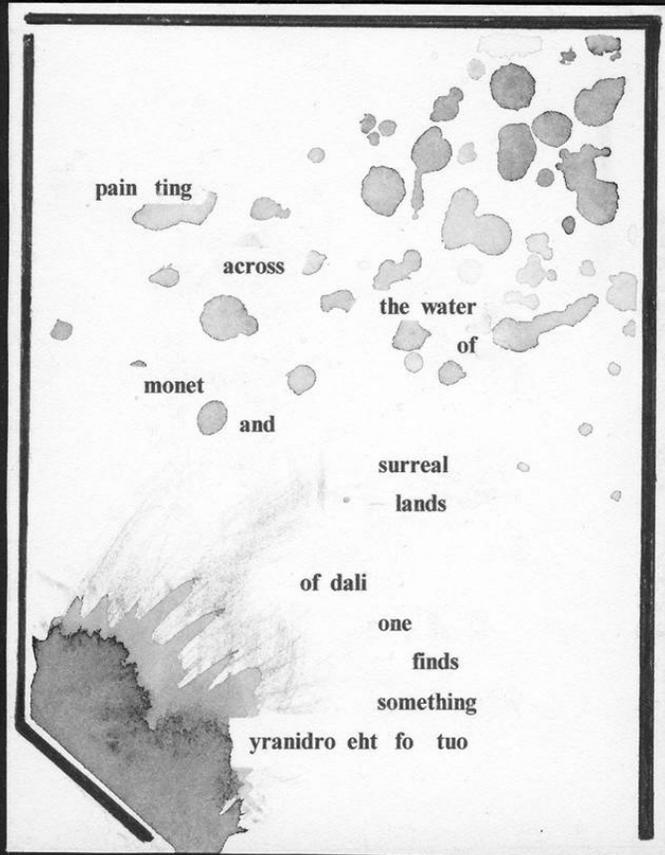
welding together new

ways

drip

to feel

and think ?



pain ting

across

the water

of

monet

and

surreal

lands

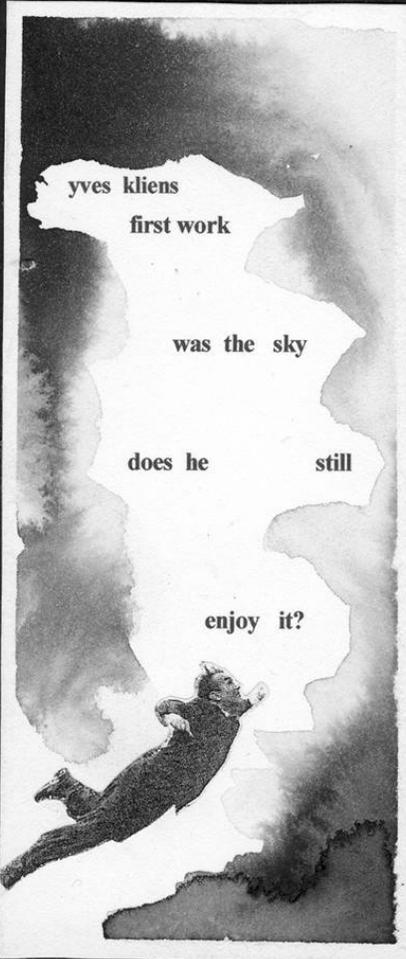
of dali

one

finds

something

yranidro eht fo tuo



yves kliens

first work

was the sky

does he

still

enjoy it?

this poem is for

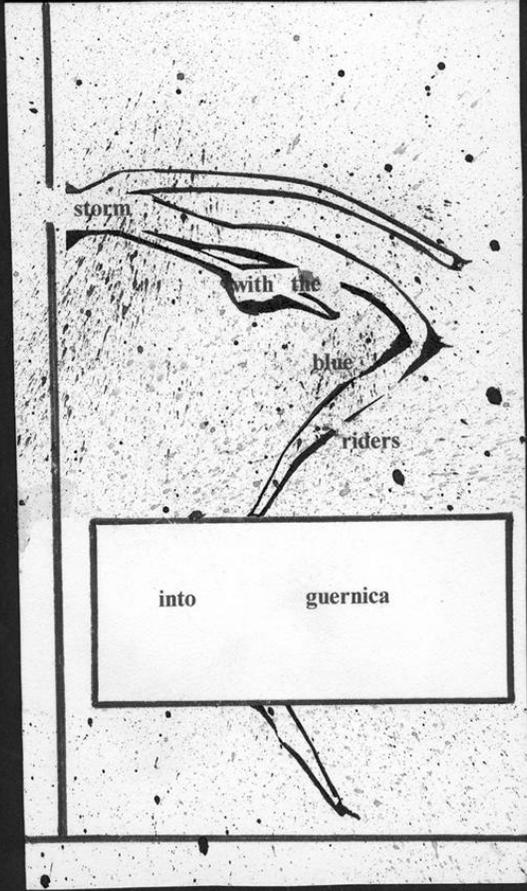
the

though it has

minimalists

already

said too much



storm

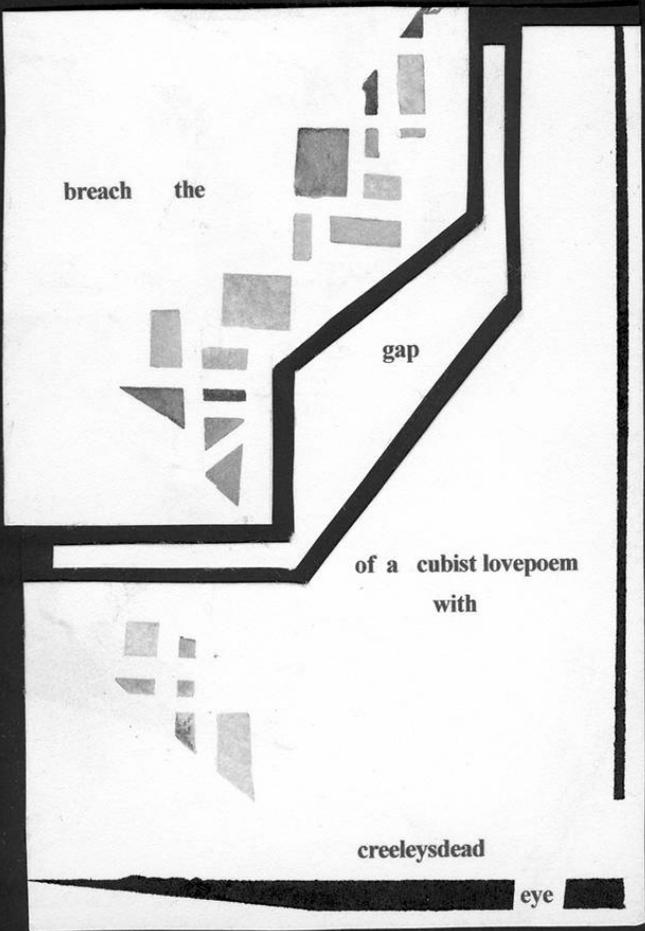
with the

blue

riders

into

guernica



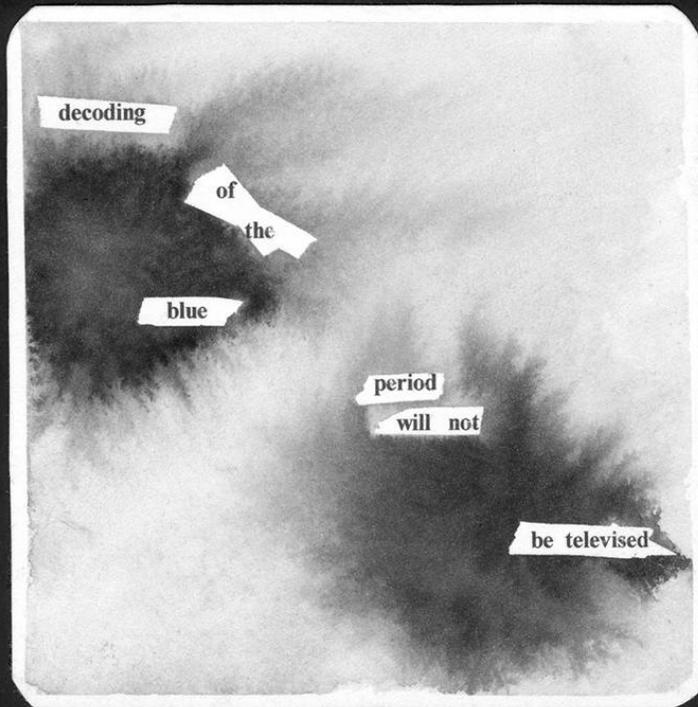
breach the

gap

of a cubist lovepoem  
with

creeleysdead

eye



decoding

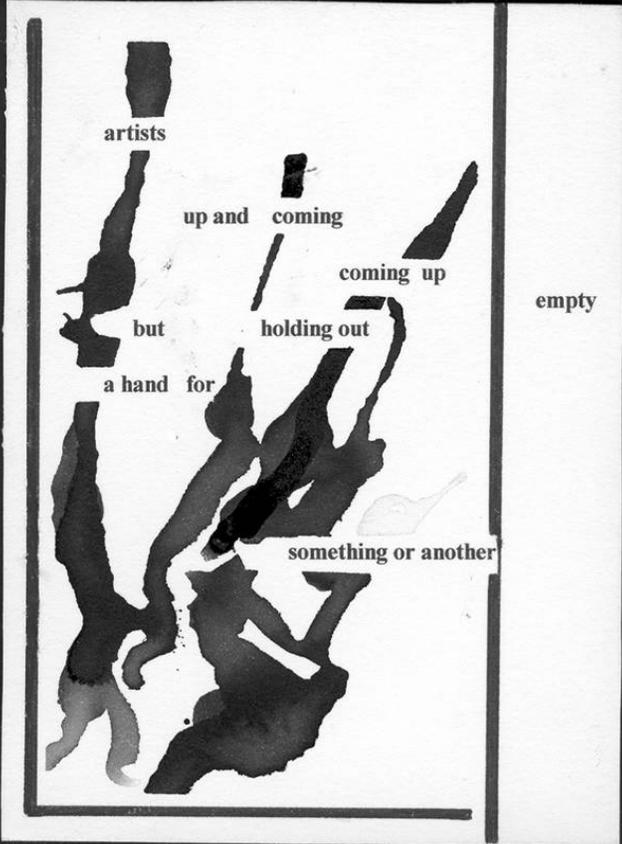
of  
the

blue

period

will not

be televised



artists

up and coming

coming up

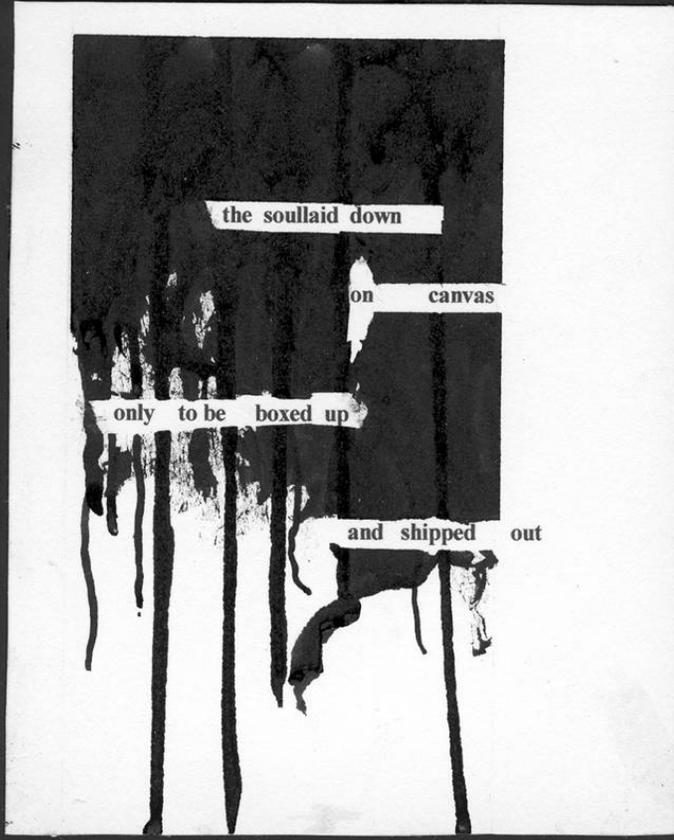
but

holding out

a hand for

something or another

empty

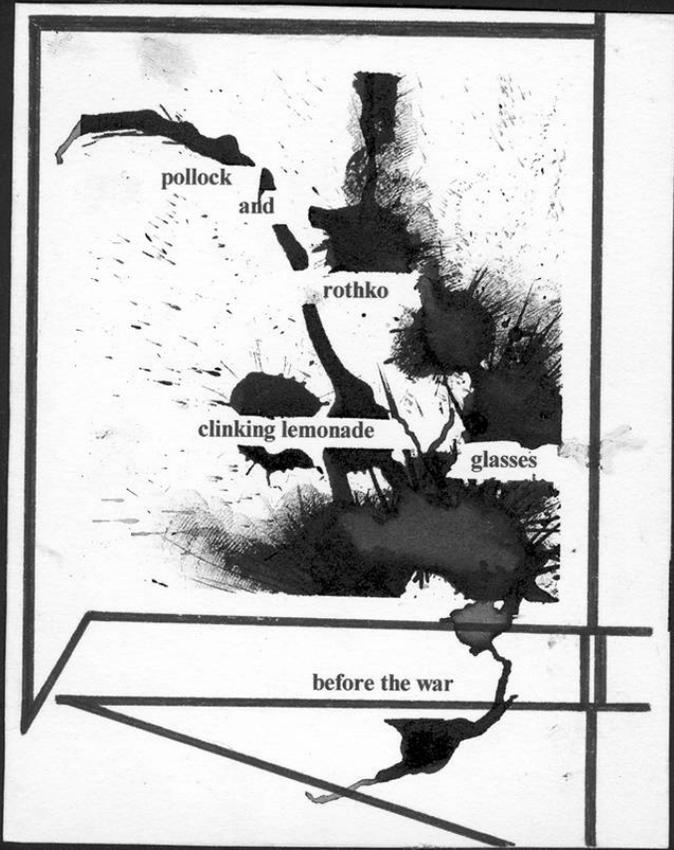


the soullaid down

on canvas

only to be boxed up

and shipped out



pollock  
and

rothko

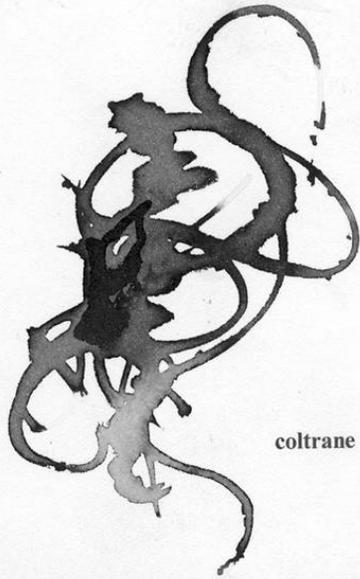
clinking lemonade

glasses

before the war

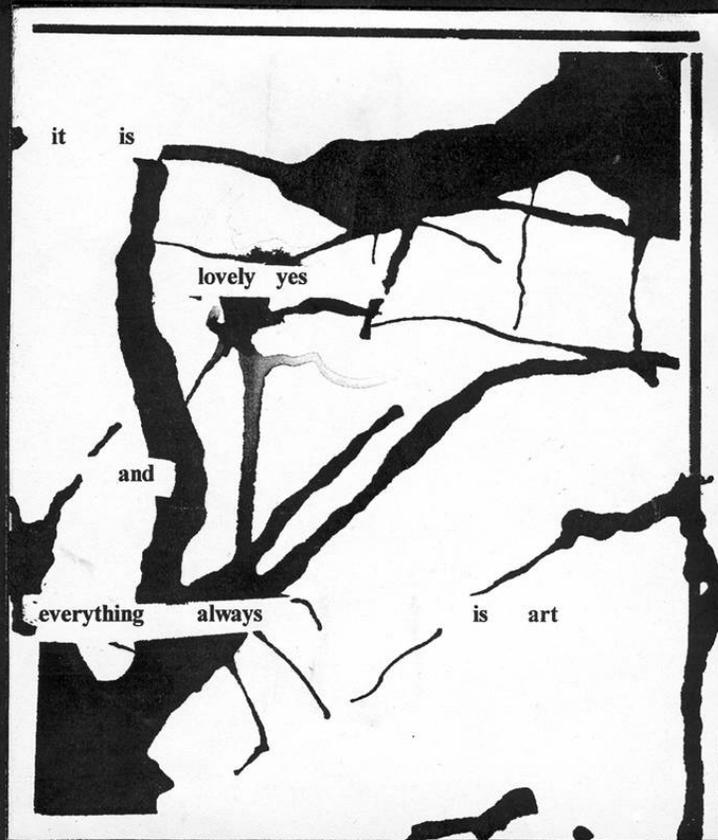
kandinsky

energy



coltrane

rhythm



it is

lovely yes

and

everything always is art