

Stroking Fantasy

By Glenn Currier

At Jackson Square my small sliver
of imagination paints plowed land
the calliope plays the river,
brush cradled crooked in my hand.

Clods I kicked Monarchs chased
romping dirt mauling shoes
in earthen colors I trace
and strokes of fantasy suffuse.



Author's Note: This was written after a visit to Louisiana, recalling a brief stop to watch an artist painting along the outer fence of Jackson Square in the French Quarter in New Orleans, Louisiana.

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