

The Canvas Speaks to the Artist:

I was born an empty rectangle, a blank piece of woven cloth stretched across wooden bars. Flat, white, and still, I rested on the easel—a quiet expanse of endless possibilities. But with you, the artist, I am an eager conspirator, alive with anticipation. I feel your piercing gaze when the first brushstroke touches my surface. I sense the pulse of your imagination, gathering momentum like the wind ahead of a storm.

You stand before me, palette and brush in hand, searching for an image to explore. You don't see emptiness when you look my way; you see unexplored potential. You see truth waiting to be told. I long to transport your intimate feelings of Love, Hope, Sorrow, and Anger from mere words into colorful images—I drink in your brushstrokes until I am no longer white, cold, and silent. Whatever story you wish to tell, I am ready to serve.

To you, I am far more than a tool of the trade; I am a trusted confidant, the mirror of your soul. Every drop of paint you lay upon me is a confession. Every stroke is a heartbeat. You share with me what no one yet understands—and I pledge to keep your secrets until they are ready for the world.

I speak across generations and will carry your message long after this century is over. Perhaps someday, I will be acquired by a great museum or a prestigious collection and hang beside the great masters of history.

As a team, we can memorialize your late parents, like the farmer and his wife in Grant Wood's *American Gothic*, or reflect the hopes and dreams of a nation, as in the classic painting of *Washington Crossing the Delaware*.

My surface may reveal the colorful birds of Loxahatchee, like John James Audubon's iconic avian paintings, or portray the wonders of a starry night on Delray Beach in the otherworldly style of Vincent van Gogh.

One day, you may render the Vintage Gym at Old School Square in the warm, earth tones of a Rembrandt, or convey an elderly lady squeezing tomatoes at Delray's open market on a hot Saturday morning, or a group of playful tourists dining at a cozy sidewalk café on Atlantic Avenue.

I may last a single day or a thousand lifetimes—but if I resonate with even one person, I will have fulfilled my purpose. It is said that a picture is worth 1000 words, but a truly great painting is worth so much more.

As of now, my future as a canvas is yet to be determined. The finished work exists only as the fantasy of a creative mind. But this much I know. You will not leave me sitting barren on the easel, untouched and unloved. I await a greater destiny, and someday, I will manifest your innermost thoughts and desires.