

PAUL GIBSON

Purple Cups, 2022
Acrylic on linen, 48 x 36 in.



COURTESY THE STUDIO SHOP GALLERY

CHRISTINE STROUD

The Artist

We're all seeking the truth, I suppose.
He spends hours mixing and remixing paints,
no canvas, no single story is safe
from revision, of being over- or underwritten,
or told again, then again, then again.

We're all trying to be understood, I suppose.
But all interpretation becomes demeaning.
When the morning sunlight comes through the bedroom window,
it ruins everything. It translates nothing.

We're all trying to find our other, if there is such a thing.
But every time he tries to imagine, it's just a black canvas with
that single wound of blue. It doesn't mean anything, or it
does. Or it doesn't to the others.

He mixes again. He paints again. He's trying; I know.

Christine Stroud is a poet living in Pittsburgh and is the editor in chief of Autumn House Press. She has published two chapbooks, *Sister Suite* (Disorder Press, 2017) and *The Buried Return* (Finishing Line Press, 2014), and her poems have appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Hobart*, the *Ninth Letter* online, *The Paterson Literary Review*, *Cimarron Review*, and many others as well as several anthologies, including *The Queer South: LGBTQ Writers on the American South*.