

My Always Friend

The paintbrush is my friend.

It always accepts me and is ready to work with me.

It does not work against me or say hurtful things.

It is willing to do whatever I want it to do.

It is willing to glide, swish, be pulled, or pushed against itself,

To make strokes, dots, squiggles, or blobs.

It is not partial to the paint color I choose.

It even enjoys being used and used.

The paintbrush is my friend.

It can keep the pace that I want to work with it.

It does not oppose my ideas and will,

It even bends over backwards for me.

If I decide to use another, it does not retaliate.

It does not sit in sadness like a wallflower,

But always says yes to my invitation

To dance across the paper and be dabbed into the water.

It is always ready to serve me.

I have only to take care of my paintbrush

And I will have a lifelong companion.

By Carol A. Neugebauer