
SKETCHBOOK SCRIBBLE / *William Dauenhauer*

The historians spent too much time
on filling pages with paragraphs;
it was the artists that told
the story better.

Look into their medieval scenes
and sense the horrors of faith—
those thin and pale people
that hoped earnestly for heaven,
even as they believed perdition
lay just underfoot.

Behold
those gaunt knights and bloodless ladies
oppressed with their own flesh—
convinced beyond doubt
that they were creation's center,
their every blunder like a speck
of ash in God's blue eye.

Then, gaze at Renaissance masterworks:
the muscled figures, certain, strong,
pulling, pushing, straining bone
and sinew—

Sisyphean toilers
discontented with the scheme
as found—bound to alter, shape, re-work
nature's not-quite-holy patterns
to suit mere human taste.