

My father was an artist of paintings and things,

And taught with a passion of what money brings;

He painted landscapes and people from all round the earth,

But the real art in his art is judging its worth.

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Artists have an eye for the finest most detail,

And pay particular attention to what's good to resale;

Now we grow and we learn in each stroke of the brush,

With colours so rich and beauty so lush.

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What is the problem with artists and collectors?

Are they all quite eccentric and such careful perfectors?

And what is the art in the paintings themselves,

To just sit like old books on dusty old shelves.

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It seems the times gone to make good what's lost,

And there's no cause to worry about recovering the cost;

Now the days go by after knowing my father has died,

But his art and his memory live on by my side.

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I think I will endeavour to have and to keep,

These art works he valued that live on in his sleep;

But probably not delve into the reasons as why,

As such is life when in the art world you die.

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So now the brush is put down and the art carries on,

In the mind of the men in the wide world beyond;

If you behold what you see with truth and with light,

The artist's great works live on by day and by night.

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Signed,

Who will buy?