

The Poet and The Painter

by Carol Hovsepien



The Poet and The Painter

Book I

First Edition

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ONE

It is Spring's birthday, a time to celebrate the sun illuminating the brightest colors on Earth even through clouds. Spring is the perfect time for the nine-year old Poet to write what he feels in his heart and for the seven-year old Painter to paint what she sees in her mind. But there's something different in the air about this first Spring morning.

Sitting on opposite sides of the creek's bridge, the Poet and the Painter don't seem happy at all.

"Colors to be seen, the leaves are

green...” the Poet wrote, then scribbled out. “Sounds boring! I can’t do this and my butt hurts from sitting so long!” He quickly stood.

“AAAAAARGH!” he shouted in pain, causing the Painter to splatter paint on her picture and her already paint-covered overalls.

“Hey, Poet! You made me make a big mistake! Can’t you write quietly? I’ve got to turn in this homework assignment tomorrow morning!”

“And I’ve got to turn in mine!” the Poet protested as he wrote again while pacing.

Grumbling, the Painter tried a blue color. “No, that’s not right.” Then she tried a red color. “No! That’s not right either!” Then she tried a green, yellow, brown, and purple color. “No, no, no! None of these are right!” And she splashed paint all over her paper.

“AAAAAARGH!” the Poet shouted, stopping in his tracks. “Can’t you paint



quietly? I can't think!"

"Why do you keep scribbling out your words?"

"I don't know! Maybe the clouds are blocking the right words so I can write about the beauty around here! My teacher says my heart needs to feel them. I suck at this stuff and I need to get to fifth grade!"

"You've got writer's block!" the Painter replied. "And I can't see the bright colors I want to use on such a cloudy day. I've tried different reds and blues and greens and I need to get to third grade!"

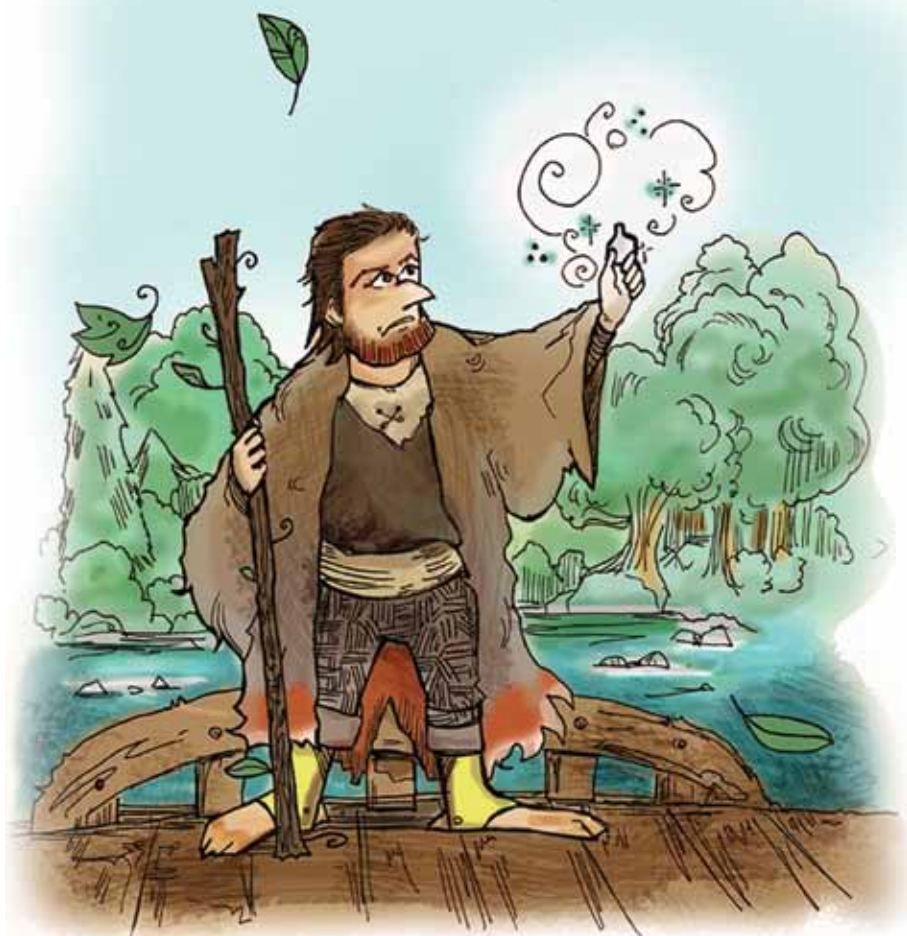
"You have a case of color block!" the Poet replied.

The Painter crumbled up her paper. "There must be a way to unblock my mind and your heart."

"And colorful words, too," moaned the Poet.

"AWK! It's hard to visualize in the mind and heart when things are cloudy,"





said a strange, raspy voice.

“Who said that?” the startled Painter shouted.

Suddenly, tree leaves fluttered and a blurred object WHOOSHED past them, landing in the bushes near the creek.

“Maybe you can help each other,” the stranger said. They watched him use his long, pointy fingernails to pick feathery leaves from his tattered, red-tailed jacket that draped over high yellow socks.

“What do you mean? I’m not a poet!”

“And I’m not a painter. How can we help each other?”

“You must find a way.” They swirled around in shock to see him standing right behind them holding some foliage.

“Hey! How’d you do that?” asked the Painter.

“You must find a way to help each other feel and see what you want even when there’s no sun to help you.”

“Impossible!” cried the Painter.



“Never say impossible, young Painter. Your mind can do anything when you use your imagination. See? I still found some lavender and other herbs without the sun,” said the stranger.

“Their fragrance makes me feel lightheaded,” the Poet remarked.

“They can have that effect especially when their oils, seeds and blossoms are mixed together.”

“Can you make things happen with your herbs and everything else?” asked the Painter.

“Only when you really want something and don’t give up finding it. You are both gifted in your art but sometimes, to find what you are looking for, the universe takes you through many tests.”

“Tests? I’m not taking any tests! I just need to find the right colors!”

“And I need to find the right words!” the Poet added.

“Well, go ahead! No one is stopping

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you but you. Your gifts and desires of a poet and a painter come from your souls. When your desires are not followed, your soul becomes very unhappy and the whole of you will be blocked forever, including your mind and your heart.”

“I’ll fail if I can’t write my words!” said the Poet.

“If I can’t paint, I’ll never be happy,” cried the Painter. “I need the right blue now!”

“AWK! There is a way,” said the stranger.

“How?” the Poet and the Painter replied together.

“You must find the right nuances between colors and words to express your soul’s message. Remember. There’s more than one way to see the same thing.”

“How do we do that?” asked the Painter.

“Look at the world, people, things,



nature and their beauty in different ways! Then paint what you see and write what you feel.”

“Where do we go to do that?” asked the Poet.

“You make it sound so easy. Who are you, stranger?” asked the Painter.

“Questions are a good skill to have for where you’re going to go. Knowing that you need to find specific colors and words is a great start.”

“We can’t go anywhere! We gotta finish this homework now!” exclaimed the Poet.

“And we don’t go with strangers,” said the Painter, defiantly.

“Awk! I’m sending you on a great journey but you must have the courage to complete this journey no matter what happens or else--”

“Or else what?” the Painter asked, trembling.

“Your mind and heart will be blocked forever and you will never be happy



with your gift as a painter and a poet.”

The Poet and the Painter gasped.

“Do you have the courage to go through the whole journey?”

The Poet and the Painter looked at each other then back at the stranger.

“Yes,” they gulped.

“Good. You’ve made a commitment to find those colors and words and you must never break commitments. If you do, your soul’s purpose and its dream will never come true.”

“We’ll finish!” the Painter quickly replied.

“There’s one more thing,” said the stranger. “You must agree to repay me.”

“Repay you?” asked the surprised Poet.

“Everything has a price, Poet, and you always repay for kindnesses you are given.”

“But we don’t have money to pay you,” said the Painter.



The stranger reached into his coat pocket and took out a glass vial.

“You must fill this vial with the ingredients that makes your souls complete. If you don’t, you will not be able to return.”

“How will we know if we put in the right ingredients?” asked the Poet.

“If you watch, listen and learn, you will recognize what ingredient will allow you to continue your journey. The vial will bring you home only when it is filled with the right mixture to unblock your mind and heart. You must finish what you start for your soul to be happy. There’s no turning back. Do you still want to do this?”

The Poet and the Painter look at each other again and smiled.

“Yes,” said the Poet as he took the vial from the stranger and put it in his backpack.

“How do we start?” asked the Painter.



The stranger moved closer to her. “Tell me, Painter. What kind of blue is your soul searching for?”

“It’s a blue like the twilight sky, more magnificent than the deep ocean, more mystical than a sapphire.”

“Wow! You described your blue like a poet! I can almost see the exact color you want,” the Poet announced as he slung his backpack around his shoulders.

“You’ve already begun to help each other. All you have to do is imagine you’re already where your color and words can be found. Grab your easel, Painter! Grab your book, Poet, and stand together.” They did.

“Now, look to the sky, take a deep breath, close your eyes and think of your blue.”

With book and easel, the Poet and the Painter followed his directions.

“Remember, you must complete the journey or else. AWK!”



Suddenly, with a flap of his arms, the stranger threw golden seeds over their heads. Then, in a flash of color, the Poet and the Painter caught a rainbow and began their adventure.

