

The Artists' Path

I saw them on the artists' path:

The poet
Walking with his words
Sauntering by on his way
To a Sunday sonnet.

A metal worker
Clad in Sunday best
Striding out
Toward San Cassiano



A stone sculptor
Resting on a rock
Head bent
In silent contemplation



A pair of stick figures
Skeletal but strong
Standing side by side
Staring at the stream.

Beside the path
A mother stood
Eyes only for her child
Both carved in wood.



I saw them all on the artists' path

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