

The Hills

Restricted

To just a few colours and forms

Stripped of extraneous surface details

Mud colour. Soft and smooth

Concrete greys and greens of smooth hills rolling, rolling

Ignorant of the cosmetic features

I paint only the bones of the landscape

Mud colour. Earth lifted, loose

The underlying form of the land

The heart, the whole, the entirety

Wallowing forms repeated

Deft strokes following the same linear fashion

Of brooding clouds as they float above the sea

Down we go; follow me now

To an estuary so free from clutter

Free from the Noise and the life

of the many who live amongst shadows of the hills

Rolling, rolling, rumbling, breathing hills

Triangularly faceted hills; pyramid structures that impose themselves on the landscape

Stop.

Subdued and quiet

Stillness broken by flashes of movement

Concave and convex

Dark and light / death and resurrection

Oxymorons alive in the hills

Magnified by the strokes of my brush

I capture the landscape on pale canvas before it escapes and moulds into something altogether

Different

A sudden yellow streak; a divergence from monochromatic safety of earlier works

From an abstraction of restricted greens and brown comes the darting yellow

Can you see it now, what I see?

A matrix of shifting patterns,

Compressing thousands of drops of rain,

Squally gusts of the howling wind, and restless teetering trees

Into a fraction of a second, a snapshot of the day



Shapes blending inseparably with the canvas

Who do they become for you?

The hills

Eroded by Mother Nature's tears

The hills

So isolated from the wild bleeding colours

Of those who traverse them.

Silent and solemn, they wait.

The hills.