

DECEMBER 2019

## WINTER BLUE



Acrylics

Blue is not the colour of the month but it is hope, it is the seasonal nostalgia. In the dull grey of the morning I keep watching out for blue spots on the sky which may dispel all the gloom. My weak eyes need light, the bright light of the day, the source of colours, the colourfulness of life.

Now is also the time for candles with their warm and lambent light.

A restless light that promises warmth and security but will burn down at some stage in the dark of the cold night. Temporary happiness, but without the blue shimmer of hope an ephemeral apparition. A bit of a draft and the black fingers of darkness squeeze light and life from the wick.

I am fond of a summer's night. That is pausing, the resting point in the course of the day.

A summer's night creates life, a winter's night spreads death.

The blue strip of hope is missing on the horizon.

'Lord, now time has come, let it be spring soon.'