

"Legacy"

In shadows of time

I hoped to impart,

A legacy forged from a lifelong art.

With portraits of passion,

Angela's grace,

And "War Widow" standing in sorrow's embrace.

At seventy-nine,

with a heart full of dreams,

I approached the museum,

It's not as it seems.

A gesture of love to my hometown's embrace,

To find my request met with a cold,

stony face.

All the praise in the papers,

the awards I'd acquired,

In Italy's galleries,

where my work was admired,

Counted for naught in this fateful exchange,

The Jordan Schnitzer Art Museum's gatekeepers decide,

Their tastes align with Warhol, New York's pride.

A captive to conceptual,

they've made their stand,

Leaving my art to drift,

like sand through their hand.

In the memory of Dora Natella,

a sculptor of might,

Whose tenure was denied,

In the absence of light,

She ventured afar,

to Illinois' distant shore,

Only to meet tragedy,

and her teaching lost forevermore.

Irony abounds as they showcase foreign lands,

Cuban and Chinese artists,

with outstretched hands,

While my stance 'gainst the Vietnam War and Racism,

In the '60s strife,

Fades into silence,

rejected from their life.

But my legacy endures,

in the hearts of those who know,

The depth of my passion,

the art that I'd bestow.

Though this museum may falter,

my spirit stands strong,

My work will find homes where it truly belongs.

For art is not bound by the walls of a place,

It transcends the confines of a singular space.

In the eyes of admirers, my legacy's bright,

As I paint my own canvas,

in the canvas of life.