BILL HOWELL

Portrait of a Friend

The forgiveness of a shared ideal on its way to becoming the people we keep modelling ourselves after without complete permission.

Jazz in the background: the garden almost overgrown, ostensibly delicate perennials blasting out of themselves like rebellious wildflowers ....

And if art is the lie necessary to tell the eye’s truth, what are we to do with the need to please, the need to be needed, chosen and shaped?

The mind focuses its own forehead; the gut girths the hardest of laughs; the groin joins in on mirth’s birth; the heart knows the joke’s on you.

Then your knowledge: some of us try to avoid what we don’t want to see at the same time people who need us try to protect us from their lives.

Always, when the bad news comes, the lies grow out of our closest fears; our spirits grow older if not up, line more as their faces become less clear.
All this before we've even picked up fate's brush by the scruff of its neck, begun inventing who we really are and surely: how we come to love.