

# Under VerBeeck

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Original work. Poem written March 27, 2016.  
Song 2025.

## V1

Still-lifes hang in massive frames.  
Seascapes churn in marbled halls.  
We wander through the gallery,  
the works of art severe on walls.  
Rembrandt, stern with glowering paint.  
The heavy grayness of VerBeeck.  
And as you looked I came up close  
and kissed your sculpted curve of neck.

## CHORUS

The canvas stares.  
Old World looks down.  
The oils crack  
as time moves on.  
No saints and kings.  
A simple move.  
A turn of head.  
A turn of muse.

## V2

And how the portraits flare with heat.  
How the waves crash at the touch.  
The oils shift within their eyes.  
It leaves them weakened from the  
brush.  
A soft caress on ivory nape  
among the godly paints and plasters,  
ires all the ranks of art.  
The shape of you outshines the masters.

## CHORUS

The canvas stares.  
Old World looks down.  
The oils crack  
as time moves on.  
No saints and kings.  
A simple move.  
A turn of head.  
A turn of muse.