**The Old Brush**

The head, moved of bristles

water wearing

destroying slowly the shape. Time evident:

we do not wear

just disintegrate.

Evidence; another brush

this time with wire.

The resistant metal rusted

pitted, hiding in the safe

seat of the hole.

Water has edged out with time

or just atmosphere.

The surface cracked along

a fault line

somehow connecting

the last metal.

As the loss dictated by water.

the remains suggestion rivulets

a last impression

the metal gone

the wood groans of loss.

The handle elegant to grip

a narrow neck

a violin of brushes

sleek and now dead

in terms of use.

But the heads remain

elegant in their dereliction

objects now; not of use

but optical delight,

arranged, elegant.

To be viewed: outstanding now.

Shapes of past effort

retired now

not ashes to scatter.