

Almost an artist.

As the paint was drying he looked at the canvas. It didn't look how he imagined it would. He couldn't tell if he was any closer to being the painter he wanted to be or if he was just as bad as yesterday. He dipped the brush to make something that would give it the finishing touch.

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He had decided when he was 9, that this would be his calling. Many people were impressed with his drawing skills, at that point. As he got older the “ooh's” and aah's diminished. He learned that you can't trust the judgement of others or have people tell you what to do.

He painted almost every day through his twenties. Some girls found it interesting and kind of adventurous at first, but as he ultimately was more interested in his painting than in them, they all disappeared.

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He was beginning to develop his style when he came into his 30's. It was very raw and real, in an abstract way. It was possible to think of him as a late Turner/Pollock clone, with the eye for detail of the first and the intuitive ideas of the second. The result was still found lacking.

On his 40'th birthday he painted what he titled “Is midlife crisis a thing?” It became a reoccurrent theme and he began to simply assign numbers to the productions, as he ventured deeper into his study of the theme.

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Time passed as if to tell him how an artist can be searching his whole life and even for the wrong thing. He wasn't as prolific as he used to be, beginning to expand on the crisis theme with similar themes like “doubt”, “uncertainty”, “fear” and “depression”. But like the images produced the thoughts wouldn't quite come together.

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Now he was 64. But in a very different way than what Paul McCartney had written about. His work was more like Beethoven's 10'th symphony. In fact it was so much in accord with the latter, that the stroke – which by its very name is an ironic death for a would-be famous painter – marked by the downward line by the brush across the canvas; came as an afterthought of reconsideration.

The end.