

He hates the finished product

so he grabs the white paint bucket and roller  
and covers the canvas  
of its miles of emerald hills  
over miles of pearl buildings below.

so he takes over the land  
with a blank canvas  
of aged ash  
seeping over the background.

so he works for a long time  
without hesitation  
knowing many will admire his work.

so he calls his friend  
to bring extra paint  
in order to have no life show through.

so he reminds himself to never wash  
the white stains on his hands.

so he covers up  
what was never a mistake.

so he finishes it "for them."

It was never his painting.