



Artist, or dreamer, realist of life
Much can be told
By the studio of a man:
How does he live, aspire
Relax, or think, recline and retire,
What is held treasured and loved
Even filed;
What paints does he use
From the pictures of life,
How does his intellect too
Master him -
Look to his studio, red.

If I were well wishing to know
Of another's ideas
To his papers, his letters and works
Turns my head,
But notions developing fame
I would learn
By sampling rich how he lives:
His studio red and the pictures within
The world in his vase
The goblet unused
A table, a drawer, a model's stand
From the test.

Flowered by fate and each day
The studio's man can reveal.