

# THE ARTIST WITHIN

By: Kelly Kimberly Brock

I wandered in the law school doors and said, "I don't belong!"  
A friend just two steps back, she grinned and whispered "no, you're wrong."

But ART is what I want to do... my thoughts drifted away.  
Until she pulled me back again and begged, "Don't go! Please stay."

And so I stayed a long, long time... it felt like 3 whole years,  
And in those million legal briefs I wiped away my tears.

I doodled on my Contracts notes. I sketched on Property.  
Torts and Tax books took it worst, my paint pen just ran free.

You see those cartoons peeking out around the legal prose?  
Just begging to be seen, they scream "not law school, no no no!"

Sculpture. Art. Photography. Yes yes, all these and more!  
But here I'm stuck in Corporate Law. My mind just wants to soar.

Designing and expressing both get pushed into the ground,  
While memorizing Civil Law echoes without a sound.

Something tells me to create, but how? These law school walls are bare.  
"We've reached a final settlement" they announce (and I don't care).

The art inside still beckons me, neon colors flood my soul...  
I'm sorry but my legal mind has fallen in a hole.

Jurisprudence knocks me out. The stars fade from my eyes.  
***And here's the story of a girl who saves her dream before it dies...***

I grasp a marker in my hand and daydream with a stare,  
And all the Criminal Laws on earth belong not here, but there.

So how about a chapter on the passion of my heart!?  
The constant inspiration that compels me to make art!

Life's my canvas... the classroom, my path... and now I have my degree.  
Funny, a school of laws and rules set my inner artist free.

The spirit has a voice and it will speak your calling clear...  
Though noisy worldly static sometimes makes it hard to hear.

Those heavy legal books were filled with more than laws alone,  
A journey to discovering: imagination is my home.