

## **On the Proposal for a Visual Artist Laureate**

The blank page—the blank canvas is—  
Undeniably delicious—  
Like fog, which obscures, then reveals—  
What Hope imminently congeals—  
A fantastic architecture—  
Imagination born secure:  
What Vision—the I of the eye—  
Had dreamt, is What answering Why. . . .  
Rainbows erupt from paint or ink—  
And film sculptures light—in a blink;  
A needle, weaving, is lyric,  
And whatever is shaped is epic.  
Art's each I articulate,  
Whose vision ordains a laureate.

--George Elliott Clarke

7<sup>th</sup> Parliamentary Poet Laureate (2016-17)