

THE PAINTER by Sara Pruiksma
In Loving Memory of Jim Cramer
4.3.2025

Buttery strokes, nestled into crimson air
danced with delight, like an earthy prayer

The weight of the sky gave way to deep shadows
mirroring the clouds over distant plateaus

Gestural marks poised swaying tall grasses, rough waters and trees
humbly nodding to nature's current, its breeze

Then mountains, like blankets, waved with the coziness of home
When we look, we'll notice he hasn't really gone

Flutters of crickets, made the earth hum
synced in rhythm with his motion
capturing the day under the sun

The Hudson shoreline frothed
with an alabaster hue
mimicking time as it rolled into view

There soaked in the stillness
of an early-spring wetland
warm umbers and ochres softened
winters' harsh hand

His brush sang the praises of hills, of streams
of barns and our daily wanderings

Billowing with joy, the irises' frill
each garden crafted with such painterly goodwill

He seized the sun as it rose and set
using color to capture each scene he met

The fields he walked he'll always be
Painting the Day so exquisitely.