

A Bob Ross Morning (By Atom)

Bob Ross worked hard this morning,
Through warbling hoots that call the dawn,
His palette and brush the new day forming,
To paint a smile on easel'd yawn.

Bob Ross worked well this very day,
From hues' that roll of mauve and violet,
Come mist and trees that seem to sway,
As dawn to morn his strokes do pilot.

Bob Ross had mixed his colors well,
For cast across a gray sea lawn,
Come nymph waves pink as coral shell.
Stipple cut sky of art knife born.

Bob Ross his work this morn is done,
For shimmers now replacing shadow,
As dawn art-scape is bathed in sun,
Leaving none but happy me to know.