

WITH INTENTION

TONI SCORSESE

Odd they call it the *art* of patience.
When is one's patience ever lauded? And by whom?

I've read there's purpose in the delay...
The stay is a necessary element of the composition.

Patience has not been my strong suit...
The pause always an impasto of suspense and anticipation.

It requires "intelligent postponement..."
Feels shitty though – having to remain sensible.

And the *art* is colored by too many clichés...
Tempo, rhythm – the adagio lingers beyond charity.

My canvas is scribbled with intolerance...
As a four year-old learning to play with her crayons.

But the duration is not inscrutable...
And so, with bated breath – I practice the *art* of patience.

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(You Know Who You Are)