

My love is not like thundering horses.

My love is the quietest thrum of hummingbird wings.

When you peel back the layers to reveal my soul It is a sound only the most discerning can hear.

Listening quietly, carefully, eyes closed, the sweet smell of honey nectar gracing the air.

A flutter, a breeze, slight brush of wing upon your face.

My love, a golden trail of pollen traces your cheek.

Wise eyes meet yours then flit shyly away at your smile.

Robert Santoré
“My Love In Not Like Thundering Horses” 2010

“THROUGH THE SPLENDOR OF THE FIRMAMENT” 100 x 176in (245 x 447cm) Oil, oil stick, military and industrial enamels, non-yellowing bees wax, on paper mounted to Belgian linen mounted on canvas



CHELSEA NEW YORK