



*My inheritance was a lie, a haunting refrain,
The Home Place in Montgomery, lost to me in pain,
For five generations, it held our legacy's grace,
Promised by grandfather, now vanished no trace.*

*In the heart of Texas, where wild winds blow,
Thunderstorms as high as heaven dance electrifying glow,
Artifacts rise from earth, they'd appear,
Whispering tales of kin, drawing memories.*

*Gentle breeze caress tall grass, green,
Insects humming, wild bird song,
Frog of all manner chorus with melodious croak,
Symphony generations creating heart spoke.*

*But alas, a sister's betrayal tore family legacy apart,
Selfishly selling land, breaking generations heart,
Homestead of ancestors, a treasure once held,
Now lost, forefathers voices whispers in wind, forever expelled.*

*Manhattan's embrace, city so grand,
I seek solace painting, brush in hand,
Canvas becomes refuge, a sanctuary true,
Capturing essence, what once knew.*

*Each stroke, paint the land's vibrant hue,
Rolling hills, meadows, where dreams, no life once grew,
Through art, hold on to memories dear,
Preserving spirit of land revere.*

*Roots severed, connection remain,
Texan son, bound by historic chains,
My inheritance is a lie, taken away,
But love of birthright homestead shall never sway.*

*I paint angry bulls in thunderstorm clouds, their fierce display,
As memories rise in currents of rain, unearthing yesterday,
Bustling streets of The Bowery, find release,
Through art, I'll heal, my longing, my home my peace.*

Robert Santoré

"My Inheritance Was A Lie" 2023

"MENDACIUM HEREDITAS MEA FUIT" ("My Inheritance Was A Lie") 73 x 74in (185.42 x 187.96cm) Oil, oil stick, military and industrial enamels, non-yellowing bees wax, on paper mounted to Belgian linen mounted on canvas