

MEL EDDEN

Someone Give Seurat a Smartphone

After *The Lighthouse at Honfleur* by Georges Seurat, National Gallery of Art, DC

Imagine,
making that transition
from Pointillism
to point-and-click.
Now, zoom in.
Look at all those pixels
instantaneously created
by fingertip on glass.
What would you think?
Would you embrace
the digital domain
retiring your brushes forever?
Or, would you cling onto the old?
The art history lover in me likes to think the latter
that the smell of ochre mixed with linseed,
the smooth handle of a well-used wooden brush,
the squelch as horsehair enters paint
and the scratch of brush scraping on canvas
would be enough to keep you loyal,
enough for you to toss that new tech to the side.
That you would choose to stay
seated in the sun with your easel
on that tranquil beach at Honfleur
a cool breeze tickling your skin
feeling your naked toes on the warm sand
with the sound of waves calmly lapping on the shore.
That your preference would still be
to spend whole days
– not just seconds –
recording that lighthouse,
one tiny dot of paint at a time.