

THE PORTRAIT OF DAMIEN HIRST

<https://www.multiplesinc.com/artists/25-damien-hirst/works/375-damien-hirst-self-portrait-1992/>

Are there patterns to see?

Or does perception pick them out?

Are the words from my lips lies?

Or the spill from a twisted pout?

When a living mind thinks of impossible death,

Does a captured moment halt a hunting shark's breath?

Is a photograph the truth, or a facet of life?

Do paintings go deeper like the plunge of a knife?

Can faith make a truth in a world full of lies?

Or only a fabric that covers our eyes?

Unbelievably wrecked,

Are we tiny or great?

Are we children of God?

Or servants of fate?

Can something we say be denied or unsaid?

Does God exist?

Or has he always been dead?