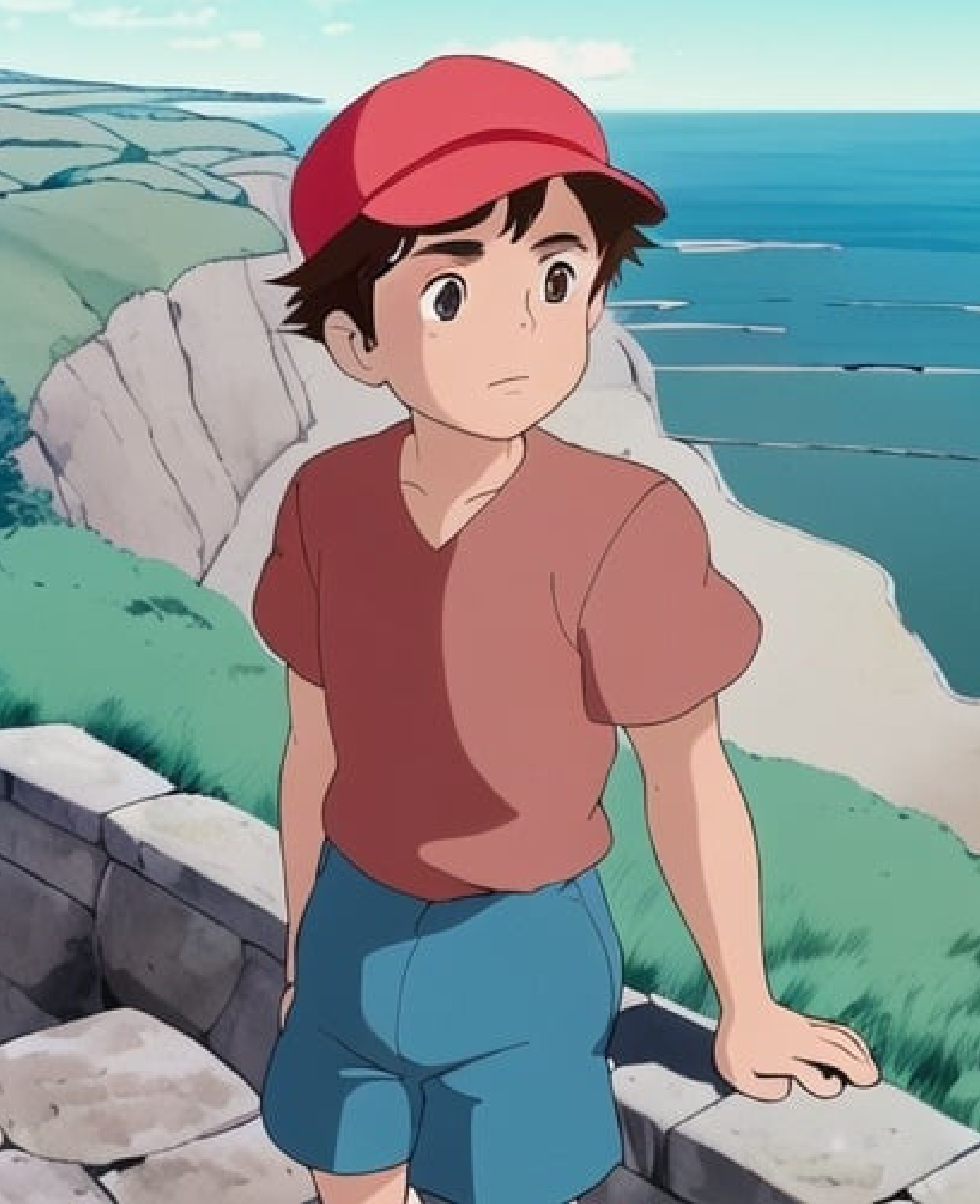




Jackson's Colourful Dream

To Jackson,

**Thank you for the inspiration and being the
best little brother I could ask for**



**In a town where the sun kissed the sky,
Lived a boy named Jackson, with a gleam in his
eye.**



**With colors in his heart and dreams in his hand,
He aimed to paint wonders across the land.
Jackson dreamt of art, of masterful strokes,
Of canvases vibrant, where imagination evokes.
But to be a great artist, he knew in his soul,
Required patience and practice, to reach his
goal.**



**So he picked up his brushes, his palette in tow,
And he painted each day, letting his creativity flow.**



**Yet his early attempts were far from refined,
With smudges and errors, he felt so confined.
But Jackson pressed on, undeterred by defeat,
For he knew that each failure brought lessons
so sweet.**



**He studied the masters, their techniques
he'd admire,
And with each stroke, he'd fuel his artistic
fire.**



**Through valleys of doubt and mountains of
strain,
He'd paint through the storms, through the sun
and the rain.**



**For he knew that greatness wasn't born
overnight,
But through hard work and failure, it'd come
into sight.
And as the years passed, Jackson's art began to
shine,
Each piece a reflection of his journey's design.**



**His mother stood by him, always there.
With tender hands and a heart full of care,
Her words of love, like a comforting song,
Inspired his spirit, helping him stay strong.**



**With every mistake, he'd grow stronger, you
see,
Transforming setbacks into opportunities.**







**Until one fateful day, in a gallery bright,
Jackson's paintings danced in the soft gallery
light.**

**His dream had been realized, against all the
odds,**

For he'd turned his failures into glorious nods.



**So here's to Jackson, the artist so bold,
Whose story reminds us, as the years unfold,
That with perseverance and a heart that is
true,
Even the toughest of dreams can come into
view.**

