

Deconstructing the Process

It can be close to sex,
stiff bristles sliding over
pliable skin of canvas,
goosebumped,
shivers of light,
soft edges of
rose and Naples yellow,
the bruises of blues.
Minerals floating in oil,
texture of honey with
a musky chemical smell
rising around me as I
turn away to nap
or smoke a cigarette.



I'm thinking I'm conning myself
by cutting out parts
of my parts
to get inside this painting,
this painting inside of me,
to become entangled
like lovers
that start to argue
because they know
the relationship has to end
sweetly, or otherwise.

