

THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF THE CANVAS

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I was watching your lovely manners while you were analyzing the curves of the model's body. If we had been alone in the room, I would have taken her place without hesitation. You handed me a piece of charcoal, and you smirked as you caught me admiring something other than your drawing.

As time has passed so quickly, we are now basking in your studio as we have done every Sunday afternoon for several years. I am contemplating the garden by the windowsill while you are painting my portrait. I am admiring the delicacy and the colours of the chrysanthemums dancing in the wind. My wavy hair is glistening in the sunlight. It is fascinating how you know all the locations of the freckles on my pale skin.

"You make me proud," you compliment me. "You were lucky to stumble upon me. I know how to capture your hidden beauty."

I am about to answer, but at the same time, you accidentally drop your paint palette. During its fall, it stained not only the floor but your pants as well. There are shades of alizarin crimson dripping all over the place.

"Can you pick it up for me, sweetheart?" I am bending over to clean the mess. "I always fall for those cheeks," you add. I am shyly smiling back at you in response.

"I am going to take a shower. You should join me after there is no more stain on the floor because I know how to improve your day," you shout while you are already in the doorway of the bathroom.

After an endless chore, I open the shower curtain, and I put my left foot on the wet floor. You have that hungry look that makes me melt every time. I can see through your eyes that, for once, I am Venus, the goddess in your favourite Botticelli painting. I hear your watch ticking on the edge of the sink. The minutes are passing by leisurely. Then, you already have a towel around your waist. You are about to put on your uniform to go to work. You are leaving me in my loneliness again.

My bare skin is shivering against the crumbling frozen tiles. I am only staying awake from the memory of your fingers waltzing all over my withered body. I count each drop that falls from the faucet as they create little ripples on the rosy water left on the bottom of the bath. There is still steam impregnated with your cologne in the air. The sensation of my blood flowing between my legs is my only source of warmth, yet I cannot seem to warm myself without your embrace.

There is beauty in the colours of the marks you have left on my body. The way you have made your brushstrokes is what betrayed your intention to create a masterpiece. You have slowly sculpted a bubble around me, your muse. I doubt there is still white space left on your canvas now.