## **She Paints**

for Gabriele Stich

"I heard an old maestro of the guitar say: 'The *duende* is not in the throat: the *duende* surges up, inside, from the soles of the feet'." -- Federico Garcia Lorca

She faces the white canvas, glacial before her snow-blindness reaching across the continents of this, her sometimes guestroom studio, floor to ceiling windows sun-filled skylights of attic sanctuary she faces the white raises a long wide brush awkward fencer, closes her eves for the first thrust of orange acrylic, moving now agile, spritely she feels the weight of wool sweater and lace beneath fall away as orange flows into yellow into green strokes of long passage beyond the slow running drips of black black she grasps the stiff frame holding the wetness of color against her nakedness swirling greens and burnt umber of pelvis into the slow kiss of nipples against blue blue

cobalt blue she

has yet to move

the white of line one stares its condescending glare a blank page of unspoken metaphor not unlike the black angel that lives inside her pillow, the lingering dream whispering mortality, duende and then –

the first breath, the slow stroke deliberate and driven by the tickle and burn of a fearless raw sienna smudge unwashed, under her left breast.

--Albert DeGenova