

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 eyes 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