

Portrait

by drake *Wednesday, Nov 22 2017, 9:18am*

international / poetry / post

another mauve morning,
saturday, flea market day at the
old church, why not, perusing
bric-a-brac may reduce the length
of reduced mental focus and lingering hangover

bumping and manoeuvring didn't help -- a stall
of old wares, junk mostly, revealed a frame turned
backward hiding a painting or photograph

on request the vendor turned the frame about
revealing the haunting face of a very young woman
slightly in profile tho with eyes focused, it seemed,
on the viewer, an illusion most portraits are known for,
nevertheless, these eyes seemed to fixate the vision
drawing the viewer into the picture --
if not for the eyes, the portrait would have been of a
post pubescent girl but the eyes were too heavy with experience,
intent, probing and knowing

how much?
ten dollars
sold

returning to the loft i hung it where once a picture
adorned the wall leaving a tell-tale rectangular cleanliness;
oddly the portrait frame fitted perfectly
and so harmony was restored to the wall

days passed into weeks the girl forever watching
every movement, every event that transpired in the loft
in which i spent most of my creative, debauched
and restful hours yet my invited liaisons were disturbed
by the portrait as the position of the bed forced a direct view;
indeed, it was/is the eyes, which did not disturb me in the least

years passed and many more short liaisons, the portrait was a
saviour
as no prospective partner lingered long enough to weave
their particular spell, i often marvelled over this occurrence
and smiled at the portrait unaware it responded ever so subtly

years turned into decades during which time
many literary pieces were produced and published, it was a living

now approaching middle age i took the trouble to inspect the
portrait
closely; the eyes seemed painted by another artist so compelling
they were,
the colour of the eyes from a distance did not reflect the slate-blue-
green tinges
which contrasted with a pale complexion
i drew back a little then forward again fascinated by the change
in the intensity of the gaze until like a lightning bolt to the brain
i recalled/recognised the young woman in the portrait
and a promise i failed to keep but not from this life

i returned to my desk, emptied the glass of green ginger wine
and began to type

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3009.html>