

paintings by Melissa Lettis

she considers the framed portrait
a canvas anointed with oils
the curve of a bodiless shoulder
hints of pulseless blue veins
dilated pupils without desire

every line that defines his presence
vanishes into an arbitrary point
depth of field replaces depth of soul
change perspective and his profile
disappears into a vertical line

no one is so formless and mutable
she laughs at the soulless painting
she who plucks herself from her closet
piece-by-piece every morning
and paints the image in the mirror

he considers the frameless portrait
pink-cheeks red-lips black-lashes
and begs her to remember
that all paintings have hearts

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