

A Velvet Creation

Eucharist

I am in love with my paintings
Artworks from the streams of my thoughts
For a moment I was paralyzed
by the colours so deep and living

The dimensions of truth was so far away
because this was not so real
The work of my mind my hand and the brush was not carnal
Yet breathing when I touched the profiles of it's colours

Every picture became a sophistication of my dreams
An essence of artworks was created
Twelve years ago I made a sculpture
and covered her body with a blanket made in sweetest velvet

Her beauty could not be compared
to anything I have created or seen

But I could not give her life
My fantasy was greater than my faith

Suddenly she lifted her eyelids
and stepped of the pedistal on which I placed her
And so I took her hand and attached a ring to her finger
She kissed me slowly to sleep

I married her and we shared the time from past to present
And our thoughts wnet from reality to dream

My motives became part of time
Motives covered in sweetest velvet