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A History of Art

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A History of Art

By: Mara Bahmer

I would like to watch you sleeping,
for when you sleep your face becomes
a blank canvas, a shapeless chunk of clay.
I long to sculpt you into something new,
for life has crafted you into a portrait of pain.

Your forehead is Van Gogh's *Starry Night*,
a constellation of stress-induced acne.
I do not like the Da Vinci-esque wrinkles
the world has sketched under your eyes.
But when you sleep every trace of misery
is hidden, locked away within whatever dreams
cause your legs to jerk and lower lip to quiver.

When you sleep, I could craft you however I like.
I could paint you with my fingers, like a child
smearing the frosting on a birthday cake.
I could smooth every painful line with my touch,
and renew youth to your war-torn skin.
But I resist the urge, for I could never
bring myself to mar the masterpiece
of your heavy-lidded, expressionless eyes
so beautifully, beautifully blank.