

# The portrait

*by* Erika Byrne-Ludwig

Gestures we would like to make in the solitude of a café terrace ...  
Early in the morning ... She's sitting there, seems shivering. Grey  
dress, red scarf. Her eyes move. I try to meet them - small, vague  
black clouds which pass, without resting, by mine. She drinks her  
coffee, eats her cake. I wish she were a portrait. To admire it openly,  
without shifting my stare. With bewilderment if I felt so. But we  
can't explore a warm body, eyes that see, a mouth that eats and  
drinks, curls that twine and untwine on the shoulders ... I want to  
frame her entire image ... make her my prisoner, with my hands free  
to move, my lips to speak, without blushing ... Tell her crazy words  
inspired by the moment ...

