

California Series #101

by Dulce Maria Menendez

Saying this work is reminiscent of Diebenkorn or Thiebaud is a false statement on my part for whom am I to say if the colors capture the sea in Ocean Park and the thick brush strokes against the milky thighs are the Streets of San Francisco cascading across winding roads and ending up by a red brick building or a stumped toe? And so what were you thinking besides “what's for lunch?”

Any canned mussels or oysters to throw onto a plate? Hand over some crackers and a cold beer. Pass the *Tabasco*

while I stare at those protruding breasts
as the rose builds up on a sun burnt chest
intersecting to a sea of an elongated great
blue foam only to burst into a toppled fiery
red robust locks of curls like like that time I held
onto the rope stretched across the ocean floor
so the waves would not drag me down.

And who am I to say this lazy afternoon's
oil sketch was not just an effort to
feeling nothing at all for a few blissful
hours except for how to paint the cool
blue shadow as it takes comfort against
a white cold marble floor.

