

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 ...

