

Keeping a Picture

by Matt Kang

Stay the way you are.

I want a caricature done of this. I want your form emblazoned on canvas. The paint won't dry because your movements are so fluid. You'll live within the boundaries of the easel, dancing around the blacks and blues and rejoicing in the reds and yellows, the palette your iridescent sun.

I want you in a picture. I want to put flashing lights on you, bringing beauty into relief like only flash photography could. Thousands and thousands of words aren't enough to encompass one snapshot of you. People will hear the clicks and the automatic wind-ups, they'll stop and stare. They'll walk away with spots in their vision, but only because you're so brilliant in your ways.

I want you as a sculpture. I want Jesus to do it, because only he knows what God did to create you. Michelangelo's David will gird his loins, Rodin's Thinker will look up in wonder, because you are a Pygmalion; a Hermione. Your shape is of a curve that defies Pi—bring the sculptor a needle, not a chisel.

But it's too late.

You blinked, and now it's gone.

