

Celia

Necare

The body, a painting in abstract.
Contorted hues, framed by steel and tubes.
Reflection of youth and beauty.
Smashed, splintered, nothing.
Fragments, as words - meaningless.
Remnants of flesh - pallid, forlorn.
An object in this gallery.
Of living corpses and surrogate breath.
Begotten, the invalid.
In wreckage, and broken glass adorned.
Angles unkind, joylessly entwined.
This palette of ruin that Celia becomes.
The body, a study disfigured.
She is God's own art.
Contusion of youth and beauty.
Crushed, crippled, yielding.
Motion, as time - intangible.
The verdigris of subsequent decay.
Suffusing the sickroom, the wheelchair, the needles, the hours,
the days.
Forgotten, the invalid.
Pristine the canvas, the certainty, the stain.
Flawless design, sorrowfully refined.
The fragile art of Celia is done.