

art museum
by Jocelyn Epstein

frail, fragile, agile.
she facsimiled a smile
soft lines of shouldered pains
strenuously etched upon
an uncharted canvas

she was a contortionist
concealed in the shadows
of cloudy skies
of untrained eyes
which skimmed her surface
searching for the blemish of imperfection

her lamentation
was excused for art,
yet he studied her portraits intently
intrepidly interrogating her façade
exposing each afflicted stroke
with unforgiving consistency

in his penetrating gaze
she wiped her watercolor eyes,
and with the taste of fresh wounds in his voice
he reminded her that
forgery is also an art