

The Pink Carpet

after John Brack's 1970 oil painting

Awkwardly balanced, I stand
like a toddler on the pink carpet,
one arm supported by the only
furniture in the room, a chair.
Did I mention that I am nude,
or that a man older than my father
stares at my pink backside?

I gaze rapidly into the corner
as though being punished.
What kind of artist has walls
as naked as daylight?
How can he not notice
that the carpet is askew, not square
with the boards of the floor?

I do not speak, nor does he,
the only sound, a scratching
against the canvas, aberrant
strokes I count like ticks of a clock.
I'm paid well for what I do.
Sometimes I don't have to do a thing.

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