

Dimension: Canvas

Never before was I to delight a suchlike chef d'oeuvre
Its mere presence imposes a taciturn remaining on me

Myriads of galleries I have walked, indeed
But which master could brandish a palette of equal birth?
A fragile colour scheme scattered upon the canvas
Shapeless in its sublimity and meant to endure

An insidious urge embraces my psyche
To haphazardly drown me in a spiral suction
Disgorged and spawned from the deviant
The frame now resembles a coffin for the gist
Impiously mounted in disgust
With fever being the artistic medium

An apathic journey towards delirium:
Indispensable knowledge to interpret this cryptichon

" Dismal relique,
Hideous parody of anthropoid contours,
You are far too monotone in your expression!
So cease, obscure phoenix, cease to rise..."

Morose, I scrutinize each and every feature
And endeavour to focus beyond the blatant
Still, deranged I am forced to give up
To languidly regret all of those "whens" and "whys"

In a final writhing with pain
I try to summon the significance of this allegory

Queer aftermath, confound me not!
On the spur of the moment I become aware
That I peer at the ridiculous effigy of the painting's creator
I am left to discern in frantic turmoil
That the draughtsman has worked his canvas in glass...!