Art Appreciation  
J.M. Romig

From behind your canvas  
you peer up at me  
taking in the details of my body.  
Your scientific eyes studying me  
cold  
with neither lust or disgust  
as if I were a vase  
or a basket of fruit.  
Not long before this we embraced one another  
in the throes of passion.  
You were never more into me than that moment.  
The skillful motions of your lips and tongue,  
throwing my body into religious convulsions  
and praising your name.  
It intrigues me how you can turn that off.  
How you can refrain from smiling as you draw the outline of my nipple.  
How my naked body so near and ready  
doesn’t cause that animal I’ve come to know so well  
to overpower the artist in you.  
I’m truly fascinated,  
filled with both admiration and jealousy  
for that woman you are creating.  
An imitation getting more attention than the original.  
I know, it’s not really like that.  
In your mind, we are closer than we have ever been  
but you look so far away  
hiding from me behind that easel  
cheating on my body with your interpretation.  
No doubt, she will be flawless,  
and have none of my ugly imperfections.  
She isn’t even finished being born  
and I hate her already.  
Although, I’ll lie when you reveal her to me.  
I’ll tell you that she’s beautiful  
that I really like her.  
Then, I’ll make love to you  
right there on the floor.  
Forcing her to watch.