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.