

DIVINARIANA

You were clear and calm.
With you life was sweet
When the clouds would have liked to cover the sky
You sent them away with a glance.

You looked at things calmly and carefully.
You looked attentively at the world,
at the earth,
at the shells by the seaside,
at the white slightly-curved stones
amid the fragrant grief of pinks.
You tasted the garnet red lip-gloss,
the hazelnuts and china tea,
nosed out the loathsome odor of formaldehyde and paint,
flowering almonds,
and proud-scented negros,
and heard the tears and cries
and shudders of countless benedictions,
and felt the feathery boa curled round the sinews of
your throat,
and silver-netted pearls against your smooth white skin.

Your brushes,
your colours.

You painted the bouquet of light
that grew,
that spread itself,
that opened out
ceaselessly on your clear heart.
You painted the rose of gentleness.
You painted the well of stars.

I often saw you in profile
at work before the window
against the distant sea.
You always worked carefully.
I saw your head bend attentively,
a head full of pearly dreams.
Carefully you dipped your brush in the colour.

Carefully you mixed the colour.
Attentively you traced the lines.
Attentively you coloured the design.
You breathed calmly.
Your eyes shone.
Gently without hesitation you opened your heart
as you opened a door
and let the light in.

I often saw you in profile at work,
before the window,
before the olive-trees,
before the distant sea.

Sometimes while working
you flapped your wings and laughed.
Seraph,
in the full flight of your colours,
white and gold.
You wanted to frighten me.
You pretended to be flying away,
wafting on the breath of scandal,
on the coolness of a morning breeze,
which turns the autumn leaves
as you turned heads.
But your canvas made progress
and was always a bouquet of light.

You took your leave clearly and calmly.
With you life was sweet.
Your last canvas was completed,
Your brushes were neatly put away.