

# The Lady in the Painting

by [Romain P. A. Delpeuch](#) (April 2021)



*Woman Seated at an Easel*, Georges Braque, 1936

Malignity is absent here.  
Raw materials breathe a mellow  
insanity, but never fear.  
On the contrary: they follow  
laconically the colors pure,  
minding only atmospheric  
luxated lines in their demure  
abdication of generic  
intention. Overall, the mood,

intimate, conveys impressions  
(emerging slowly from the dewed  
nebulae of mild accretions  
by glazing craftily obtained)  
purposely reminding gazers  
of visions from their youth unstained.  
All you see, as sharp as razors—  
because she knows the way by which  
duller hues can contrasts render  
besotting—is the beams that glitch  
easy comfort whilst the splendor  
you're wrapped in shakes you. Isn't she  
little, standing in the middle,  
between that old and twisted tree—  
pondering facets of a riddle  
recalling memories she fled  
eagerly to dive in waters  
obscure and filled with all the red  
urges nurtured by our daughters  
whenever they awoke—and this  
cheerful, tall and bright old house where  
none was supposed to grieve, where bliss  
hardly leaves the place for elsewhere?

Remains of previous times don't leave  
merely tracks and stains on canvas.  
Observe the seasons: they reprieve  
innocents alike and envious,  
mellifluous scoundrels from the woes  
lingering after the embracement  
and the embracement, and the throes  
life, through the coming amazement,  
is bringing with itself. Our child  
is maintaining fragile balance.  
Nonplussing whirls of paint beguiled  
erring wanderers in the silence—  
perhaps not silence, rather still

bits of life, remembered morsels  
anonymously heaped until  
otherwise blown—that ensorcells  
deflated egos, humble wights.

By and by, the hours of winter  
elapse together with the nights,  
bartering the snow winds splinter,  
long beating background hills, for chills  
yellow dawns of springs forgotten  
perchance will brighten. Warmth soon fills  
beechy meadowlands, nook-shotten  
ectopic groves in blossom where  
ruthless birds of prey in hiding  
unite and mate whilst they can bear  
onwards as the day goes sliding.  
Curvaceous fields in ranges stretch  
westwards, blond vales with wheat pregnant  
herefrom extending . . . Not a wretch  
near the heiress standing regnant,  
necrosis-free, will ever taste  
heart-scald, loss and doubt. Redeeming  
whoever, in a frenzied haste,  
crosses her domain in dreaming,  
orectic moods, she soothes the pangs  
undeterred explorers bring to  
realities in which time hangs  
evermore heavier. They cling to  
bewildered landscapes, not so still  
pictured lives and vanities. Their  
yokes and their shackles tamed their will,  
lest these cold realities, their  
belated lives one day be left  
empty, desolate, and void of  
bizarre, accepted slight—bereft,  
destitute of filth, destroyed. Of  
obliterating sprees that seize

Adamites, in shame rejecting  
both roots and branches, leaving lees  
plainly chaste, and sap deflecting  
eloping mania to the wild,  
netherwards—there's naught worth saying.  
In times appointed, their defiled  
innocence will stop decaying.

Long afternoons of summer pass  
absently away. Our daughter's  
lability's a looking-glass  
mingling fires and lustral waters  
in glebous magma and new forms  
on the surface of her being.  
Malignancy, through her, transforms  
rust to light. As wisdom's freeing  
her lips, her wordly gates unsealed,  
now for all of us unveils the  
cherished way out, the path concealed,  
weft beneath the warp, and scales the  
unvarnished paint won't hide. She sings  
old, unheeded songs: an oral  
ecbolic that delivers things  
rampant with an anger aural.

Parhelic halos open skies  
blankly void until old creatures  
lasciviously crawl in, all eyes,  
yearning power, control of nature's  
effulging source which flows from here.  
Beasts of prey, they hunt and feed on  
debilitated hopes and sheer  
blood—for her apostles bleed on  
apocalyptic, cryptic glyphs  
on the fabric kythed. The picture's  
parerga will collapse. The gifts  
bound to them—so many strictures,

narcotically induced—will fade.  
Eerie comes the night's new winter.  
In a day's year, time runs fast, made  
in the dreamland of a painter.

All falls apart. She stands, her brush  
lowered in midair, uncertain.  
“Maybe I should this painting crush?  
Leave it hid behind a curtain?  
Obliterate it? Have it burnt?”  
Icy voices from her artwork  
remind her of the lesson learnt:  
Marvel not at your own brushwork.

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