

Untitled

Christine Oliva

Before me lies a pristine
canvas,
pure white and
free
of paint. Imagination
churns
creativity— my ideas for a
“masterpiece” unborn.

Bright-eyed and hopeful, I
begin
mixing paint upon my
palette.
I can dab that paint brush as I
wish—
it’s called “artistic license.”

But then, that teacher stops
aside
my newly coated
canvas.

She looks at it and turns to say:

“Oh, it’s really not quite *there*,
Miss.
See, you’re doing
it *all* wrong!
Mix *that* color,
with *this* other—
it really *won’t* take long!”
Though it doesn’t stop
there,
I must
confess.

She has *such* a short
fuse...
She looks at it again and states:

“How
really
do you
choose?

The
hue’s *not* right...

That
blue’s *too* bright...

This green's a
little *dull*...

I would do this— it'd look
better,
my miss— gives you something to mull.”

Well...

Our visions do
differ,

but I'm eager to please...
...I wonder if sometimes I live on my knees...
And while I still have
but
such big
dreams...

This hobby.... This painting...

How *fascist* it seems!