

3-27-2019

Peeling Paint

Bridget N. Scott-Shupe

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

Recommended Citation

Scott-Shupe, Bridget N. (2019) "Peeling Paint," *Forces*: Vol. 2019 , Article 75.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2019/iss1/75>

This Photograph is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.

Edgar Degas Created Movement in his Paintings

Jordan Abu-Aljazer

You were in the lightning
begging me to dry the pavement.
I cant
I shouted
I cant dry the pavement.

Your knees pressed into it; you
began to wave your hand
back and forth, water
puddles splashing
into raindrops
that fled
from
you.

You can dry the pavement
you muttered
but I cant. not with
with all the towels
to gag myself and
not with all the lungs
to drown myself with.

I told you to get out of the lightning,
that some clouds are menacing
that they tell you they're hiding the sun
and you would never know that they're
lying.

Tell the sun to dry the pavement.
The sun isn't here yet, come inside.
The pavement is wet and I dont want it to be
make it dry again!

You paused and began to push your chest inwards.
You started thrashing, making the faces you should
when weeping, but you had no tears, just a mouth
pressed on both sides, eyes like you shut the grand
canyon; you kept pulling your head down like you
would a lamp switch. I wanted to tell you the water
began to boil, and I could have sworn it was ink,
how black your clouds were. But instead I shut the
door; sat on the steps beneath the porch roof, and
watched you burn in the water of a summer rain.

"You cant dry the pavement!"

I whispered as you seized from side to side.

Peeling Paint
Bridget N. Scott-Shupe

