

The Color of the Rhino's Tusk

Sometimes when I paint,
I let my primal instincts take over.

The way my hands move
 with a slow prow,
 like a dark panther
 meandering in search of prey.

The electric twitching
 of my fingers over the canvas
flash like fireflies in the
 late July sky.

The smudging and nudging
of paint smeared
 on the blank canvas
 ignites a carnal hunger

resonating
 within my soul.

Burgundy paint s p l a t t e r s
 on my face like blood
 while my heart races beneath
 my skin.

It's not until I'm standing
 in front of my mother's
 white, porcelain sink
watching as the bright corals swirl
 with the savannah yellows,
 and the sultry shades of orange,
mixing into a dark blood red stream,
 that I realize it was all just a dream.

—*Brittany Violet Long*