

## Masterpiece

His calloused fingers ran down my spine and his day old stubble tickled my cheeks,  
“Stop now”, a mock dismissal with no intent,  
His chuckle vibrated in my collarbone followed by smooth kisses,  
Closed eyes felt his hands painting the canvass of my body,  
A shuddered breath, a half escaped moan, a sharp gasp and a sudden splash of fear,  
Wild eyes opened and ran around the room searching the for the fight or flight instinct,  
Before the arms could curl around and the body fold within itself to disappear,  
Strong, familiar hands grounded them,  
Blind panic overwhelmed, vision disappeared not wanting to bear witness to any more pain,  
With mind on the edge of shutting down, in this black drowning sky of paint a silver lining of  
whisper streaked,  
The prosaic touch did not slash but brushed gently,  
The canvas did not burn but bloomed underneath his hands,  
Vision returned, instead of the hateful glare found a promising, loving look,  
Flood gates opened as tears cascaded down,  
The boy asked, “Why do you want a wrecked painting?”  
The artist held his sobbing art near his heart as the smudged colors mixed with his blank canvass,  
creating his life’s masterpiece.

Ayushi Srivastava  
KIIT School of Biotechnology (KSBT)