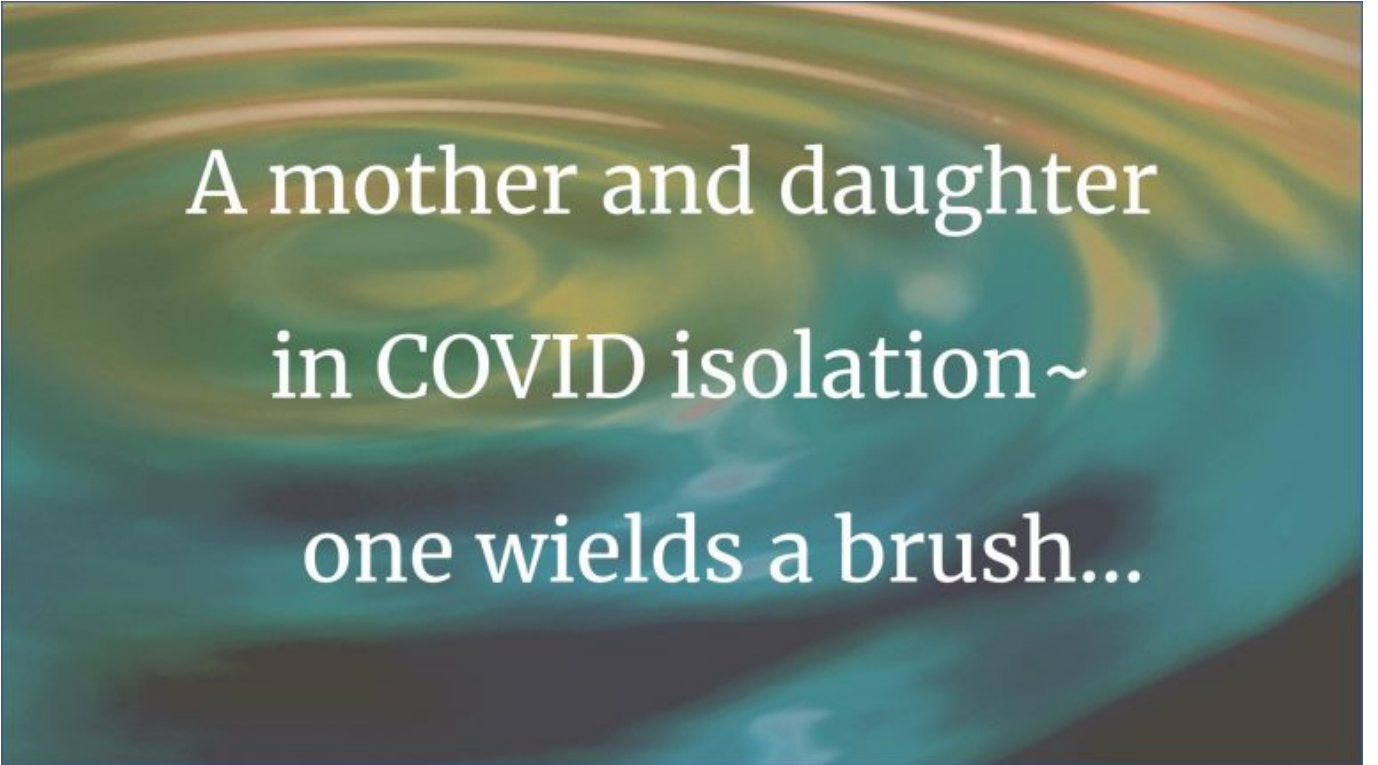


My Daughter Paints in Quarantine

Category: Poems

written by Wynne Morrison | July 30, 2021



A mother and daughter
in COVID isolation~
one wields a brush...

She's as tall as the easel now,
purple tank top
underneath the apron
falling below her shorts,

all of her splattered with paint.
The smell of linseed
oil or gamsol,
(I'm not sure which) fills the room.

A solid grey-primed canvas
slowly disappears
beneath each stroke –
greens and blues and browns

and touches of bright white.
Her hair is up
in a tangled
bun, and her music plays

to her alone. She's been stuck
at home for months,
yet maybe
she is more congregant

than trapped – learning

to mix her paints,
to add a bit
of light, to understand
the depth of skin.