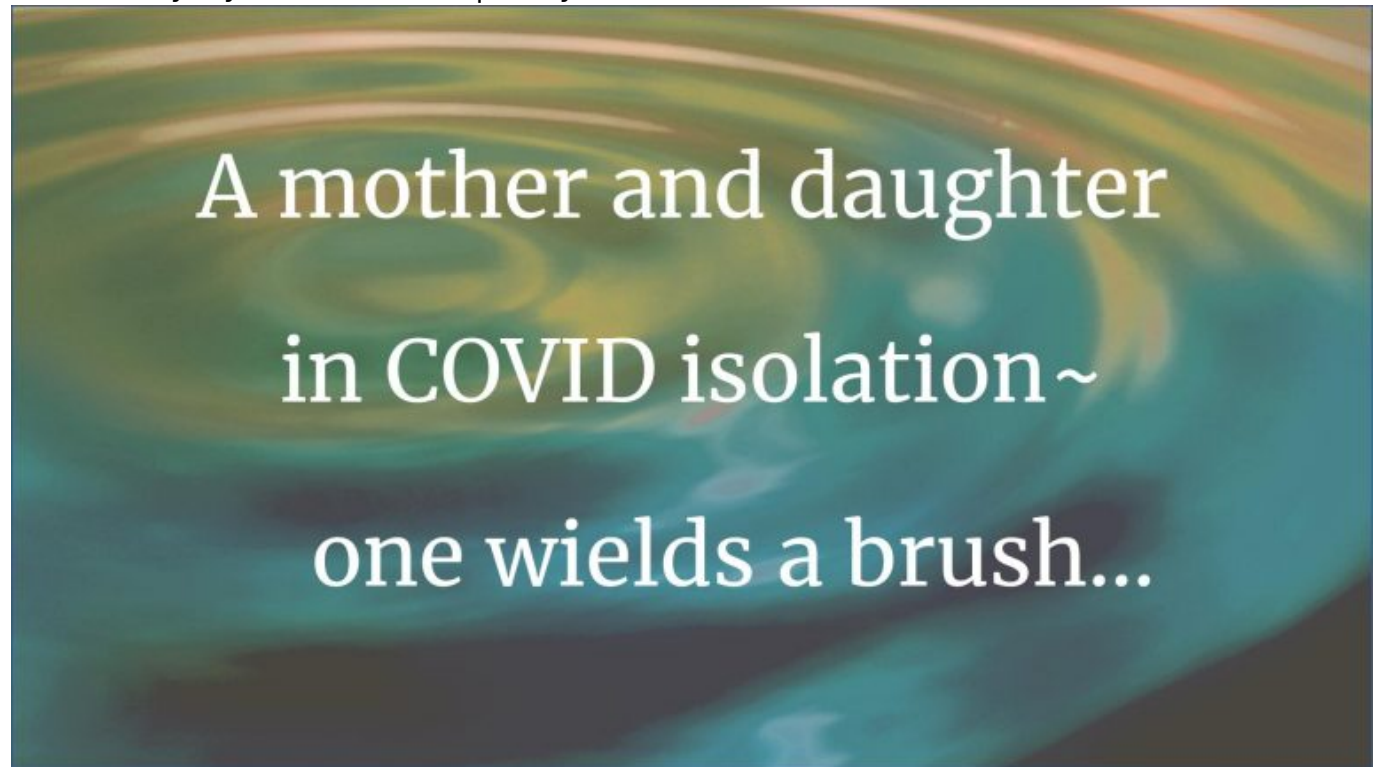


# My Daughter Paints in Quarantine

Category: Poems

written by Wynne Morrison | July 30, 2021



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.