

## A Velvet Creation

Eucharist

I am in love with my paintings  
Artworks from the streams of my thoughts  
For a moment I was paralyzed  
by the colours so deep and living

The dimensions of truth was so far away  
because this was not so real  
The work of my mind my hand and the brush was not carnal  
Yet breathing when I touched the profiles of it's colours

Every picture became a sophistication of my dreams  
An essence of artworks was created  
Twelve years ago I made a sculpture  
and covered her body with a blanket made in sweetest velvet

Her beauty could not be compared  
to anything I have created or seen

But I could not give her life  
My fantasy was greater than my faith

Suddenly she lifted her eyelids  
and stepped of the pedistal on which I placed her  
And so I took her hand and attached a ring to her finger  
She kissed me slowly to sleep

I married her and we shared the time from past to present  
And our thoughts wnet from reality to dream

My motives became part of time  
Motives covered in sweetest velvet