

Fears of an Art Major

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I used to think my life would be a rococo painting
Pastel colors and painterly strokes
Of luck landing myself in a classical French period of love and lust

Only to realize life is a little bit more like a mannerist contortion
Bent out of shape and out of proportion

You dream of a social life like an istorie
Imagined by Raphael the school of Athens
You are a figure of communication
the lead in this fresco
As the pigment is placed onto the wet plaster
You know your life's work is about to

Go nowhere but become a disaster
Coming to the end of the renaissance of life

Are you truly the subject of your own baroque counter reformation
A flexing of authority and control
A celebration
Or are you Berninis collapsing bell towers

You are isolated and perfectly exposed
No more hiding behind layers of oil on wood
The tenebristic light collapsing to show all of you

Are no better than a dutch genre painting
In the eyes of the Academies
Unworthy and a waste of paint

Life is not a rococo
There are no angels or baby cupids to save you
From the reality that all work is finite no matter how perfectly preserved
One day even sculpture will crack on Earth.