

DIARY, 1929

JACQUELINE BOURQUE

—inspired by *Vera*, F.H. Varley. c. 1929.

You storm into our classroom
hair like sumac in flames.
Hands search your trouser pockets
pull out a Millbank.
I don't want your gales
close to my easel.

You come, stand behind me
inhale
ask for a small bit of charcoal
draw a thin firm line.

At your boathouse last summer—
I painted Jericho Beach.
Your stare startled.
Maud noticed.

I'm not hungry this morning. Dogs barked
all night. When Mom serves me
scrambled eggs, I blush.

Today, we drew the Oriental head again.
You sketched with us then picked
up the bust, cigarette dangling
and we followed you
to your Bute Street studio.
You were carrying my eyebrows
in your arms.

Cigarette by cigarette, you win me over.

When you ask me to sit
I hesitate, can't find a place
for my right arm.
You banish my pink and blue upbringing
to canvas edge.

Here are my eyes, draw me.
My raspberry lips.

Your children wait on the curbstone.
We hide in Veridian Green underpaint.

I am your musical pause
the mirror you consult.

Today we hurtled our way
to your Lynn Valley cabin
found the Cobalt Violet to vaporize
mountains. It's all about seeing
isn't it?