

Da-da Vinci

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Lying in his rocking chair, he pictured different options for this particular work of art. He was convinced that it would be a masterpiece, anyhow, since not even one person had ever disliked his paintings. No matter their age or gender, they would always praise him and show interest in getting one for themselves. Yet this piece was special –The receiver would be the woman he had adored his entire life. Incapable of putting his love into words, he decided to use art as a means of showing it.

He looked out of the window in search of inspiration. The green grass and pink flowers danced in the wind, while sunbeams poured into the study, spreading warm tones into every corner. He took the last sip of his low-fat beverage and, drowsily, commenced. He squeezed a huge amount of each gouache color into the palette and messily dipped the brush he had picked randomly –the largest one– into some of them. Crosshatching was definitely his outstanding technique, though he was an expert at scumbling as well. Mixing shades of blue, red and green took up the canvas in lively strokes. Then, after dipping the brush into water, he swirled it around in the yellow gouache and painted a blended fresh wash in a clear amber tone on the upper ends. In a quest for freedom –feeling shared with any other abstract painter–, he opted out on the brush, soaked his fingers on the compartments of the palette and proceeded to perform free-style stippling in the remaining space.

He bit the tip of his left thumb –one of his bad habits– while he admired the finished work. He realized there was one brushstroke left: his signature. He scooped up some painting on the brush and doodled his name on the right bottom corner of the canvas. That was it; time to hand it over to his beloved one. Both hands clutched the painting by the edges as he went looking for her. A radiant smile spread over her face at the mere sight of him, but nothing could be compared to her tender gaze when she received the present. Proud of his work, he accepted the compliments and physical displays of affection. “This is so cute,” she expressed, moved, wiping the tears running down her cheeks. She grabbed a magnet from the drawer and led him towards the kitchen. “Let’s put it on the fridge, Jay-jay,” she said while she took him into her arms.

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