

## The Blank Canvas

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Every time I paint, I pay detailed attention to the blank canvas. Many people would say that in that eternal luminosity there is nothing but emptiness, yet as an artist, I cannot help seeing beyond. In the canvas that was in front of me, I could see an opportunity, an opportunity to express even the darkest human perversion, to sink the soul and portray the truth of each human being. When the painting was finished and disguised in oils of a thousand colors, it would come to life and hold in its hands what the author hides most.

Stripped of my feelings, I took the brush and began to paint almost without seeing. When my eyes are closed, inspiration seems to come more easily, because without seeing I am not tied to anything. It is enough to fill the space with colors and textures that come freely from the heart to become an artist. I continued painting even from the lack of sight, brushstroke after brushstroke until I opened my eyes when I felt that I had finished. But when I opened them, I could see myself. I had self-portrayed. The canvas was full of reddish and crimson colors, and I could feel something special coming from it. My skin broke out in goosebumps while a breath of cold gradually rose my back when I saw the work moving as if it were imitating my movements.

When I moved to the right and my portrait did it too, I got closer and it reflected my image at the same time, I moved some extremities of my body in a hectic way and my reflection recreated it. No matter how similar the figure and I were, I could not see myself identified. The greatest anguish appeared in "his" gaze, but also eyes of fury shone. His smile from ear to ear became even more despicable when he was accompanied by such look, but the only thing I could feel at that moment was fear. Many times, I had hallucinated about my creations, but this had been the most vivid moment I had ever been a part of. They were no longer just calm and beautiful movements, now it was pure life in front of my eyes.

What used to reflect my image gradually began to gain independence and move freely through the reflection of the room. However, he still had not made a single sound and I was unable to communicate because of my nerves and fear. I took a deep breath and stepped forward to get as close as possible. I opened my eyes like never before and sought to calm down with the memory that I had created that thing. I took another step and found myself face to face with my other self, and I could see a gratifying smile on his face.

In the blink of an eye, the being came out of the canvas to take my arms and pull me towards him. My body completely lost its weight as it entered the canvas, and I could feel as if something was being stripped from me. When my whole body was already inside, I was able to see how my reflection escaped and entered my reality. Our bodies had been exchanged: he outside and me inside. I ran to the edge of the canvas to try to escape, screaming at the top of my lungs, but the exit was

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\* 1º mención del Concurso Literario USAL en Lengua Inglesa – Categoría cuento (2022) – Nivel medio.

sealed. A tear fell down my cheek as I saw my twin walk out of the room, with a completely disturbing smile. He was going to replace me...