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The Artist

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You knock on the door gently, the whites of your knuckles rapping against wood, and poke your head into the room. This time, you are greeted by a room of silence, dim voices of television characters flickering above you. She sits up in the bed, her gown flattening against the worn hospital linens.

Artwork is plastered across the walls, empty canvases mottled by loose streaks of watercolor. A blank sheet lies on the table, her fingers poised to grip a brush in mid-air. She turns from you and presses the bristles down into a palette. Her hand trembles as she drags it across the surface of the paper, fresh globules of paint seeping into one another.

The soft etchings of faces are strewn in the corner, and you recognize yourself amongst them. Her eyebrows furrow as she attempts to parse through a set of sepia-tinted memories. As you step into her view, her gaze remains devoid, a tabula rasa unmarred by the past eighty years.

The shards of her life fall away from one another, each edge blunted by the passage of time.

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