

Colors



Diana Rose

lives in Christiana, Tennessee. She writes fiction and children's books. Her column, "The Motherhood Files," was published in the *Nolensville Dispatch*. She has served as Treasurer for the Tennessee Writers' Alliance for the last four years.

There is a fine line between an artist and a lunatic. Which was she today? Why did she have to choose? Her hands moved brushes of blues and yellows across the canvas, careful to only blend them where it was obvious it should be green. The images in her mind were intensely burning onto her eyes. Lasers? No that would be crazy. Or would it? But the images needed to get onto the canvas somehow. Some would say she had lost control. She would argue that she had control, control of the lasers in her eyes. Ha! That would be cool.

The need to express the images intensely grew into a monster that clawed at her brain. Her mind exploded forcing the paint brushes to move faster. They couldn't move fast enough so she threw them on the floor and covered her hands with paint. Her hands rhythmically hit the canvas. Right, left, right, left. It felt rough against her skin, satisfying, orgasmic. Her hand stretched up to the far corners of the canvas that towered her petite frame. Larger than life, she screamed to no one. She saw the canvas being thrown onto the floor and her shoes bouncing off the wall in front of her. Her feet felt wet. She looked down to see herself standing on the opposite end of the canvas. As she turned she saw her own footsteps behind her.

With one last swipe of her right foot, the blues and yellows turned into a green that satisfied her expectations. A blood red background stood as her foundation; the basis of a life force that flowed through every cell of her existence.

She exhaled and her body slumped to the floor exhausted. What day was it? What time? How many days had passed this time? The black curtains in her studio distorted the world. Time didn't matter. She rose from the floor and walked across the studio to the couch in the corner, a fainting couch the antique dealer had called it. Pill bottles sat on the Victorian marble side table in tidy rows next to a pitcher of now warm water. She opened the bottles and counted them, the dosage memorized from years of experience. She hated the pills. They numbed her. But these pills made her normal, at least normal to those who expected her to act in certain ways at certain times. She felt more normal without them. But there were gallery openings, meetings with agents, publicity tours, and that sanity supported this insanity. Even with the pills she didn't feel sane. She didn't feel alive. She only felt alive when she painted; when she let herself feel, really feel. Feel the pain, sadness, fear, insecurities; all the things that drove her to paint. She closed her eyes and let the pills invade her body. As the chemicals seeped through her blood she felt the weight of her insanity. She drifted until she no longer felt her body, letting her eyelids close around the tears. Then she slept. She slept without dreams.