

PAINTINGS

Carys Mahoney

Paintings on flimsy paper littered the apartment, the canvases having long run out.

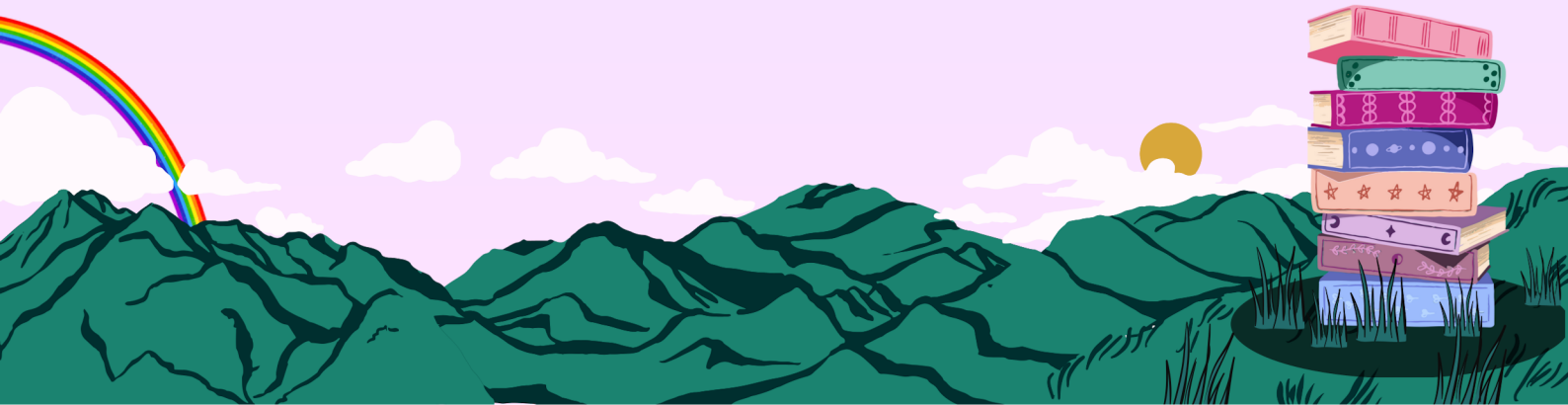
A man sat at his desk, eyes strained and tired from many sleepless nights, a paintbrush held between slim, calloused fingers. He gripped the paintbrush tightly, hands trembling, as he let out a frustrated sigh. He threw another paper to the floor, the same painting he had created a thousand times over, the same painting that littered the apartment on many of those same papers. Despite the man's frustrated, shaky demeanour, his brush strokes remained gentle, though in places they devolved into desperate, quick strokes.

The man's hands were stained with paint, the ends of his brush frayed and his paints close to running out. Every painting was met with disappointment from its creator, being tossed aside to rest with the others on the floor. Tears were dried on the man's face, having not bothered to wipe them away. They clouded his vision as he tried to perfect the painting, they confused his brush strokes, the colours of the paint muddled as they ran into one another.

Another imperfect painting,

And another,

And another still.



No matter the time, the effort, the tears he put in, he could not paint his lover with the perfection that he deserved.

There was always something wrong, be that a simple feature to an off shade of the hair to a facial expression his lover would never dare make.

It had been a while, perhaps he just didn't remember?

