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Nude

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Nude

Actually, more naked than nude as it turned out, a disappointment; the only thing remotely decadent old polaroid — diseased yellow.

We were not entranced. You awarded the picture to me without comment. Eventually, it appeared in my desk at school in the shallow top drawer

Reserved for all the accessories of the job. Every once in a while, I would take a peek to see if it had somehow become obscene or at least a little arty.

No luck. So gradually, I succumbed to ambivalence. One afternoon feeling guilty, I tried to tear it up. But, of course, polaroid doesn't tear so easily.

In the end, I had to use scissors. Then, confronted by such calculated desecration, suddenly felt remorse. I couldn't dispose of the body.

And that was lucky. For as usual, in disarray everything came right between us. So there you lie, scattered among my classcards and staples. Here

A breast, there a thigh, arms and that famous smile, and at this moment, I'm smiling too. I think that we are lovers still.

David Evans