

# DIARY, 1929

JACQUELINE BOURQUE

—inspired by *Vera*, F.H. Varley. c. 1929.

You storm into our classroom  
hair like sumac in flames.  
Hands search your trouser pockets  
pull out a Millbank.  
I don't want your gales  
close to my easel.

You come, stand behind me  
inhale  
ask for a small bit of charcoal  
draw a thin firm line.

At your boathouse last summer—  
I painted Jericho Beach.  
Your stare startled.  
Maud noticed.

I'm not hungry this morning. Dogs barked  
all night. When Mom serves me  
scrambled eggs, I blush.

Today, we drew the Oriental head again.  
You sketched with us then picked  
up the bust, cigarette dangling  
and we followed you  
to your Bute Street studio.  
You were carrying my eyebrows  
in your arms.

Cigarette by cigarette, you win me over.

When you ask me to sit  
I hesitate, can't find a place  
for my right arm.  
You banish my pink and blue upbringing  
to canvas edge.

Here are my eyes, draw me.  
My raspberry lips.

Your children wait on the curbstone.  
We hide in Veridian Green underpaint.

I am your musical pause  
the mirror you consult.

Today we hurtled our way  
to your Lynn Valley cabin  
found the Cobalt Violet to vaporize  
mountains. It's all about seeing  
isn't it?