Model in the Nude

Monica Dinh

College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol37/iss2/22
When the robe cascades like waterfalls and the gazes come in droves, a figure stands naked at the easel axis. What does it take, to drop everything and leave it there on boot-scuffed tiles? To stand alone in absolute liberation, and yet - pinned like a subject of dissection; needle-sharp eyes that pierce from every angle, precise as scalpels; butterflies skewered to the lining of her stomach. Bile rises at the cold calculation that burns into her frozen form. She cannot melt, though she aches to - limbs supported by nothing, like puppetry with severed strings. She becomes incarcerated by the brutal honesty of every sketch; they highlight her inadequacies. In her noiseless poise she is standing, standing. Is it courage, to bare and bear it all? This visual evisceration summons from the charcoal smears her image in grotesque authenticity. Truth without apology, she stands in a myriad of angry mirrors. And she is beauty far beyond any philistine revulsion.