

Surface Bows

by Tesia Wieprecht

I've never really minded watching paint dry.
Of course, that's reserved for watercolours only
and for one palette specifically. The one that's
barely palm-sized,
with six petals, seven wells.
The ossified lotus.
The one I never wash out, the one
with brilliant, shivering ridgelines
marking the ancient colour
like lingering lipstick.

As that paint dries
the surface bows as the water leaves
mineral deposits,
wet in the centre, bubbling silver,
making winding rivers out of
past and present,
hues more complex with each use.

I like to leave that palette sitting out,
a little science project.
Pigment in suspension
lasting hours, a day sometimes,
before it solidifies



*An image of the described paint palette. Photo by
Tesia Wieprecht*

and cracks like mud in need of rain.