Sculling

Leslie J. Madsen*
When Stacy saw The Lady of Shalott, she tried convincing me that Waterhouse was a pale, wild-haired man who weekly bought a half-hour of TV, and then caroused before the canvas—who said, “Above all else, painting should be fun!” My sister traced the lines, miming dress, boat, trees, adding fall’s dull colors where appropriate: debased sad oranges, ochre, umber. I read from Tennyson; she listened, then became the swift artist, rendering the solemn beige Christ, the candle’s horizontal flame. But while pretending to brush in the shore, She gave the lady biceps, and some oars.