

The Painting

by Judith Nolan

I'll keep my secrets of how, and where, and when, I was created. Those are mine and I guard them jealously.

My creator speaks not of what he knows. He watches from the shadows, well pleased. Is he real, or a ghost?

The pair thus painted stand gazing at me, wonderingly. I'm amused. He reaches to touch me, marvelling at my oils and dryness of my canvas.

Her head inclines, coming to rest against his broad shoulder. His arm goes around her slim waist, drawing her closer still.

Some mysteries are better left unsolved. Some certainties need to be maintained...

