2014

Monet's Water Lilies—MOMA

Saudamini Siegrist

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one

Part of the Arts and Humanities Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one/vol39/iss1/23

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Studio One by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@csbsju.edu.
MONET’S WATER LILIES—MOMA

There is no other reason for your coming here. It was not by accident, you did not come—crosstown in the rain, purchase a ticket and enter through security into this lightsensored, well-guarded room to stare into a phantasmagoria—by mistake. You came here deliberately, surrounding your body with these walls’ water lilies’ lushness, forcing your calm to face off the decadence of a Friday-afternoon-lunch-crowd tour. You must have wanted it badly, to breathe a suppressed and saturated air, wanted to take in the possession, monstrous, a dumbed and drunk pallor, the lingering aftermath onto a mess of surfaces, drenched, not water or sky but the feverish sweat of a masterpiece, the trembling of a torpor that stirs pond water through the broken skin of canvas and flower carcass, a stagnant opening purging the sicknesses of the heart. These lotuses float on dream-induced eyelid shallows, on stems, fighting off the higher powers, roots entangled and tightening in your arms, their underwater blossomed petals rotted in the waste of a paradise.

-Saudamini Siegrist
New York City, New York