

EMILY DOBSON

*Nude*

Yes, you can recline gracefully, a little erotically, gazing at some inspirational spot in the distance—there are houses in the bush on the hills, bright clouds rushing past the tall window, marks on the floor, or nothing in particular at all. A little dreamy, a little sad, a little turned on. Yes, there's latent sexuality. How can you avoid getting entangled in the personality, the *sensuality*, of this human body? The pain of it. The ease of it. The showiness of it! It all goes, except the expression on your face. It'll worry you, that you can't feel your body; can't look down to check it is still in place. A pose never stays the same. The body sags and sinks earthward. And relax. You'll find it hard to speak, to move back into your body, after the complete lack of animation. From the other side of the desks, the inside of the square, you'll be transfixed, to see your *self*, created, drawn, many times over.