

The Silenced Artist

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A reflection of sorts, based loosely on true events. Mild suggestions of yuri and yaoi.

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1. The Silenced Artist

It starts with a thin black line. A smudge of graphite on a 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 sheet of blank white paper.

It progresses. Changes shape, consistency, thickness, depth, length. It curves, it starts, it stops, it skims the surface of the paper like a dragonfly on the water until it is deemed complete.

And then out of nowhere, a gigantic stamp hovers over the creation and presses down.

What was once a work of art is now a blotchy red "CENSORED."

That was our artist.

Those were her creations.

Loved. Cherished. Doted over for hours.

And at the same time...Censored. Uncared for. Not to be tolerated.

Once they were kept safe. Locked away from the harsh and criticizing eyes of the world, only shown to those she deemed trustworthy. Always a free and open-minded artist, she kept her mind's eye wide open to the world and all its possibilities.

A lyric of a song and a small, sudden, evocative image comes forth.

It may be a small child, sitting in a tree eating an apple, letting the juice get all over the poor thing's face and sticking in between his fingers.

It may be a man and his lover, entwined together against all that burdens them.

All that burdens them because they are both men.

This is the artist's view. Her mind's eye is open to everything and anything it may show her.

However, there is darkness.

An impending, dark tower that seeks to close the mind's eye. To keep it shut from everything that the tower's master thinks is unhealthy and unsafe.

Far too unhealthy for a mere child to see. This child has no grasp of the world. She has no place to be free.

Our artist does not draw provocatively to be provocative. Never before has that once crossed her mind. She merely acted upon the impulse of an artist: draw the image, or let it plague you for the rest of time.

The image seeks to be brought to life. A spirit, hovering in the realm between life and death. The artist is merely the medium through which these ideas are set free.

The artist is the ultimate media in the field of art.

The artist is shot down, the master of the dark tower forcing her out, demanding she keep her distance. Always at arm's length.

Now that the artist has been revealed for the so-called deviant being that she is, she is damaged.

Broken.

Tarnished and filthy.

With blotches of the red "CENSORED" ink drying on her face, she collects her things and walks away, head held high.

This fall, this ostracizing, was merely a formality. A small blemish. Already she has it in the back of her mind.

She joins the other abandoned artists, those whose visions have been cast from the so-called normal world.

Her art has been left behind at that dark tower. Left behind to be torn to shreds and destroyed, sent to be gotten rid of so the master will never have to see them again.

Never see the act of a man kissing another man.

Or a woman doing the same.

Or a naked form, in all it's natural beauty.

All that she has lost is those pieces.

Not her independence.

Not her pride.

Crumpling up the censored paper, she takes another piece and begins anew. As she always will until she finds a place of acceptance and peace.

This is a very personal piece, as it is roughly based on something that happened to me a year ago. Enjoy.

~Sei-chan[/i]