

45 SECONDS AFTER REM...

TONI SCORSESE

...the canvas awakens on a boardwalk; Somewhere, USA. Evening dew paints a landscape awash in thick red, orange, blue, green, and yellow. A tapered handle of the brush echoes the wooden planks beneath them – the staccato of their footfalls as they run and marvel at this moment. He didn't envision this; she didn't design this – they are born of pigment and cloth.

A palette of color marries their hands in mutual peace. An emerging illusion splatters in vibrant hues overcoming them both. They retreat into the panorama, curating the innocent, prime emotion slipping off the toe of the brush. Hand-in-hand, they await the belly's stiff hairs to reflect their chatter, their giggles – their wonder. An errant finger dips into the paint, adding a splash of color to the scene.

The night keeps pace as they take coherent shape. He whispers to her definitively the next strokes of the painting. She furtively, cautiously, follows his direction. They are rendered an opus. The tableau evolves into a ribbon of passion; both figures contributing to their shared vision of light and form. Detail and lines; smooth, wide, and erratic, yield a burst of awe.

As he balances her elongated neck in his hand, they dance along the wet, saturated backdrop. They flush within the eddies of thick, red, orange, blue, green, and yellow. With rhythm in the tip of the brush, they blend a shade neither has previously seen, felt, tasted...

...45 seconds *after* REM, they gasp for breath at its creation and melt into its triumph.