

# Manet\*

BY: MALLORY GUNTHER

*Un.*

Olympia lounges,  
nakedly,  
heels caked in dirt, her porcelain  
figure framed by her black nurse.  
She stares into you.  
You try to focus instead  
on the pink petals in her hair  
or the ribbon tied loosely  
around her neck.  
She invites you in.  
Don't forget to pay.

*Deux.*

At A Luncheon on the Grass,  
her slip is shed shamelessly  
and corset ribbons ripped  
in misplaced modesty.  
Stark she sits, casually gazing  
past her fully-clothed  
companions, and back  
at you.  
She is no Venus.  
What she lacks in  
costume, she makes up for  
in notoriety.  
Your eyes search for a  
detailed tree, a stronger gaze  
a guiltless focus.  
There is none.  
Her eyes find you again.

\*Edward Manet, in reference to his paintings, Olympia and A Luncheon on the Grass