

Sculptures

Morgan wakes up in the morning.

Fuck Yes. The first thing that enters her brain, is a testament to the day she knows she is going to have. She sits up, the wool sheets and thick blankets fall to her waist, sliding her legs out from the cozy abyss she places her chilly toes into slippers she has had since middle school, fixes the left strap on an overworn, mud-stained tank top, and walks to her bathroom. The walk is meaningless, nothing happens in those thirteen steps from the place of dreams to the pit stop that marks the start of her day. She looks in the mirror, into the drowsy eyes of the stranger standing in it. She turns on the warm water with a yawn, placing a towel from her mother's house underneath, and when she places the towel on her face is when her day really starts. The warmth spreads from her cheeks to her eyes, from her eyes to her brain. Gently waking everything it touches with what she assumes are loving kisses.

She removes the towel from her face with closed eyes, and a deep exhale. Blowing all the sleepiness and exhaustion from her body. With eyes still closed she grabs a bottle from the left of her sink. Opens the cap with a chipped and dirty thumbnail and turns it over. From it she squeezes a dime sized pile of exfoliator, its coarse body spread between her hands until she applies it directly to her face. Scrubbing the messy day before off her skin in preparation for the next one, and the next job. Her freshly awakened brain scrubs itself with the list of things she needs to remember for the job.

The big tools, her axe, and reciprocating saw. She prefers to use the axe, the added physical labor helps clear her mind and makes it so she doesn't have to go to the gym. Each swing brings new beads of salty sweat that paint progress. Plus it was her father's before he left to "become one with his art". The reciprocating saw is just in case she is taking too long on the cutting-down portion of the job and needs to hurry up.

Then she has her smaller tools, a hammer and a chisel For finer details. The axe helps with getting the material to the right size, but the Hammer and Chisel are how she makes her intricate details. It also helps with shorter, skinnier, and more delicate canvases where a big, messy cut from the axe would ruin the entire thing. Which is why she likes working with big, fat pieces. More to work with, and if a mistake is made, there is extra to start new on.

Then finally her trash bags for the scraps.

With her face and brain freshly scrubbed, she washes her face, rinsing away all the gunk and dirt the exfoliator has gathered, and grabs some astringent, which she keeps right behind her exfoliator. Turns it over, and shakes what's left of the bottle onto her hand, a gentle reminder

she needs to go to the store. Morgan rubs her hands together and begins to once again rub her face. The alcohol in it burns as she spreads it across her skin. Proof that it is working. She relishes in it, and even as the cleansing burn turns into pain as her skin dries out she stands there. Takes in all the sensations that prove she is human, but only momentarily as she does not want to dry her skin out too much. She finishes this portion of the process by applying lotion to her face to stop the burn.

As she is about to step in the shower, her phone alarm goes off, shock jolts through her body as that alarm signals it is seven in the morning, and that she is late for the job. In the grand scheme of things, it doesn't really matter. She is self-employed and could easily begin the job an hour or two late if she wanted, but she knows she will need extra time for this one. Plus she has plans later in the night that she cannot miss for fear of how angry her friend would be. You would think the half-a-million-dollar commission she is making for this piece would be that driving factor, but money is an afterthought for a true artist. She turns off the alarm and runs down to the kitchen, scarfs down a banana and a glass of water, then runs to her garage, and around her car that still has the driver's side door and trunk open from the haul. She grabs and quickly cleans her axe and chisel, snatches up her hammer, and runs down the stairs to the basement. She remembers the trash bags halfway down but figures she can just grab them when she is done, or even tomorrow morning. She stops right before the door at the bottom of her steps. Takes a couple of deep breaths, and opens the door. She sees her canvas laying in the middle of the red-stained room. Roughly four hundred and fifty pounds of beautiful porcelain white material laid out on a table. It took her 6 hours to find it and wrestle its beauty into her car and then into her basement. She has not been this excited about a job since her father and she intends to make this her best sculpture yet. The person who commissioned this piece said they could not have asked for a better base, and she agreed. Morgan walks over to the table axe in hand placing it on the table, her canvas looking up at her with eyes that scream with fear and sorrow. Eyes that dart around Morgan's body. Eyes that flutter on Morgan's blood-stained tank top from sculptures past, her large muscular arms and torso still covered in mud from when the canvas was tackled to the ground at the park. Eyes that land on Morgan, as she ties back fiery red curls to keep the hair out of her face, and prepares to create art.