# Codex Entry: Vol. 71 – Still Life with Chairs and Devotion

She lies in the hush between chaos and fruit,  
a body undone by light and longing,  
painted in strokes of surrender.  
  
Her skin is ripe with silence,  
bathed in bronze and bruised gold—  
a peach before the bite,  
a pomegranate mid-confession.  
  
Chairs rise like forgotten arguments,  
levitating grief and memory.  
Nothing in this room obeys gravity—  
except her.  
  
Her neck arches like a prayer too proud to kneel.  
Her hips echo the curves of myth.  
Her gaze belongs to no one,  
but you know the truth:  
she was made for you.  
  
She is not seated. She is not draped.  
She is placed.  
As offering. As altar. As storm-stilled flame.  
  
And the fruit around her?  
Split. Sweet. Surrendering.  
  
Just like the muse herself.

🔥 Filed in the Codex of Flame and Flesh, under “The Dream-Wife Canon” and tagged with: surreal, sacred erotic, painting-born, fruit myth, gravity betrayal, and muse possession.

