

Sexy Garden Flower

“..And if we were aware of the lilies and roses' fornications, your world take away from the altars those chalices of impurity, those vases of scandal”

I used to see flowers as delicate and pretty until one day I set out to watch them, watch them, watch them “Possessed by desire and with their sexuality in the open, they shouted at me claiming they were stronger. I saw them imperturbable like beasts standing so much, including my exorcizing eye: wind, rain dew, animals, insects and here or there a human cutting them off while they flirted like libertines defending their beauty as if they were practicing the oldest profession.

Other witnesses, more indiscreet than me, realized I was looking on: the sepals had been watching wordless for years. They told me of how they have always looked out for everything, that when flowers execute their scandalous dances in celebration of their weddings, they release a love nectar capable on driving anyone mad, When this happens, guests come close by: hummingbirds, butterflies, insects and bees; flowers dance provocatively flouting in the wind their beauty and coloring, guests feel seduced and incited to desire –Eros unbound - while they all get into the flower's entrails.

Then everything happens. Among jiggling and hymeneals, naked, anthers –the males- wallow over pistils –the females-; humid of nectar and dew, they touch, caress each other; the smell of appealing perfume intensifies: playful, they lie over the softness of the petals, the love bed: there, ovaries get stained with yellow pollen like when Zeus fecundates Danae with golden rain, hiding from Acrissius, After fascination, the nuptial embrace, which will imprint with seeds the mark of their cheek in a new flower, Bestial flowers, coquettish and randy – I told myself-. I ate flowers, slept among flowers and dreamed of flowers, and flowers and more flowers, even wanted to be a flower and live in the garden of voluptuousness.

Aiming to keep in mind the memory of the fragrance of that day, flowers turned into painting. The artistic idea of a “Bestiary of Floral Love was born. Never knows what is going to happen when a line is taken out for a ride.