



WHITE

When I think of WHITE:

It is not the absence of color. It is not the deep, deep hole of deceit. It is light. Truth. The transcendent tip of a cloud. The untouched gardenia. The thrill of the clean. The plume of an Etruscan volcano. The fluttering, wind dried welcome of summer sheets. The perfect snow. The voluptuous eye of Caravaggio's boy. It is a debutante's glove and Madame Du Pompadours' powdery swans' down poof. The hidden, tender underbelly of Odalisque. The space that holds a Mondrian together. A collar, all fantastic and bright in an Italian box. The center of the flame. A first tooth. The sheen of a baby's knee. The beginning of the soul in all its perfection. The moment of surrender before death. Silent and generous, it leaves itself everywhere. WHITE: It is the envelope of love. Open it.