

## The Kiss

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Usually what late Saturday spring mornings home are remembered with, is the abundant breakfast. That is probably the only day of the week when my whole family makes an effort to gather together in the morning and eat a full meal instead of pinching whatever's left in the fridge.

So it was exactly a morning like that when I saw this amazing piece of art that I would, from that day on, open my eyes to every morning. My mother had decided that the easiest thing to prepare is toasts with yellow cheese on top, roasted in the oven - simple but delicious. I've always marveled at the way this plain coloured cheese undergoes a dramatic change and turns into a mosaic of more heavily roasted areas and others that the heat had failed to reach that extensively.

It was time to eat. The sandwiches were put side by side onto a wooden plate and soon the only thing that one could hear was us munching. With my toast all bitten in my hand, I was examining the only one that had left onto the plate. The bread in the corners had burnt so much it had gone black yet the yellow cheese had started to melt and big dark circles resembling droplets had started to form. All sorts of shades were visible-yellow, ochre, light brown, dark brown, golden even. I stared at it for so long that it finally started to appear oddly familiar to me. This chunk of cheese not only had color, it had composition as well. My eyes widened.

"Mom, dad..." I mumbled. "This toast looks like Gustav Klimt's 'The Kiss'".

My kin, of course, thought that I had taken heavy drugs and were reluctant to agree with me. Yet they mentioned that they've seen replicas of this painting somewhere. That came as no surprise as I had seen them myself so the subject was soon forgotten.

Breakfast came to an end and it was time for them to go as they had some stuff to do around town that I was neither informed about nor was I interested in. Swept up in my own tasks, I hadn't noticed how much time had passed when they finally returned home...with a meter and a half tall replica of Gustav Klimt's "The Kiss" put in a golden frame.

"They didn't have a smaller size, sorry."

Need I describe my joy? I doubt it. Now it is hanging above my bed and I wake up every morning seeing it and remembering the piece of yellow cheese toast.

