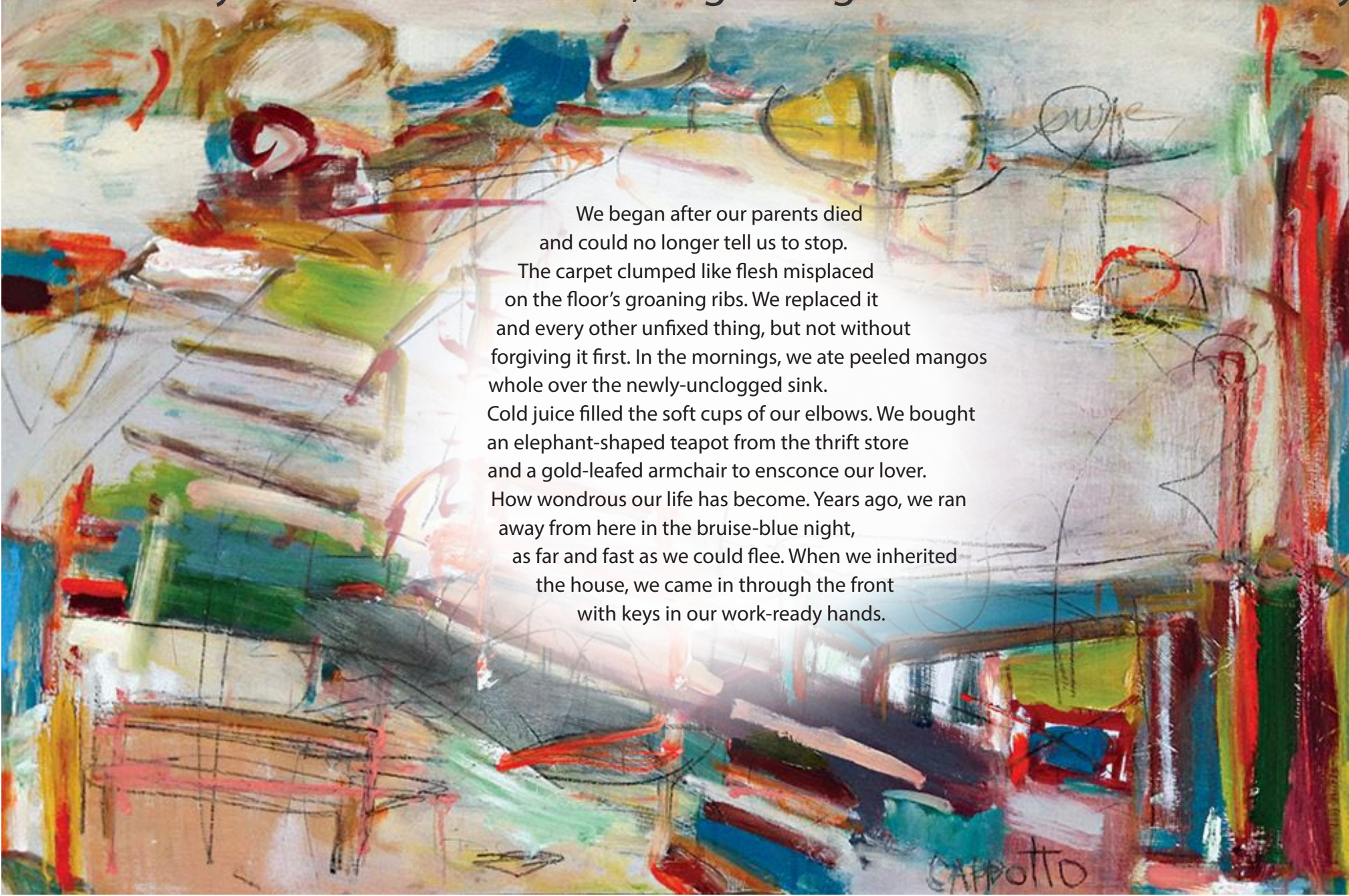


Letter to Myself From the Future, Regarding Renovations of Our Body

An abstract painting by Karen Cappotto, featuring a complex composition of overlapping colors and textures. The palette includes earthy tones like ochre, sienna, and terracotta, alongside cooler hues of blue, green, and red. The brushwork is expressive and varied, with some areas showing fine, linear strokes and others with thick, impasto applications. A faint, handwritten word, possibly 'wife', is visible in the upper right quadrant, and the artist's signature 'CAPPOTTO' is at the bottom right. The overall effect is one of dynamic energy and layered meaning.

We began after our parents died
and could no longer tell us to stop.
The carpet clumped like flesh misplaced
on the floor's groaning ribs. We replaced it
and every other unfixed thing, but not without
forgiving it first. In the mornings, we ate peeled mangos
whole over the newly-unclogged sink.
Cold juice filled the soft cups of our elbows. We bought
an elephant-shaped teapot from the thrift store
and a gold-leafed armchair to ensconce our lover.
How wondrous our life has become. Years ago, we ran
away from here in the bruise-blue night,
as far and fast as we could flee. When we inherited
the house, we came in through the front
with keys in our work-ready hands.