Let’s run through it again.
Complexion—geisha white.

Cheeks—deep pink (too deep).
Hands—closed petals in her lap.

The young lady is sitting in
. . . call it an elm.

Two blood-red horses share her limb.
They’re screamingly small and seem to be blind.

Nothing will come of this, she muttered in Finnish.
Don’t worry, he whispered, apart from the pink

all is utterly perfect. She looked aside.
The sky wilted for an instant.

Come, my dear, we’re nearly there.
She lifted her eyes. The look was ancient.

It pierced the canvas and went on forever.