

My very piece of 500 hours art

Between each brushstroke, day after day, I immersed myself in the task of portraying that precious woman on my canvas of exceptional quality.

My fingers, exhausted but tenacious, danced with the brush as my mind burned with the need to capture every shade of the beauty before my eyes.

Brown, black, green... the colors mixed on my palette like a symphony of tones reflecting that diversity and depth of the precious woman who patiently posed for me.

With each stroke, I sought to capture the very essence of her being, layering pigment with the precision of a master until achieving an almost perfect gradient.

Time faded away as I delved into enhancing every detail of her beauty. Then the presence of the woman reminded me of the transitory nature of life and the importance of capturing her essence on my canvas.

Despite the physical and mental exhaustion, my soul rejoiced in creating something as awesome and delicate as the portrait.

With each brush stroke, I felt a deeper connection to the creative process, as if every movement of my hands was a dance with the soul of my work.

And as I worked I couldn't help but ask her questions from time to time about her life and her story, seeking to discover the very essence of her being in order to reflect it accurately in the portrait I was creating.

Each answer was like a piece of the puzzle that I tried to reveal to bring my work to life.

However, as I progressed in my work, I was working on the other works that I had conceived from my imagination, each one as an exploration of the divinity that surrounds and protects humans as us.

As the colors merged on the canvas, creating shapes and textures that defined reality, I plugged into a creative fascinating fantasy where time faded away and the intimate connection between the work and me existed.

Months and months later of dedication and some perfectionism, I finally finished my piece of work as I wanted. Every detail, every shadow, every thing, was exactly as I imagined it. There was only one step remaining, the name of it. I turned to the woman and asked her name and I named my piece of art "La Gioconda".