

## Portrait

I stay still where I am  
a body of pure water  
I will it to come to me  
sable brush plunges  
on terrain of palette  
pigment on fingers  
unrolling paint over  
summoning softly  
flushes of glaze throb  
summers lost linger  
melt like a chrysalis  
slide off the easel  
you are the artist  
fills radiant  
of

willing, filling, spilling  
colors the wet canvas  
your fierce fascination  
the edges so supple  
bristles' moist press  
your swoop spreading  
melding spiral swoons  
syncopated breath  
gorgeous muscular  
lifting translucence  
I long to disappear  
fall into myself  
whose paint  
contours  
me

Blizzard, February 8th, 1969

I was a Flexible Flyer --  
bright red shiny energy,  
slats and metal runners sliding,  
banking turns, curving cascade of

granite steps, invisible under  
a bazillion frozen flakes --  
just like I was meant to be. Nothing  
could have been better than

my ceaseless seven year old  
thrill. Who did he think he was, watching  
like that under the snow white cherry  
boughs that wouldn't break

into bud for months?  
Was he alone or was my mother there too --  
in her thick navy pea coat and wolf fur hat?  
Would they meet in my park like that?

Out in the open my raw, pink wrists exposed  
where my jacket sleeves didn't meet  
the wool cuffs of my mittens;  
wide blue elastic bands clipped

with tin jaws and frozen teeth.  
I'd blow on the ice that felt like splinters,  
then climb back up, dragging my sled  
to the top. And I would let it all go,

numb, propelling myself for one more run  
then another, and another, and  
maybe they watched me  
slide bump slide bump slide...

Where the clouds ripped open  
blue crystal reflected on snow;  
on snow so perfect  
it might never disappoint.

## Cedar by Blackwater Pond

Before the slope to the fractal  
edge of the freezing pond,  
I lean into a stepped wall of moss.  
Tiny astral trees  
a million strong  
hold up my head, my heart.  
A cedar leans away  
complementing my relaxed slant--  
its imposing stature  
like a teacher assessing.  
The shiver through its boughs  
offers hints of illumination.  
Along the red carpet of pine needles,  
so fragrant in afternoon light,  
I meander between  
bear berry and wintergreen  
finding my way  
into the woods.

## Midnight at Place de la Liberté

This evening the fountain is generous  
its voice constant as the moss  
draping the statue of a Roman woman.  
Shadows bevel her chiton,  
which falls listlessly to the pool.  
The amphora she carries  
touches hips. Arms wrap around  
the weight of water.  
Her eyes have no pupils,  
yet she gazes into mine  
like moonlight slanting off tiled roofs.  
She stares at me,  
I think she is inviting me. My skin  
blushes terra cotta, like hers. Could I  
accept her overture, enter that aperture  
where she reflects on the pool? Could I  
graze her hopes and tendons,  
know her shoulders, that freckled domain,  
the pocks and fleece of time? I'm inclined  
toward the water undulating between us.  
But then the fountain chortles,  
and I knead myself  
back into the clay  
of waning dark.

Swallows at Race Point

wingbeats and slashes  
wake up the sky  
dips and slides  
wisps and swells a symphony  
swoops and swirls no one moves  
but they all do  
sl  
a  
n  
t s  
l  
o  
p  
e  
drop

hover

dunes harmonize  
with their flight tether-less  
scores of triangles  
wings and tails carving  
gathering disappearing s t a l l i n g  
out in blue stillness  
willingness  
tumbling  
rebounding  
relief d  
i  
v  
over  
recover  
what could they teach me  
each a scale in the speckled  
piscine body of air  
a whole  
flashmob of joy?

