

## Erstwhile

Like sticks of incense, blobs on a palette are pungent  
passion plays, are musical menus  
petal-spread in a child's hair.  
This impressionistic medley holds  
the various hues of a baked bronze road.  
The verdigris, the Queen's Anne combusts  
in a sun burst of vermilion.  
Those bold hues are notes, are chord-rich images,  
a heavy scent on the breeze. Follow this fragrance.  
Can you picture that child asleep on some porch?  
Beneath leaves, little pianissimos sparkle silvery and cool.  
They resemble stone, brook polished jade  
and the symphony is still suddenly.  
Nearby is a farm path, tractor-furrowed, verdant,  
and a creek photo-stopped. It's as though  
one were facing an easel, contemplating, in  
French, the chiaroscuro of  
light. Here's experience  
poured forth as paint, pigment upon  
pigment ground right down.  
It shapes the expression of interludes  
scattered passionate as language. All else  
is inaccessible, yes, these petals only  
interpreted erstwhile through the garden  
that is glass in our open-as-children bones.