From The Nudge/Nudge

The frame is pink,

magenta at sunset,

and our outlines?

Orange, tremendous

heat of summer seen

beneath, between

the window-figures,

their beautiful deck view

of cat amid flowers,

the rolling ocean,

and a single monument

of haze-burned bricks….

All that warmth comes from us,

and in the painting of you,

angel, in a biblical sleep

of deep sheets

as robe swirls,

your halo is the only light source,

your skin soft with strong gold…

For the next canvas wings

will sprout with the myriad

reflections of water,

a harps prism,

glue-glitter sprinkled

from some tacky five & dime…

Fairy dust, myths, mediums,

the legacy of oil

to sustain each day

as tonight, meanwhile, mortal,

I pray cancer shall not have

my father by the throat.