

Where Time Goes II
(Notes on doing a Book Jacket)

I can see it better now-----
as usual, a collage, images quilted.
Pastels are pins to hold light echoing
light in the midst of all of this fog.
That's where the flashlight comes in,
there at the bottom of the canvas,
one slender hand pressing the cylinder,
the gold scope expanding on some different glass.

What is reflected?
A cigar box spilling pages &, next to that,
photos of...what? Impromptu skunks.
Here is another shot: Grandfather dinosaur
walker-penned, his daughter-in-law's fingers,
like grass spokes, lens entering...

Ah, what strange circles do these squares develop
while behind, in the mirror,
their youngest descendent looks on.



Where Time Goes III: Gabriel
(Upon finishing a Book Jacket)

Where are the edges?
Mama, always this darkening softens our world-----
a man-made night & your flashlight picking out green.

What does this mean, the grainy chalk dissolving before me,
all shadows but for the beam I've grown to follow
night by night?

Even the wall paper tacked with images of grandma,
great grandfather's poems, & those photos of skunks,
our frolicking symbols, have, to dusk,
somehow been sacrificed.

Now clear as time I float,
eyes tracking Mama's hand, lunar, its span,
& my flesh, another light: this mosaic now whole.

(Author's note: This is an ekphrastic work based on the enclosed mixed media piece I did as the cover for a novel which I also wrote and eventually self-published. The context of the work refers to scenes and characters in the book; Gabriel being the infant depicted viewing the flashlight. I am not sure if the words work outside of the context given in this explanation but I thought maybe others would be interested in how deep a writer/artist can be immersed in the *living* that is craft.)