

Try Again

Brown, the color of nostalgia, the first snaps:
Autumn, autumn, beige bleeding to sepia,
A good dark cedar bringing up light-----

Those were the shades, that was my memory
A wash on mud liquid, some creek's glinting
Voyage where childhood floats & sediments

Well...
Leaf bits, branch diviners, the calling of a face
Lucid with what it lived, dreaming a gaze
Containing that distance, open intimately...

No. The brushes went overboard. The fingers
Failed to translate, raise the breathing portrait
Which is less paint & more spirit.

So I am scrubbing myself down now
'til the flesh canvas is mist & that mist begins
to lift everything that my small story has been

searching