everyone knows what's meant.

a sentence like unfinished because

—Of suspicion—
in bitter hues of purple and emerald
The background spoke up
it only became brighter
made those when I doubted the gruesome

in my-driven prairie and thought

If put me in mind of winter.

as dissolute thought a well
would have to fall down the stairs
To let any distance the canvas of
in the musician's infinite height
of mineral lines

a spit-driven frost-driven thing
I was almost in the painting.

I was so close
I could see only parts of the whole.
I couldn't be away from it
near a silent in a space so light
where it stood, surrounded in great intervals
so they embraced the painting's god directions
To take it farther would mean dissolving doormatness.

(John Nichols White Territory)

CLOSE
The path the animal ambled
without stopping between trees,
because everyone knows what's meant
in silence. Its unfurled
she distinguished ground and figure
and began a note.
She let the emotions penetrate
while seeing parts of the whole,
then mix and lengthen
while painting, she could get to farther away.

is a form of excess.
think of antlers
a home for leisure lies
and let some words show through
I saw she held a bit of fame
watercolours visible
made fixed and restless and
process painting in gray dripping
on the reflection, the good God of
learning a thing how the west was kept
I saw how impatient had hit the sky.

but there was no tone.
I tried to take the long view

head or dog or branches
in thePremium exceeds of her
I could see the animal's paths
in person, it looked a little dirty.
I was surprised when it creek.
It shrinks to distance in a book.

I miss it when I wish it

The concern is so different
in their history above innumerable times.
are mixed in this mixture
but revelationicense
since a pathway is not an instruction
the place of slide
seen only in the original, invisible in
where this possible into debris
in the beam resonance

after Brooks in Gold, almost
of right window and left eye, the meadow
I was almost in the moment
whatever wittens were in next
atills in the statue of the world's difference,
for sports the closest, obviously nhất
I was a home for those who don't open
to admit it: the always winter
and its consolations of flint.

This is not an illustration.
It's what I saw when the airbag opened,
slamming me with whiteness like the other side.
I came to consciousness on braced arms,
pushing my face from the floor
in order to breathe,
an arm's length from unbeing, as it seems.
I was what flashed through me

in full frost. We were life to life,
in our flesh envelopes,
insubstantial, air to air and you and I.
Though we could see only parts of the whole,
we felt its tropism.
We leaned toward, liked,
its bitter lungs. We almost were that
winter tissue and cranial-colored paint.
We were almost in the picture. We were close.
We left each other a note.

my Alice Fulton
from felt
Drenched in the spray of some excited eye.

The only waters’ canvas on canvas,
In their own spray the sails cut through,
Why in such calm, do they have and plume?
And those top’ds bow beyond the chop—

Sunbeam from the underclasp of a thumb,
A streaked belly where a new life begins,
Of camouflag’d and past the shaken ranks,
The lake’s in brown and green, a kiss.

Could those fierce heavens in an opulent apocalypse.
Those soft hairs slipping at a glint.
The red glare of compromise, as if
Her red of parted passage on
And the glistening harmonies of sky and sun;

Punctuated by each swollen stroke.
On the stiff air, a swallow of fountains
Like seas in chi, the winds began
Pace against the low horizon
On other edge,ales and rhyma

A sail of inclusion in the wet paint
Of a sudden boiling from the gun. Of just
The blush disturbed by a London’s witch
In a bound leap, or the vector of accen
And these holes near the shoestring multiers
Everything inside the frame as sea.

The touchstone clouds, the swash of mileage—
And the hand, too, troubled by Eust’s judgment from
Rocks in the wind like a broken wave;
Whenever the cast stood, it must have

Amercury Sunsets. Take Partitionain

Then we

E
After Bonnard

Dachshunds and nudes and the little sitting room
That gave on the garden, both doors open,
French doors in a French house on the Côte d’Azur,
Slick of the mirror like the sea’s warm slide,
And the old man with his rags and brushes,
Canvas tacked to the wall, a world of colors
That stroked themselves in a hard haze of blue
And the yellow of light and lemons, deep red
In a dress or a cupboard’s back, and on the table
Red felt under bowls of blossom and fruit—

If you were there, posed at some early hour
Where the steep steps rose in stone to the almond tree,
Or in a bath just drawn, lean breasts
Eased up above the water line, and the tiles
Cool and smooth where the small dog lay,
Sprays of mimosa floating near the wide window,
Even the old man would feel in his flesh
Blood beating like a bell, and put down his tools
For the look of you, hair shining, paint still wet,
Bare eyes in praise of everything they touch.

Elton Glauser

#10
Poem

F.12469
Bischof

There is a place—
I remember the names, I know it—
Heaven, I recognize the place. I know it.

Or is it a hospital, looking like a church?
A special kind of life there, the life of the sick
(They were the artists, the specialists)
below the steep green iron doors.

Life is gray grass, a half inch of blue sky,
Life is gray grass, a half inch of blue sky.

The sea is here and cold; cold even spring
fresh-squashed from the lake.

Up close, a wild blue, white and yellow,
back-to-back, reading, and standing, stuck
two inches thick in the place, where water
Two inches thick in the place, where water

—when the rain begins to fall, and the storm comes.

When the rain begins to fall, and the storm comes.

The other house, the blue house where

Some two thousand dollars, two thousand dollars
Two thousand dollars, two thousand dollars

And the years apart. How strange, and how still, loved,

Loved at last, loved enough to remember in
Loved at last, loved enough to remember in

Appreciate, this literal small backyard.

I never knew him. We both knew this place.

... for a moment, he was quite famous, on a horse.
Then he went back to England.

He did your English music, let them all with another
Your uncle George, no mine, my uncle George,
Have room to know these things again.
Would you like this? I'll probably never
Once taken from a link and handed over.

A sketch done in an hour, "in one breath".

Are a particularly fine one.

Would that be Miss Gellispe's house?

That particular house and comes

must be the Presbyterian church.

Plumes of black things, bare, there.

His home behind on the meadow, there is,
It's behind—can almost remember the farmer's name.

Who knows, the Presbyterians change.