

The Painter Tourist

by Bill Yarrow

They photographed his oneiric head against a Baroque ceiling
The whole thing had an oddly green feel
His wife held a dollar bill against her ear and bellowed
Even the priest from Cleveland was amused
He tried to draw what he saw but a finger blister distorted his line
Then the weather turned
Ripe rain sideswiped the garden from clouds the color of raisins
There was an odor of dried audacity
God was having his way with the rich infidels of Muskegon
He looked down at his wet sketchpad
He had drawn a map of capitalism

Seven months later nostalgic for Sleeping Bear Dunes
he crossed the drum circles of Venice Beach
where red seagulls demanded he give up muscatel art

