

# WHAT WE REMEMBER MAY NOT REMEMBER US

*by* Bobbi Lurie

1.

The clouds and the shadows of the clouds.

The early light, like the night undressing herself  
revealing pink beneath, underneath

the glory and the intimacy  
like early love made of arms  
only arms  
fingers  
and the lingering promise  
of something else.

To breathe into what is...

feelings dead and dry as winter branches  
body poached and flattened  
the sky with its glaucoma stare  
the way you call yourself "I" and mean it  
and want to be seen as such  
as noun  
as verb  
as some idea which others can not see.

2.

The plain loneliness of painters.

Their lust for colors  
and the underneath of it.

It was Modigliani who saved me  
from the dark unknowableness.

It was Soutine.  
It was Cezanne.  
It was the yellow and the green of it.

And I can not tell them.  
I can not tell the painters or the colors what they have done.  
And I can not say what the clouds are.

Each shape passes me with its blues and its endless hues of white  
and light and the longing which bleeds  
into  
the inner world.

