

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.

