

Philip Guston and the Ultimate Mudball

by Jerry Ratch

The huge mudball has rolled downhill, catching up
one of them. Part of a leg sticking up from the surface
with its shoe still on, but we can assume the rest of
the human, or humanity if you will, is lost somewhere
deep inside it.

It seems like it came to rest along the slope just
as the sun was either rising or setting, peeking out from behind
with its rays shooting out from it, like a wedge of some kind
caught between the soft edge of the huge all-engulfing thing
and the downward tilt of the land.

The sky itself may be finally softening above, or else it's
ready to close and descend, or explode.

It could have been worse. It could have been the mother of
all meatballs rolling down the hill at us. Whoa!

