

The Pit and Philip Guston

by Jerry Ratch

Above the chasm of life burn two fires
at either side of the framed painting that
stands on the pink and red plain. And inside
the painting itself an orange rain falls,
accumulating in a sea of red. Rocks can't stand
their small shadows anymore and the desire in them
grows to an outlandish size.

While inside the pit a single downturned head
with its eye wide open, examines the rising level
of the green water, as though surprised,
as it floats there in the midst of the crowd of
up-ended legs, a horde of floating heels and
the soles of shoes, as the fires on the plain above
go on to rage, rage in the reddened, maddening
daylight of hell.

