

# Bronwen, Painter of Miccasukee Street

*by* Tantra Bensko

Walking in the just-thereness of afternoon,  
Scrubbed out by the Tallahassee sun,  
Past the same  
Shocking banana trees that have been  
The most dramatic occurrences all year  
Since her move from the north,  
She thinks we must stop life,

Cut it into stills, so the emptiness

Between them let's each tree, each afternoon

Stand up for itself...  
She remembers, amazed:  
It's the same thought she had when living  
In a cold map-like city of friends  
Pale from art.

Short palm trees fluff up  
Their wings like the mockingbird  
Who shadow-scares worms.  
Palm shadows have grown up  
And solidified as feathery trunks  
They've been at it so long,  
Still as deChirico's shadow.  
The line of live oaks is beyond all that,  
Impossibly sublime, out of their surroundings—

Flat miles of white buildings.

She is not crowded now with intense friends  
Loving her for their very perverse reasons,  
Adulterous people who could believe with her  
The Spanish moss on the random trees  
Is really a rayonist painting  
By Natalia Goncharova, scissors  
Of arrested motion.

The group of friends used to look  
At gallery pictures in basements  
For their answers...

They'll believe the photo she sent them  
More than anything she says, as it is flat  
And still.

A crowded northern thought  
Of cutting life into pieces  
Is not the same thought  
In an emptiness between palm trees

And more palm trees.

