

Ball

diamonds and shadows
soft amber washes
spread in layers
of no substance
across snow

ethereal existence
distant agent
invisible
except as
painterly effects
flickering through my consciousness
as I move past and always
deeper and deeper
into its art

push glide push glide
North

then West
through the woods

shadows softening
disappearing pricks of light
all around

original artist
teaching complex
mechanical trade
color and light
a billion degrees
of difference
between
brilliance
and none

between pure light
and darkness
and always the meaning
of contrast and shade

the lines
not a single reality
but a thousand

the background
endless
muted
detail

precision of broad brush
and thin

economy of time
and change

captured

then
gone

revered sage
so near it's a ball

dangerous
to look at
directly

and

teaching
always
teaching

March 21, 2015, 5:03 a.m.

*beginning, memory of yesterday's late afternoon,
a poem about snow, late sun, and the art of painting*

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