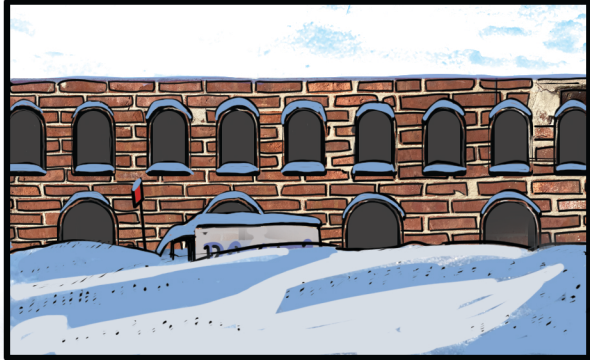
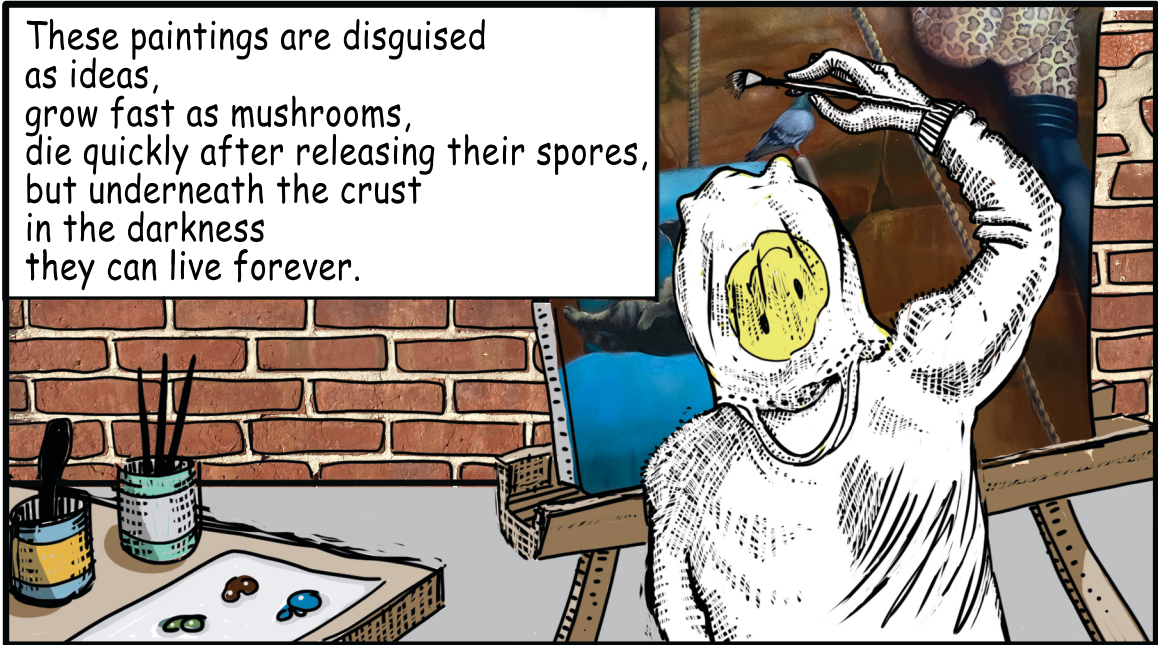


Studio in Winter

A blue shadowed snow
covers Red Hook,
shushes the city.
In the studio
I push oil and earth
across cotton
stretched and pierced by staples
over wood.



These paintings are disguised
as ideas,
grow fast as mushrooms,
die quickly after releasing their spores,
but underneath the crust
in the darkness
they can live forever.



Winter wanders through the window
finds my bones to feed on,
just another old man
waiting to be born.

