

Ode to the View from a Glass House

Green slivers slip out overnight, odalisques lounging on limbs,
their rhythm of Paris green strokes covering the bare arms
and no doubt humbling the ghost of Van Gogh.

Among the army of thick-skinned oaks and encroaching maples,
a single young willow cries tears of bright lime that never drop.

Croci not planted by human hands are nevertheless drawn
to the extraordinary composition within an ordinary wood.

Their eager purple noggins poke up, often through icy white,
curious about the logic-defying cacophony of fertile birdsong.

The smokey mint patina of the 3-ton granite slab
flipped on its belly by a dinosaur backhoe from a time long gone,
leaves a flat bottom, a viewing bench for a painting no museum can own.
Deep black dots appear in the thorny green of the raspberry patch.
They morph to red, and the summer Olympics are underway, Humans vs Birds.
Feathered darts shoot from the high-noon sun into the juicy thicket.
Sweating humans clad in denim push through, no match for their opponents,
and soon wonder whether its worth the thorn-slashed forearms.
Knowing that the Birds will take the Gold, they eat their meager haul.

One by one each green is overpainted with its warm palette neighbors
and falls with slow rocking slashes of yellow to burgundy
creating a DeKooning that will not be in action for long.
Layer upon layer, they paint a vibrant woodland floor of pointillism.
Winter cannot possibly match the mastery of autumn's ostentatious hand.
But the gold-leafed impasto floor is being overcome by a raw umber carpet,
a Dutch master's ground for the tasteful subtleties and fierce melodramas of winter.
Shades of Payne's gray on tilted trees slice through curves of distant mountains
repeating the minimal palette that fills the inside of the house made to see outside.

Naked trees await, undaunted by their ensuing cold sleep.
Wet covers turn trunks to glossy black bedposts, as fog builds a sheer canopy.
Daybreak lights up weighty limbs down to the lightest stick,
each fully wrapped in snow skins that cling for life—a film negative of yesterday.
Warmed by a winter sun the sticky flakes tire, some sooner than others,
leaving a crowd of polka-dot trees, a warning to relish this disappearing Banksy.
By noon the dots have surrendered to Mother Earth's thirst,
leaving now-naked Kline-esque black gashes of passion on a virginal canvas,
sleeping beauties waiting for kisses from daring green puckers.

