

I'm standing in a gallery  
watching all the people, a long amoeba, curve by.  
watching a few stencils poke cheeks;  
the walls behind the pictures don't cry.

even though art makes them all alone  
they just nap, and sacrifice for the bigger whole,  
which has all these people's fingers tracing their lips  
eyebrows playing war with their eyes.

Somewhere in the background hides the idea,  
but foreground tickles amnesia: joy's long forgotten friend.

I'm standing here looking for a new idea,  
but people's shuffling feet and crowded stares—  
jump my thoughts to Louis' quiet intensity when we first met  
on the path where winter and spring meet.

The man beside me needs by, so I take a step back  
my sleeve leaves a bad taste in an old woman's nose  
I excuse myself, she grunts back and moves on  
holding her handbag a little tighter.

I'm standing focused on a self-portrait  
outlined with scandinavia blues to  
bring the artist's face closer:  
his fractured eyes, encircled in gray mist

Turn my thoughts to Louis: his newly formed shoulders so tender  
Oh how I loved feeling him against my cheek  
what innocence his tongue imparted on my cheek  
just hours earlier, on the path where winter and spring meet.

Too much quiet haunts this exhibit:  
the landscapes, the portraits, on love...and some loss.  
people look for the details of life  
in a strand of brushwork

All over the floor the shadows giggle  
From the floorboard's jabs and pokes

I'm standing here frozen, thoughts stuck on little Louis:  
now his happy eleven-week old life  
ahead, as he grows before me  
on the path where winter and spring meet