


**her search**

She took art lessons year by year
making her way across myriad canvases and some were faces
meticulous tracings of life’s imprint on human flesh:
she struggled to crawl beneath the lines and shadows
slither within the crevices
ride the undulations
in hopes of finding meaning somewhere among the glittering eyes
set jaws—her husband’s weariness
and vexation there on his road map pastel face of high forehead
receding hairline. How many dishes he washed and cleaning ladies he fired
no one knows.

Day after day she
painted to get in touch and failed if not faces then
flowers quiet forgiving
photographic
luminous and inert
totally without personal
imprint, will or raging heart.

Then, her masterpiece: there the living room
scene with seated sheep dog
gazing out the picture
window as the giant pine trees
shoulder away implacable pale yellow
neighboring houses
her longing to connect as palpable as
present as the clear glass
through which the dog peers.