
Tuxedo, New York

Wind on the water and green things
on that water. The lakeside woman
puts the colors from her hands
upon the lake that's coming into life
under her hands, while birds call
and cry through shaking oaks above
the dragonflies, green dragonflies,
kissing tips of reeds, motes,
water lilies, whatever sits in the scene.
She looks out and paints the scene
while voices from branches across the lake
flee through the cedars to stop
at the water restless on her easel.
Yellowjackets change the air
around her head. Her paper hat
flies in the wind. Waterbugs draw
circles around lily pads and nothing
is apart from any other thing.
The bullfrogs make their bronzed noise,
then motorboats afflict that noise,
flesh appears on far white banks
while the woman at her colors watches,
moves her brush and finger as if it's she
changing for real the sky's face
moving on the water, the pictured water
that doesn't stir, or live, and is our life.

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