

DEAR HENRI MATISSE

This peach, Matisse,
reminds me of you...
The lush crimson next
to yellow,
the plump orange oozing
onto the tongue,
each thread
of red
around the pit.
Delicious, like
the pulse of early summer mornings
filled only with locusts
twinkling the woods.

I imagine you strolling
through pears and green leaves,
shaping paper into soul gardens,
an inner rhythm
carrying you like a wave.

Did you peer inside for the
windows of Vence,
whirlpools of violet,
a deep caribbean blue?
Or zinnias and snapdragons
floating in space?
Every day you invented
the absolute,
painting only
what could not be seen.

Did you sit each morning to
the loudness of silence?
Did it sweep you along
into days of color,
tumbling over clouds,
dancing through a lifetime...
until it was evening?