CALDO

 for Alberta Cifolelli

There are steep trails in to

the hills, but in this land-

scape of the mind no path

is cut for the eye. The way in

is through color, catching

warm round-crowned trees mid-

ground; then I'm let loose on a high

precise horizon that exacts

scanning across for detail

of light on slopes. The shade

of sky provokes a forward

jump to pick up a purple

mass of trees that reach up,

again. To ask if these colors

are, is to touch the land.

But then you've said that

this is more about paint

than grass, or hills; the

fields of water or pasture

remembering the way the air-

brush drove paint, the soft

tree line on the horizon

alive on small flowing

at the edges. The colors,

sharp, abutting, owe much

to quickly drying acrylic.

What I'm jealous of is that

you will feel differently.

Just because you painted it!

You and the paint put time,

like music, in, uneven tempos

struck by the brush passing

to build up land from nothing,

cut a fence, move that bush

four times. I have to make do

with clues of historicity,

a couple of broad strokes

across the hottest tree, or,

my favorite meander calligraphy

in your striated evening sky.