

That Bright

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It's not the broken slat
at the window drawing
an angle of light in my eyes
but as bright as that
and as sudden - my look
the look I gave.
I don't get it
either I see too much
or do not see at all
or overflow with sea
all aquamarine. I hear
theory and critique.
But what overflows here?
Me my child patient
in my lap
a weight
so your
eyes slide
down my
impossible neck.
Then it's all skirt - less me
more of the blue of his
childhood seaside. I won't
miss him. I saw what he did.
You would think I'd be restless
but it's quiet here and cool.
I'm happy enough to represent
though you'd be surprised
how little I know.
You view Roma from such
distance. And they see
there's nothing Roma in me.
Just the passion of painters
and poets trying to catch
who they think we might be.
Here hold my shawl.
I'm stepping out now and you
you can stop talking through me.

She is right
She's right
I am
I'm right
But what to do
with all the knowledge,
myth, slurred names?
A god saw the boredom
of the poor and gave them
Doma, caste of dancers
and musicians on the move.
What to do with the words?
Isolate - the frost in background.
Haplogroup- the absent gold.
This light is cool and you know
red leaps in but cannot escape
a baby's weight a motherless child
the real her the model
the artists lover pregnant again

doomed to sudden grief and suicide
that will kill their second child.

This painting one of his last
I think of him ill abusive
addicted to women their forms
faces with nothing to offer her
but an exquisitely thin blue scarf
a red collared sailor dress
a child a shadow
 his own mad beauty
 as it met her smile
 that look that bright
 that eye she gave.