

“After the Summer of Dusk”

Just a picture that came to me while I was driving—  
since, you know, I roll along the night  
in a scarred, double-hand-me-down,  
face still and eyes lit with stoplights  
like the faded Sun in a bomber jacket and her black ring—  
“She’s A Rainbow” by the ‘Stones comes on, right,  
and I’ve never heard it before,  
and it’s not *quite* what she sounds like,  
but it is the sound of the summer of dusk:  
a little carefree, a little air of revelry  
sitting like a sheet over the apprehension  
that the future is hurtling towards us

But anyway—  
*She comes in colors everywhere*  
was what I heard,  
and the image that came to me was when  
it was raining an easy summer rain  
as my double-hand-me-down pulled into its old home  
and I thought I was dreaming or some shit,  
but there she was,  
*And have you seen her dressed in blue?*  
Umbrella a crown, and rainbow too?  
You blink, and you’re struck through and through?

I thought I was *dreaming*,  
and after a year of slaving at canvases  
that was the first moment I wanted to paint again,  
to challenge Monet in his grave and  
sing to Vincent and his one ear  
*Please God look at this girl!*—  
That was the summer of dusk, anyway,  
and it was beautiful, and it still is a piece of art.  
The moments hang like blotched water lilies on the wall,  
a narrow bedroom  
or a narrow street with the yellow cafe light,  
the immortalized labors of creation  
tinted with the familiar, acrid musk of the art gallery.