“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.