The Gallery

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THE GALLERY

Degas has this thing
for ballet dancers
Perpetually warming up
or pivoting
They never rest,
nor grow old,
nor lose their touch.
But their faces!
ah the faces,
Reflect the pain of life’s dance
in perpetual, perfect humidity.

Monet apparently likes water.
With passion
he paints the shimmering blues
Of some French pond
The rushes rustling
in the gold of a setting sun,
or the haze on the Thames
Enveloping a fading parliament.
Sunday boaters,
the people and the water,
the livers with the giver,
Always lit by a flickering sun.
Much like life,
The light sometimes fades,
sometimes blinds,
but is always there.
I never tire of old Monet,
His gallery draws
each time I enter,
He shows the stark realism
subtly hid.

They say El Greco couldn’t
see things right,
But I am not sure that is so.
Perhaps he saw things too right,
Maybe Toledo is narrow,
and dark,
and reeking with human sorrow,
Like every city before a storm.
He no doubt saw men as they are . . .
stretched,
Elongated by invisible suffering,
The faces of twisted saints.

Ed Wurtz