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Philadelphia Museum of Art

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Philadelphia Museum of Art

Cover Page Footnote

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Philadelphia Museum of Art

Rising out of the ground
like Neptune's trident,
rising out of the ground
and covering all in it's fatigued strength,
rising out of the ground
overlooking Philadelphia, overlooking me
while I stand cloaked in words,
inside where I roam over bleached tiles,
where I roam among Monet and Warhol,
come with me to this place,
come travel past bypasses of granite,
bypasses smelling of fir and spruce and pine,
come here with me,
we'll steal the portraits and
hang them from trees
where dirt sleeps and rain falls and people walk,
we'll lay the sculptures amid clutter and poetry,
we'll see the art outside with no place to hide,
come here with me,
where buildings huddle together sharing warmth,
where lights hang on trees,
where our nation was born and
I sit underneath the museum cloaked in words,
come here with me
and we'll listen to Coltrane,
we'll wander the streets in a
glazed dream-like haze,
    "If you tune the radio right you can hear
       Sting singing to Beethoven's ninth"
and if I speak let three words be enough,
but here I am in Philadelphia
underneath stars and trees and
among artists and musicians
who are all being overlooked by the museum
which I stand underneath cloaked in words.

--Mark Bowers