

Blue Thought Circle

Sigmar Polke, Blauer Gedankenkreis (Blue Thought Circle), Lacquer on canvas, 1974

A statement followed by an “oh,”
perfectly equally matched to an “and.”
Was it as simple as that?

And now what?
The clock stopped and restarted.
Chemicals coursed

through a blood steam
slowly pouring a pitcher
of bright yellow. Astonishingly

beautiful that yellow
sun brightening each sky,
surviving the leveling of each worn moment.

Yet remaining spotlessly new,
with shiny chrome trim;
a long line of taxis matched it.

A vivid image, vividly recalled
upon waking. Like Art.
Or,

the world called a tray
on which one carried
the surface of a deadpan face

into the bathroom and washed it.
And held a warm cloth,
then took a small square

of gauze, a prepackaged solution,
and gently rubbed
back and forth slowly erasing the eyes,

the nose, the messy mouth.
Always afraid
of monotony. Make that metonymy.