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Braque Said

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BRAQUE SAID

All things reverberate, said Braque, and they do:
some tormented, like spoons by salt, windows
by light, whose harsh sail cracks and darkens
in an instant.

We are these thick selves trying, these opaque vessels,
though sometimes our mouths fill with light,
saying a few words over, giving
a reading of things as if we knew them—

We do not know them, so something stitches
the unsteady cloth, scours the eye to perceive
moon, starling, leaves, faces

jewelled with distinct shadow, turning
hour by hour through their windless abrasions.

Light-pummelled, light-obedient we will go down,
astonished to the end by the vision striking the window
though it's only the kitchen garden again,
cabbages creeping their rows like big, thoughtful snails:

and it's only another day to traverse together,
collecting in sporadic dews of attention, vibrating
to the old stories, spoons listening from
the kitchen table, rubbed to all faithful splendor.

As one grows older,
life and art become one, Braque said.