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Perfect Landscapes, Rich Branches of Blossom

Jon Davis
"PERFECT LANDSCAPES, RICH BRANCHES OF BLOSSOM"

It is your world to make and you choose to fill rooms with necessary objects: a Chinese vase, a painting of a woman arranging flowers by moonlight, a book of poetry by Basho.

A rose leans, revealing its moist stamen within a halo of fragrance. Why not a Spanish guitar leaning in a sunny corner? Why not music: Villa Lobos or Rampal and his sentimental flute?

Your women are French, Oriental, your men: artists, dancers, poets. Don’t you see? Even love is a luxury. And now you have cactus blooming in the sun room, an oriole chirping from the flowering plum.

Someone is quoting Garcia Lorca. A man wearing white silk, a woman in a dress of pale cotton: they sit at a wicker table, on wicker chairs, looking away, thinking in image, not word.

In this luxury of sun they hold crystal goblets filled with a glittering rose or thin blood. They kiss,
the nature of their desire revealed
by his restraint, her surrender.

Later, when they make love,
she recalls Nijinsky, turning.
his eyes, his shoulders, softening.
He thinks of Degas: his girlish ballerina
practicing: imagining each smooth stroke
along the flushed inner thigh.