

**Hospice and Lighthouse,  
Honfleur**

after Georges Seurat's painting,  
1886

Battle-scarred and tired of  
hypodermics,  
they bring me flowers  
I can no longer pick.

Pictures of places that seem smaller  
now.  
Like the Drs. that  
slow drag past my door,

the walls whisper: *it's not his time  
yet.*  
Clipboards swollen with notes,  
thick as my nurse's ankles.

Jell-O  
beside my bed  
they want more blood from me,  
change the linens, check for sores.

I write sonnets in my sleep.  
Keep rough drafts tacked upon  
the ceiling, like stars.  
Not one ever mentions  
the lighthouse beyond my window.

My ears are a symphony of ringing.  
I hurt all over. I miss my life.  
They think my smiles  
are from all the drugs they feed me.

They tell me I'd feel better after a  
bath.

**The Striped Blouse**

after Edouard Vuillard's painting,  
1895

She busies herself with flowers  
& get well cards.  
Lives in fabrics: wild as lions;  
of steeds raging across fields  
dancing in lightning.  
She hangs upside down,  
a Monarch butterfly  
whose wings have not yet dried.

Her mother watches her every  
move.  
Keeps piano keys dusted, sheet  
music crisp.  
Wants a perfectly perfumed sonata  
for her evening guests.

Fingers move from side to side,  
like skaters on a winter's lake,  
over brandy, cigars,  
waiting for chrysalis,  
morning eggs to crack;  
that elusive octave range of sunrise  
into flight.

One more trip to the garden.  
One more vase to fill with  
expectations.

The names of men she hides in her  
hair.

**The Loom**

after Vincent van Gogh's painting, 1884

I started with straight lines.  
A few pieces of furniture  
trapped inside a still life.  
My Cypress trees grew strong & tall,  
my brushstrokes,  
flick of hummingbird, curves of eclipses.

The mosaic of light from a hanging lamp  
is my muse;  
the tracks of moths  
circling engines of my insanity  
flicker, then flare.

I hang from ceilings in my sleep  
I am covered in the colors of my complaint

I am friends with shape and shade,  
of trees, and wheat fields,  
rows of houses beyond hills,  
bridges and laborers lit up in gold.  
They all hunger for me to touch them  
with my madness.

My nurses remain dark,  
unmanageable,  
cool as the tubes of colors they feed me with.  
My Dr. moves me, takes me in,  
allows me to go outside like a dog whose been bad...  
They've no idea,  
the canvas I've decided to paint today.