

Colin Brooks

For Margaret

Fascinating fixations in those floral cylinder boxes
Leave much to the imagination.
I used to brag to my friends of your stroke of the brush
Or the dragging of a pencil
And always associate your talent with that floral print

The rivers ran rapid with a rush of thin colors and soft
Shaded beds and bright-lit trees
Single colored with the same green of our shared perimeter
And only the whites of your stares
Looking out over the Charles as if it was posing for you

I used to see the painting that hung above your bed
Dreaming you were my Matisse
A fauvist figure fitting you just down the stairs
From my room in your home
Ready to discuss trials and tribulations each day

Before the wind walked away with your withered hands
I remembered you as the artist
Never recognized by the major party for your extraordinary
Command over the brush and pencil
But followed by your die hard young fan with fascination