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At the McNay Museum

by Bonnie Lyons

I blinked and squinted
past a gray silk suit into the face
of the museum director whom a kindly guard
had asked to check on me—
the woman lying motionless on the ground
might have overdosed, might be dead—
sprawled out on the sweet spring grass
following the play of wind and sun
on a mobile sculpture
until the dappling light
carried me off to sleep.

A cool, cloudless afternoon,
but women of a certain age don't lie
down on the grass. With a blanket
beneath me I'd have been less objectionable.
Cowboys have bedrolls, nomads have tents.
Something, however flimsy, must separate us
from ground and sky, mark
and make our human place. I was a mare
or cow who simply folds her legs
and lies down in any pasture.
Momentarily at home on planet earth.

