

1993

What to do

Christopher Harnish
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Harnish, Christopher (1993) "What to do," *Exile*: Vol. 40 : No. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol40/iss1/9>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

What To Do

Wake up first, and look across the water,
to the mountains on the other side.
Find your physical bearings- August. Sunset.
Realize that you have been sleeping,
a sunshine's daydream between fields of wild wheat
and the subtle power of the water shuttering
across rocks immovable.

Look at her mouth, softly sliding warmth from within.
Her eyes move under closed lids with thoughts
that capture. Her hair falls like soft snow,
melting into grains of the long dry wheat.
The two powerful colors blend, her hair, the grains,
and you become part of a world that surrounds her,
enveloping you in a majestic glow.

Light a cigarette.
When she wakes, kiss her softly, smile and stand.
Wonder what went into the creation of those eyes.
Walk to the shore and watch the water
Moving like red fields of lava, pushing into
the darkening landscape by the strength of the sun.
Realize then why you've never liked paintings of sunsets.
Immeasurable. Incaptureable.
Monet, Rolf, Picasso, Matisse. What did they know
of the setting sun, pushing through clouds that appear
immovable. That is the power of the sun. It's a force,
a vacuum that moves not mountains, but you.

Understand that the sun tries to take you.
It longs to capture you in the unpaintable painting,
to take you to an endless sunset- if you will follow,
entranced past the lava water and the next set
of mountains, then the next.
Then turn, and look down again at her, capturing
the grains of wheat as her eyes now capture you.
And realize in that vacuum that rest is possible.
Realize that immeasurable beauty is capturing.
And maybe within reach.

— Christopher Harnish '94