

On Painting

by Rhet Lickliter

I. Look at what they call hair
look at what these fingers hold
I give you cobwebs
wet and grey
I give you skin
pale and smooth
a mouth
full curved and quenched
I give you eyes
shining deep and black.

II. You know about the nightmare
you had it too
for I heard the storm
inside your skull
it shook you, in your sleep
your sweat soaked hair
like darkening seas
your skin, white
like light
overcast skies.