

bottom half yellow
top sky blue ink wash
but it ran & I made
lame excuses thinking
well if Matisse can get
away with blotchy colors
so can I

meanwhile I draw a dingo
in my journal howling
at the moon

I was going to leave it b & w
but something started niggling at me
Matisse or no Matisse
the blue sky was too streaked

a grinning green frog
on laughing yellow ground

I play god & paint the sky black
& dot it with immaculate stars

sometimes it feels good
to grin like a treefrog

LITTLE REDHEAD

beautiful little redhead
girl in line at the bank
maybe 2 years old
glowing little darling
of a girl laughing
running away from her mother
coming back
tiny
trusting
blazing blue eyes
bay blue eyes
haven eyes
when she smiled at me
I felt purified

that was over a year ago
but the feeling returns
as I type the poem
this sense of being renewed