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THE DEATH OF THE PAINTER

By James Arthur

At the end of his life
he had money and attention,
and certain towns were known
in connection to his name.
He was fastidious, and wore a tie,
was photographed with brushes, with a bird.
Under the subtropical sky
he forgave the things long done.
He hardly saw his children,
by habit was self-absorbed. His atelier
was sacrosanct, with the ocean for a view.
When he painted, it was descent
and descent and descent from the cross,
and when he died
the sepulchre was simple.
His late-life love
wept from another room.