

CHEERS TO THE PAINTER

Mary Kennan Herbert

Your water color washes
tell me again what
I want to remember.
Swift strokes of cerulean blue
and a flash of white paper—
how easily your brush brought
back the harbor to me.
I don't even have to look.
Hide the painting.
I cannot afford it anyway.

I can't buy the wavelets
kissing the boat in the corner
of your picture.
You make reality so sweet.
Look at the gull taking flight,
with just a few strokes, yours.
I won't look any more,
don't need to, knowing now
the awesome power of artists
to hurt, to heal.