

## Painting in the Light of the Moon

It starts with fire in the form  
of the tail of the bird.  
Cardinals converge  
in the canvas, in the lotus:  
squares, rectangles,  
waterfalls, the sea;  
and inside them forests  
and tunnels of the solar distribution of planets.

The artist works through the length of the night,  
through the lens of the moon.  
Wet paint drips from sponges as they are pressed onto  
and released from the canvas  
on the studio floor; folds are pressed  
together, replicating the universe.

There are sixteen evident forms  
in the trailways of the moon.  
Realism, abstraction, air, light, water, wind.  
Prismatic sea.

When the colors change,  
trees transform into cathedrals  
and crowns, emblematic of repeating patterns;  
and in the mid right corner  
the center of the universe,  
the turquoise navel. The moon moves through it all.

Run your hands  
along the contours of color,  
exploring the inner cycles of the cosmos.  
Clouds break up into yellows.

Crystallized fig leaves, objects dressed  
in the exactitude of nature; fruit, vegetables,  
the penumbra of words, the whole of the universe  
disintegrated into flowers in the same way that dimensions  
and relations of geometrical  
energy dictates the chant of the poet.

Kinetic constructions in space,  
jars of colored powders,  
worn paintbrushes, archways of blue and green,  
natural light moves across the studio floor.

It is the revelation of the bird. The form  
is metaphysical truth  
and primitive.