

NANCE VAN WINCKEL

Even the Non-Famous Painters Love This Light

One canvas says Clouds! . . . due east,
which is a white lie, but all right.

Boats — still rigged for deeper water —
slip into the harbor like cows to a barn.

Young girls' brushes move quickly
to get what goes by slowly.

At the railyard, someone throws switches,
and freight cars from four countries
that used to be one nation
smack together. Red beets drop
into yellow onions, and those into cabbages
as if trying to achieve the perfect borsch.

Next canvas: blue awnings, blue awnings, blue awnings.

Real ships darken when their sails
come down, when the light's
done for. People, like us, remain barely
daubed in: flimsy trousers & jackets.
The actual us bend closer, squinting
because we see we have no eyes.