

DAVID RODERICK

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*Modern Art*

We're trying to remember a little less  
the shadows that crept on asylum floors,  
  
halls that possessed a museum-quality  
of silence while disciples sketched  
  
in the galleries. Landscapes where blues  
exchanged with other blues. Still lifes  
  
in which buds erupted from empty flutes  
of champagne, where a gathering of pears  
  
rotted in a room of sunlight. We're trying  
to remember a little less the trees that squalled  
  
like infants, the eyes wrapped with bandages.  
And streaks of ink in the gauze. Something  
  
written there by a nurse's trembling hand.