

A. V. CHRISTIE

Vision

based on a scene in ceramic by Erik Abraham

The tree limb lowers down like a tipped wing,
and so soon shiny thought protrudes.
The boughs overlap
in thick industry
that could be their own splendor
if we did not see beyond
to lemon stucco walls,
a heavy oak door,
and windows aloof or promising.
This part could be sky, some pooling
of glaze—crosshatching, stippled.
You made an impression with your thumb,
poured this hue in where it could flourish,
with a dull knife straight-edged
and notched a roofline.
We have been in deep,
a green of underwater shadow;
we think we see in
the flicker-work of leaves up ahead,
finally, the yellow hacienda.
When the light is right:
this hope protected, by a dark
turbulence in the leaves.