February rain

it’s raining

winter should be ashamed of itself

where only a week ago was a canvas of white

a spread of purity over a lattice of the subtle

is now a broken landscape of hurt greys and sullen browns

mixed with the dirt of mislaid intent

the painter has lost his way

and any mark he now makes

will reflect the imperfection of his time

will be a ruination of the integrity of a perfect surface

a unity of colour and minimal form—

the play of light and silence that makes a true winter’s landscape.

i bought a new book:

it was perfect and clean

but by page three, i had dripped coffee on the margin

at that moment it passed from the sublime

to utility

and from a special place in my heart

to the bookshelf of lost wonder.