

OIL PAINT

There are all sorts of things in my head but it's so late now.

—Georgia O'Keeffe

When we arrive she is sleeping
Then wakes and we walk to the living room
Where she sits and laughs, whispering things

A piano tuner
With an assistant and an attaché case
keeps hitting A then A sharp

The keys mark time
In the memory unit with the bay out there
All sorts of things in my head

Georgia too—
when moving toward oil paint
A then A sharp

She falls asleep again
All sorts of things in my head
Our bodies, it's late now.

Sarah Stern