

Dutch Painting

God knows—it's not a milk-blue washt morning I see:

delft, cobalt.

Firelight *mails* you: in links and mesh.

We get down to the meaning of brass things:

—Are we on love's ladder, the first rung?

—Are we singing the song of what will be
sung?

Things with a gleam, things with a ring.

This ushers us into a Dutch evening.

It is not to be found everywhere—

cheerful seriousness:

The fire in your cheek

like that of the old masters, keeps keen.

The light upon the shoulders

and chest is dense, sculptural: bronze-green.

The motions are those (arrested) of bearing pitchers.

There is a *glaze*

moving over objects—as if the sea

washed the scene with a passion:

and then the sea froze.