

Improbable Grace

Each color has a different behavior,
the lady at the gallery opening says,

pointing at sheets of cotton paper
filled with vertical paint lines:

devastating blue, chemical red,
shadowy pinks, pigeon gray,

jazzy nail polishes the artist
had let run down the surface.

They all have their rhythm and tempo.
Green is graceful, like nature. I think

of how a color learns its language—
green, the grace of resignation,

fern folding in its frill, the hillside
doubling over into mist, fresh dirt,

the cool breath of the underearth.
how in the lake, under its dark skirt,

iridescent bruises on mossy limbs
of trees hold onto the loss of air.