

**Andy Connolly**

**looking**

I don't know what makes art Art  
maybe it's that once I've seen it  
I can never not see it again.  
It lingers violently  
like a good Pollock should,  
hanging on a nail inside my eyelids.

Is it true that a thing of  
(heart-stopping) beauty looks at you  
you do not look at It  
sees inside you  
and lodges a piece of itself there?

Breathless, I stand being looked at  
immobile open ripped apart.

Then the light changes or goes out altogether  
and I can't quite remember the first way I saw it;  
lost like all beauty.

But knowing that to hold on  
would tarnish it all I can do  
is let it pass through and hope  
I get one last look.