

Lottie Limb

Pontius

One could not take her painting very seriously
Nor his watching from the window, impassive
Blood dries quicker than paint
But all the wide obliging sea

Nor his watching from the window, chin-heavy
Will sweep away this red refuse.
Blood dies quicker than paint
Shouts the gunshot on the lake

But the things that heaven takes,
Human things that Michael breaks
Will wash away his refuge.

As he watches from the window
For the final stroke
In Lily's masterpiece.