

Stephen Robertson

Cape Cod Morning

Almost accidental, but carefully composed:
the sky behind the trees beyond the meadow,
tall grasses glowing in the morning sun
below and to the right. And rising left
the Cape Cod house's painted clapboard side.

At centre, as if growing from the clapboards,
but grander far, a corniced window bay
in darker wood. Clear morning sunlight fills
the room we glimpse inside. A woman leans
upon a table in the window, looks
out into sunlight, over grass, towards
some distant point outside the picture frame.

What does she see? Is there something there?
Some object or event which holds her stare?
Or is it just the clarity of light, the glowing
grass and trees outside her window, warming
in the sun? Or maybe nothing—maybe she
is pensive, dreaming, lost in reverie.

And the artist who is showing us the scene
—does *he* know what it is she sees? The frame
he chose has cut us off from looking at
the focus of her gaze: does he not want
to tell?

This painting has a private life.