

Motherwell's *Sepia Elegy* /  
Museum of Modern Art 1.4.88

Nothing is ever decided. He looks at her  
in the morning light where the hunger, the movement

is unmistakable, the bend of her hip and leg  
when she sits - that joining

reminds him of  
the corner of her eye

when she smiles - and this coming together  
happens only in light, how it scatters

over the small rolls and ruts  
of skin. In its power to make visible

the light will always be there, just as the skin  
perishes

yet it's the skin  
the soft skin

makes the light beautiful. He loves  
the thought of it this way, this

touch of skin: what  
he so remarkably sees becomes

the idea of warmth, light, this place  
where he is, nothing beyond it. Here,

she says. He  
and she after

all there's lov  
of the cheek

his hair. Stro  
crossing so.

she says. He here  
and she after all here. These any two things. After

all there's love, caress of flesh, touch  
of the cheek warm as light. Her hair

his hair. Strokes of the brush  
crossing so.