

THE PAINTERS

Today I know the passion of the painters: when
light pours through open windows onto roses in a cool
enameled vase, when air hints of varnish from a warm sun-

washed, walnut end table, and a blue radiance softens these
floating, white curtains. Today I could almost live
without words, let this fine weather lead to a

bright chaos of studio clutter: brilliant
greens, vermilions, ochers, squeezed from tubes,
odors of linseed oil and turpentine, new canvases stretched

and primed for all intensities of color. There, apply my
own light, wet and thick from a lavish palette.
Taste this sweet, salty, palpable world

of surfaces, the promiscuous tongues
of my brushes spelling "yes" over everything.

Richard Pflum