

NOAH ZACHARIN

WHAT THEN OF ART

from where
the oils, how much
from the eye, how much
from the spleen under saturn's sway
squeezing out a melancholy bile?
and what of the heart, what of the heart?
not a dancer, I marvel
at how pure an art can be.
in grains of silver, sepia
blooms an elegant and formal pose.
a cramped arm hoists a 459 page albatross.
vintner blows on a clutch of his favoured cultivar
before sending them all off to the ferment.
I personally have played
many notes and sent them
ghosting away, hastening the sunset. how my hands
ache now for the art, my senses thinly fed
like a patient in palliative
given nothing but electrolytes and brahms.
in the pond,
life proceeds: the peepers
newly thawed,
insist on it.
the western sky
rejects similes like

bloody rags, flayed torsos, orange skirt
of *the one* seen only once and then
seen every day after
until kaddish and a weighted blanket of dirt.
what then of the art
under a firmament so dark one would expect
no moon to show and no sun
ever to rise again.
where is the art in that?
fist to the temple,
black throb at the heart
of a lofty rothko.
here:
its one or two
stars
might be stars.
might equally be
nothing
but moments
of inattention,
simple
mistakes.