

It is a miracle that anything ever happens to anyone—
except for you—
never letting an opportunity pass you by.

“Oh, I don’t know... words, pictures—”

You turn your head to meet my question;
a car outside idles, waiting, with the radio turned up.

“You go first.”

You pull the jar of brushes, pens, pencils
from the center of the table, where it
sat, in lieu of flowers—

“There’s some paint over there, on the desk.”

I dip the brush and make a mark—
red:
bold, I am thinking; an auspicious, audacious assertion

Beginning—

It feels like music, almost:
my hand, the brush
moving along the paper.

“Wonderful!” you say, and with an oil crayon (yellow-green)
write
into the space of my just-now red melody:

I can’t stand the way she looks at me.

and then, perhaps by way of explanation:

Joan Crawford

And there we are:
brushes, paints, pens, paper
words and pictures
together.