

Jeanne Shannon

At the Horizon Line

world suffused with mystery and light

shimmer breaks through
the scrim of what seems to be

we tremble
on the cusp of the seen and unseen

shapes change and vanish, reappear:
waves in a white sea

the past with its shadows
its carnival dreams

what is certain?

what is only
the ghost-smoke
of our heart's longing?

Evening

(After reading Borges on a morning in late summer)

In the distant seasons of his childhood, the days and nights were full of splendors. They shine now in his memory like flowering gardens.

Time moved more slowly then. Winters were endless. But after all, the Equinox came, under a wayfaring moon. The earth began to smell of spring, of willows with their first faint yellow-green. Frogs stirred and sang.

Remembering now, he thinks his life resembles a fugue and falling away, like fading notes from a guitar, strumming endlessly.

It is the time of evening when the earth seems on the verge of saying something in a language he cannot understand. Untranslatable music.

He has tried to imagine a world without memory, without time. A language without nouns. Full of adjectives that cannot be declined.

As the years pass, the burden of memory grows. Who could bear to remember it *all*?

Once he had hoped that the mystery of time might be revealed. Unanimous days that tangle and untangle. Will he find again the squandered hours?

His life, how fragile and how wondrous.

A river radiant with golden fish. A cane field in the early dusk. Smoke rings around the moon, foretelling rain.

In his dreams, blue tigers pacing on a long veranda. The gardens of hundred-gated Thebes.

At the end of time, he dares to think, all things will return to where they were. Burned books will be restored. The woman who loved him will come back.

At 5 o'clock on no particular afternoon.

In the Studio

Artist at the Computer

swirling lines and geometries paisley designs never-before-published images of Marilyn Monroe floral vector motifs stylized women against repeatable backgrounds *skew, shear, twist, and scale: vector images remain crisp and clear* look out the window and see Greek yarrow and moonbeam coreopsis remember too the red flowers of the chocolate vine when it rains watch wide agave leaves funnel rainwater to the roots

Artist at the Easel

abstract relationships of light and dark color, value and edge where reeds meet the water taller reeds on the left side accentuate the feeling of distance but what is the light's prevailing temperature take care that edges are not overly clarified additions of dusty violet-gray to thread sections together white and yellow wildflowers where the eye could linger final notes of texture

Shimmer

I saw a woman standing in the air
What will you do if
above St. Cuthbert Street
you don't have any cloudberryes?

and morning was in the light

and sorrow-weed
and hanging gardens

O, come with me to Sumer, Akkad
What will you do if
you fall asleep
We will recite the calculus of stars
and find yourself in Babylon?

It is a sound like purple smoke