

MEDITATION ON YOUR PAINTERLY MIND

for Tamara Fakhoury

Last night, watching you gaze at fireworks,
I wondered at the canvas in your mind—
whether you saw Kandinsky in the sky,
and if your thoughts were painted red or blue,
or orange, feathered in cascading hues.

But most of all, I thought of you as a child,
tossed about, torn from your home—
which you've seen in rubble, rebuilt, reborn,
in all its struggle.

Yet through it all, your mind saw color,
saw flabby bodies dancing in a stream,
the musing spirits of an abstract dream.

Your imagination is wider than the world itself,
and sometimes I like to believe
I can glimpse the sky through your radiant eye.