

Crystalline

In Breath,
Out Breath.

Life opens
and reveals a crystalline form.
It has no end
It has no boundary
Yet I hold it as a finite space.
A glimpse into the infinite perhaps.

A house, roof removed,
becomes a garden
And the walls vanish
The Garden Floats in the Clouds.

There are many colors
All colors are clean
Each color is a self
No color is mixed with another
But each color reflects in the others.

There are thin strands
Like glass
Or silk
or a spiders web made three dimensional.

For the first time I can hold this form
I stretch out my arms
to cradle it
Define it in the air
Make definition to the undefinable.

A crystalline rainbow infinity.
It is vast
It is lonely
It does not fit another like a Lego block should.
It is graceful
Yet it has no poise
It invites me in

will I be the only one there?

This poem mysteriously reflects on my art practice as a whole, and hints at the formless world the reflection on which inspires me to paint. I wrote it in the spring of 2015, after a series of struggles and triumphs in my New York studio.