

CAROL ANN DAVIS
Eva Hesse #1 (Blank as Faces)

Where smoke comes out of chimneys where girls walk holding
such places still exist but not like that not like they did in Hamburg
where innocent smoke comes out of chimneys innocent and it's
but coats are routinely mended one's mother mends them
the story goes even in Washington Heights she made gloves
and Eva her charcoal *from an early age* as if by drawing to *return remake*
what remains out of reach *it was a sad farewell*
in Altona where the girls walk sans *opa!* note the elevated train
the neighborhood passes quickly the way the world changes
Evchen fast by your window the trees thicken fast by your sister's side
the both of you on it without parents one house its chimney going
or are those windows out— *they're gone from here*
their fathers' hands
along the Isestrasse
unseasonably cool
was good with her hands
he with his camera
as a child makes real
at the railway station
note well-to-do
though not yet three
how strange a train
the next is it lived in
the landscape shifting

yet to be crossed waters reunions wended through with word of drowned & saved
the quick learning of relative terms Mother mending stockings until— and these are the rough
the difficult patches to onlookers the stuff of preamble but that's
the *after* telling what has to do with *before* a layering of paint polymer resin ropes
a smattering of the beautiful over what stays cloaked stays mysterious
it's all right if no god explains or a limited understanding elides knowledge spatial
sensory inherent invisible as a child inside a train slides away
vulgarity and violence a threat of wings left center right children know it
blank as faces children warn they point or cower and are right to do so