

**One Significant Landscape #2**

In this, Cézanne as always  
pulls the eye to the heart  
of verdant hills and orange slate  
slopes of houses, square shades  
tongued by brush.

Something red draws here, in the blue  
formal middle of our lives.  
We know the midpoint  
of the eye, the oracular optic disk, is a locus

of insight without sight. For the hill,  
those figures, that story,  
this love, are  
only sometimes as substantial  
as the image. Appleyness

supplants apples, and slips  
from the frame. The slope  
slides to wrinkle, the mind to weight.