LISA BEECH HARTZ

*Number 15, Jackson Pollock, 1948*

—enamel on paper, 22 ¼ x 30 ½ inches

Lacquer-black background. Floating heart-knot center. Yellow wings or fingers?

The white phosphorus trail pulsing as it bleeds into the abyss. Pollock wrought this as the days grew shorter and shorter and he drank more and more. Is it the darkness he dreads or the light’s absence? Is that blue a kiss? This radiance won’t linger. Pass into dusk. I’ve been thinking about sacrifice, Lee Krasner. Yours. What you would have called investment.

All the small economies. All the do-without and the crash-waiting. Everything you know about love contained in a quiet afternoon mid-autumn and no coal. He in his barn imploding. You mosaic in a back room. Arrange found, fragmented things.

Shell, glass, key, coin. Listen for his return. You see the progress in increments. Tessera, ephemera. The rain, patient, falls steadily. Washes the blazing leaves to the creek and away.