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Exhibition

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EXHIBITION (FOR EMILY)

I run my palm over the stone,
carved and cold, and am touching your soft
breast.

I brush against a stack of canvasses
sheathed in burlap and am smoothing your
fine, silky hair.

A worker curses his task and your soft voice,
singing,
reaches my ears.

Walking into the exhibit hall I glimpse the dull
light

and we are lying together in the sun.

Pacing the marble floor we roll, laughing,
on a blanket of orange autumn.

Fixing frames on the white wall I caress your
cheek.

Amidst critics

and sycophants, my opening is arms and
my reception is of you

and as I open my eyes to chipped rock and
splattered color

cold, hard, angular, modern,

I see you

warm,

soft,

supple,

timeless,

beautiful.

C. Bradley Jacobs