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# After Reflecting Upon Dalí's The Ghost of Vermeer

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# After Reflecting Upon Dalí's *The Ghost of Vermeer*

My good chap, sit down and listen  
we've gotten it all wrong. It's staring  
that we simply must get back to.  
Take a knee with me and gaze across  
dusty sandstone streets and over ancient  
clay walls that show the need for re-mortar.  
Have a drink of absinthe, I have the bottle  
balanced on my table leg. My foot walks  
away — let it, I am content.

We have grown boring for want of wives  
and toothbrushes. Its not that we don't  
need new lovers, but that we should stop  
counting. We forget those we  
smell sweet, taste wet, love well.  
Our cut must be long, flat, deep.

Why shouldn't every woman be like  
expected flowers. A real delusion?  
Let mandolins play under moonlight  
without embarrassment or scoff,  
my cane will keep me on the ground  
despite my lack of feet.

*By Terry Smith*