

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.