



Upstairs in the Artist's Studio by John Wilde

Wilde – Upstairs

This house feels like a mile
I am welcome in it, yet estranged.
It's a vague clarity
I see you

all. The layers are open
I'm in the midst of a mint green
cake. The top frosting
is so far beyond me, verdant.

The woman adjacent to me
is she a mother, a sister?
She's pulling up a stocking
it's amusing to her

frustrating too
and she is at peace.

Her shoes recall ballet slippers
is it a dream or a profession?
Or just a mistake of the beholder?

I'd ask the painter
but he too has been painted
in the mid background.
(Did he see himself? Or are the eyes
from another?)
either way
we're strangers.

He waits for me to
piece together his life's story.
Above him,

fruits of his labor
tacked onto the walls like
a 2-D tree
below him,

an excavated apple, an overturned pipe
behind him,

remnants of childhood,
blocks and a doll
ahead of him,

The child in the midst

of blue.

(he's playing with the pieces

of his present).

Around him,

three generations at work.

(I see it all

flat compact

on canvas

and

I wonder

I wonder

what he has

to show me?)