

## The Art Gallery

Something brighter lives here  
than the granite light  
sparrowing in the arches—  
a cathedraled order like a mind's  
envisioning of itself.

The air in the vaulted cobalt walls  
hangs sterilely, as if  
a gurney were always just  
disappearing around the corners  
of the sloped causeways

aqueduct to dust to blue to how  
solid the silence of winter  
sky lathes down the halls'  
white mortar of stone.  
For every open door

another forty are closed,  
sealed panels starch  
as archivist's gloves  
where you're certain  
*The Bureau Against Imagination*

is busy with tin tools scratching  
illuminations of night  
into vials to be locked away  
in drawers. Imagination grows  
oranges bright as these lights

entreating us to grow  
or else fall into a place like this  
cloister at the gallery's end  
where a gnarled tree warden  
a single gaunt plum.

It looks like the bronze spider  
on the terrace crawled  
sunk its fangs in the walls  
torn as we are between  
a painting of a sun in waves

and a drill-faced torso drilling  
frantically at the blue dusted  
dark until the moon slows  
and the trees walk their seeds  
through the broken windows.