“Turban”

Sometimes, in the Brueghel paintings, the children who are skating
hold perfectly
Still for a moment; I could have counted them there, if I wanted to.
Or a boy
Has just fallen out of the sky, & no matter how hard the water is
the splash

On the canvas is always silent, & can only grow more so. And the
water rising
For centuries around the boy is famous only for the little silence it
displays.
The way the paint is cracked slightly on the canvas is meant to
remind you

That this is, after all, only a painting. In which Brueghel has
destroyed time.
And Rembrandt, smiling at this, still has to put his house up for
sale before
He can paint another self-portrait. This time he is St. Paul with a
wry turban

On his head! There is a kind of forgiveness in it all. He looks as if
he is
About to smile, but he does not, & then after a few moments it
looks as if
He will never smile again. The turban is the dirty white of a
popular beach.

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