STEALERS KEEPERS --For Monet

You stole the country colors, the aubergine, the muted mauve and viridian, and confined them on canvas to defy death.

You confiscated shade and shadow, took the running secret light and held it.

Making love to waterlilies haystacks

mists

stroking them, streaking them with exultation, you fused them to a palimpsest of knowing.

Beautiful thief, taking what you wanted at its richest moment, you robbed time of its teeth.

誰偷誰得

一一給莫奈

你偷竊鄉村的色彩, 茄紫,淡紫 以及青綠,把它們囚于 畫布內以抵禦死亡。

你沒收陰影, 掠走流動的秘光 把它扣住。

同睡蓮

乾草垛

薄霧做愛 撫摸它們,刻畫它們 以狂喜,你把它們溶入 一張多層次的知的覆書。

美的竊賊, 取你所要的 在它的巔峰, 你搶走時間的利齒。