

Lee Krasner Paints "Birth"

"Painting is no problem; the problem is what to do when you're not painting." – Jackson Pollock

I could stand a drink, a real drink.
To free my paint a little more,
I'll fog my brain so I need not think.

The square is round, the sky spilled black ink
In the undone painting on the floor.
I could use a drink, a real drink.

Here, perhaps, the unborn child should blink,
Should glisten, undulate, breathe in – or
I should fog my brain so I can't think.

I'll paint her eyes in a deep, dark pink
Curl her square hips like a low, red roar.
God, I need a drink, a real strong drink.

When I'm done, with a small soft clink,
I'll drop my paintbrush to the hard floor,
And fog my brain so I need not think.

But for now I'm content just to link
Her with canvas; here she conveys more.
I could stand a drink, a real drink,
To fog my brain so I can't think.

First Place
Senior Poetry
Sarah- Jane Huskey