

BRAQUE

FRANCIS BLESSINGTON

He flattened the earth to his tablecloth,
more Mercator, more order,
masonry mere geometry,
something stronger pressed his will.
He didn't make a mistake for
He didn't yet know what he was making.
But the eternal over the perpetual:
his horse is iron, his fish stone.
The crushed violin plays again.
The glue is poetry. He brought
birds, air, light, churches.