



Edward Hopper, *Evening Wind* (1921)

CYNDI MACMILLAN

VIOLATION

After Evening Wind by Edward Hopper

See: the boudoir/chicken-coop;
a dwarfed door to nowhere; walls hatched

by drudgery; these mounds—
motherhood's underbelly, an earthy sex;

the blank window, no view, no landscape
to lease; only sheers finding relief,

since the breeze fails to move a single
strand of my dark curtain; this face, tenaciously

veiled; a bed which gives; knees that have taken
everything; a balled sheet, too composed,

hounds a restlessness as coiled as daybreak—
its sketchy hunger nosing this soft fist.