Wet Season

By Emily Hasler

“Pictures of nothing, all alike.” Hazlitt on Turner

The world is like nothing we have ever seen,
the catastrophe of the morning’s rain
hangs in the air and will not be drawn out. Yet, light.

On the horizon that has forgotten itself
and the water that refuses to own its depth
there is light.

A lone crawler toward light –
his back like a beacon on the road – that frog
that refused to budge, like light through eyelids
he sat in your mind, crawled into the space
behind your smile and sketched himself beyond your eyes.
We speak pictures of nothing in silence, quite unalike.

And the rain falls on. Scrape, blot, wipe wet paint,

draw over. Nothing can be undone, draw over, paint on
until the canvas turns in on itself and is pierced
by a hole, a flame, a lake.