

Woman with Seascape

by Marguerite Bouvard

She pauses among the rocks
where lava strides
into the Pacific with its slates and rusts,

so deep hues, the coral glows
like candles at high mass. She knows
that lingering by the ocean

on a cloudy evening is to rejoice
when a wind opens
the thick bolts, letting

a gleam of yellow script pierce
her heart, is to be ready
for astonishment, feeling her whole body

thrum. She knows that after the shouts
of reds, purples and orange
rise the quiet

drawn out strains of our passage
when the grays flow
through her, changing their lights

as velvet or watered silk does,
with gradations for every note
on the scale of feeling.