

# Green

by Marion Kaplun Shapiro

On this August almost September day green  
 comes misting through the window, medley  
 of leaves, grass, stalks of flowers, weeds. Green.  
 The painter chooses carefully. She tempers  
 the translations from her eyes to canvas, choosing  
 white, blending blues and grays, a dab of ochre.  
 Making green. Emerald. Sea-glass  
 and peridot. Loden. Kelly. Flavors of apple  
 and avocado. Celery. Cucumber,  
 olive, pea, pistachio. Lime. Brazen  
 peppermint. Her brushes vibrate with chartreuse.  
 The mysterious jade. They conduct the rhythms  
 of the dance of differences, of last chance  
 summer lovesongs in choruses of crickets.  
*C#! C#!* Hurry, hurry! Autumn  
 is almost here. Christmas is round the bend.  
 Catch us while you can.