

## Illegitimately Trained

*after the painting by Anna Lee Hafer*

The cotton balls are real and the paint. The questions are real and the light. The small and faraway looms as large as the not-now but-once real yellow-orange-blue sunset or sunrise populated by not clouds but smoke, not puffs, but cotton. The cotton balls are real and the lines travel someplace across landscapes you've been to in real time or before time or now. Never mind. The bright lines of light shine insight, pool the eyes with swirl that obstructs the tracks traveled once-upon-a-time to someplace not dream. Right? At least you'll agree, the cotton balls are real and the paint. The questions are real and the light. And someone you and not-yet opened the view to time moving while you and not-you waited on a small painted chair and agreed the cotton balls are real and the paint; the lines line-up to something purchased at Rite-Aid and Lowe's before the artist pulled out of an open bag, pried out of a sealed can: a train, the tracks, a sky, smoke, you. Really. Come see. The cotton balls are real and the paint.

—Marjorie Maddox



Anna Lee Hafer, *Illegitimately Trained*