



Edward Mitchell Bannister, Streamside, 1870

Suspended Landscape

The painting I hang
on the dining room wall
is forest and swamp
tinged with blue dawn
misted up with tears.

When I saw the painting
at the gallery
my heart stuttered, my
stomach clenched.
A part of my inner
landscape on the wall.

I buy it to hold on to a place
where I no longer live.
The painter tells me
she'd buy it back anytime.
I say, I'll take good care.
We hug our sadness.

I cling to something no longer mine
alarmed at how lonelier I would feel
if the landscape itself disappeared.

I no longer drive there.
My house, razed from the ridge
but a pond in the forest,
poked with gray claws
of dead trees, a watering
hole for deer and frogs
now that view is suspended
on my wall.

—Marie-Andrée Auclair

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