



Wendy Harris, *Winter's Last Blush*

## MOMENTS OF COLOR AND CLOUD for Wendy Harris

She is closing her studio,  
removing the paintings from the walls,  
adjusting to the reality of Cognitive Decline,  
a moniker she wears now  
the way she has worn Artist for forty years.

Her canvases shimmer with light and shadow,  
the dew-drenched radiance  
of an Adirondack lake at dawn,  
a two-lane highway unfurling  
between fields of new-mown hay,  
a pillar of sun piercing the blue  
and crimson clouds of twilight.

She is a curator of moments.  
Moments of blessing, moments of pain.  
Moments that beg to be recalled,  
and moments that, once lost,  
will never be missed.

These are not paintings.  
These are moments of color and cloud.  
These are the ineffable  
rendered into the timeless.  
These are what unforgettable looks like.

Do not paint her in shades of decline.  
Lost keys, irretrievable passwords,  
a pot left too long on the stove,  
a face untethered from a name.  
An inventory of evidence  
that verifies the diagnosis.  
But a diagnosis is not an identity.

She is not a portrait of decline.  
She is a landscape in transition  
picking up a new brush,  
capturing a new moment,  
and another, and another.

She is an alchemist who has spent her life  
transforming paint into gold.  
Now she faces a new canvas on which  
she will transform loss into discovery.

—Gloria Heffernan