



The Color after Sorrow

I let brushes overpaint memory
in a single coat while I wear penitence

like a scarf. Nothing comes after sorrow.
I am eager to move on, content

and unhappy, dressed in this jumble
of crimson and white. A single box of paints

stands open to me now, the complicated art
of being left asks to be drawn, the carmine

rapture of having loved brushed against
white spaces filled with
sorrow. How could I

not have known how long it would last
or the depth of darkness after twilight?

—Susan Carroll Jewell

Luigi Busi (1838-1884), *Painter in Front of the Easel*