



IN TIME

A windowed prospect  
filled rustling  
with green sycamore  
leaves, *platanes*, the  
water's steady plosch,  
birds darting squeaking  
by and sky, from the other  
window wide  
and white above  
pines like an ocean.  
Existence made tangible,  
this element of motion  
of leaves stirring in  
wind like  
a sleeper who moves  
slightly, turns,  
blissfully aware  
he is sleeping.

Joan Mitchell, *Poems*, 1992  
19 x 14 in. (48.3 x 35.6 cm)  
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