Stephen Robertson

Cape Cod Morning

Almost accidental, but carefully composed: the sky behind the trees beyond the meadow, tall grasses glowing in the morning sun below and to the right. And rising left the Cape Cod house's painted clapboard side.

At centre, as if growing from the clapboards, but grander far, a corniced window bay in darker wood. Clear morning sunlight fills the room we glimpse inside. A woman leans upon a table in the window, looks out into sunlight, over grass, towards some distant point outside the picture frame.

What does she see? Is there something there? Some object or event which holds her stare? Or is it just the clarity of light, the glowing grass and trees outside her window, warming in the sun? Or maybe nothing—maybe she is pensive, dreaming, lost in reverie.

And the artist who is showing us the scene—does *he* know what it is she sees? The frame he chose has cut us off from looking at the focus of her gaze: does he not want to tell?

This painting has a private life.

This poem is reprinted from Slanting Lines, the website of the poems of Stephen Robertson, at https://www.slacktide.site/slanting_lines/