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Beyond Painting

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BEYOND PAINTING

There are those things which I have already seen many times, and which others likewise tell me they have seen; things I can recognize whether or not they matter to me—a glass of wine, an eager hand, a cloud. Then there are those things I have only rarely seen and have not always chosen to forget—some very beautiful women crossing a river and crying; a shadow entering by the door. There are also those things which others say they have seen, and which they can or cannot make me see by suggestion—the bird of day, the mouth around which the earth turns, the heart of a tree, the habits of leaves, the eyes of a flower. Finally there are those things I see differently from everyone else, and those things which I am beginning to see but are not visible in broad daylight with eyes open or closed—the person who has died and whose place I am to take; all that separates us from what we love.