THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 6 | 1997

Art Susan Holahan

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress) for the Providence College Digital Commons. http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/

Susan Holahan

ART

Her children knew Home was where you could find a good banana. Once, her kitchen reeked of Caring. Anymore she didn't want much food, so as for cooking for herself she just didn't. Her private art: staying thin. The honest voice: her growling stomach. From the kitchen table, vision. And it was still sexy, the way a slice of Lappi flopped, wavered, wobbled, like a slice of Velveeta. Who knew in grade school that Velveeta color, since it wasn't real, couldn't be good. In grade school whole milk looked gross as it tasted against the blue of skim. Why remember times she'd pick a bottle from a refrigerator and watch her fingers go gray-green with cold. Now she doesn't drink anything without a straw unless she's willing to wear it. Her public art: still life. It's Food. It's Home. What she wants in a painting: the rinsed milk carton that holds wet garbage under the kitchen sink; the laundry sink where the dishes from daycare lunch get washed. Terracotta tomb figures, themselves substitutes for real wives and chickens, were replaced after the ninth century by paintings on paper which was burnt with the corpse.