

Quartz Mountain Modern Art Exhibit

—Jason Poudrier

As you admired
a picture of a seed-pod
on a pillow-case, evident only
by the work's title,
I wondered about you,
commenting on its aesthetics:
color, shade, motif, motion,
how it looks like a viper
about to strike,

But who could fail to see,
in the next snapped shot,
deep in the grains of the wood
the swirling creases
of a whale's arching brow
over and under the knot
creating a whale's eye,
peering into some ancient
Ocean.

How could I not stand there
and keep watching
as the driftwood whale
swam through the oceanic grains,
devouring through turned-banister, baleen plates:
krill, plankton, and smaller wooden fish,

from my grandpa's first fishing kit,
made for pastures and dry summers?

And who could fail to relate to
the barnacles' confusion,
who think they are attached
to a ship, then realize it's a whale
then both, but it's too late,
attached for life like me to this picture,
this black-and-white still
of a piece of driftwood.