

DIANE GIARDI*IN THE STUDIO*

Intent and accident
 toy with each other,
 sometimes keeping their distance-ice cold chill,
 turn your back
 they're flirting-hot and dangerous.
 This week I'm convinced they're good for each other,
 sobering, balancing, vital truth of transience.
 Last week I cried I would forever keep them apart.
 Impossible fancy.
 One and the same,
 they are married.
 Water and sand—sometimes flowing,
 tonight damned.
 By morning a pool forms.
 A small fish is swimming.

JO GOING*LANDSCAPE PAINTING WITH MITTENS ON*

I could freeze to death,
 found years later,
 a solid ice block—
 painter, paint, and paper.

The paint tubes crack,
 the water freezes,
 and mittened hands
 are a tundra clown act.

The good part—
 you can't dawdle for hours,
 slouched over the small self,
 scratching, muddletating,

for the brush must
 cross ten thousand miles
 in one sure stroke . . .
 or the paper frosts.

This far North,
 where land is the measure
 of what to grow into,
 landscape painting

with mittens on,
 an acquired technique
 not taught in art school,
 is one's own measure.