

# Poets

Meena Alexander  
Judith Arcana  
Jason Guriel

Steven Heighton  
Ray Hsu  
Tanis MacDonald

Yvonne Murphy  
Alicia Ostriker  
Russell Thornton

Priscila Uppal  
Mark Yakich

Judith Arcana

“Musée des Beaux Arts” further west/later on  
*-after Auden/in Portland/for David*

About the dawning sun he was mostly right,  
the struggling artist: how well he understood  
its morning position; how it fills and then empties  
his windows while people downstairs eat their breakfast;  
How, when it moves over walls like impossible paint  
filmmakers wait with their cameras, extras will need to be told  
children watch while dogs are oblivious to its faint  
slide over the early river, trees, occasional nests:  
He never forgot  
it rides the highway, splashing mirrors, side and rearview  
before shadows appear, multiplying the delicacy of wires  
crossing visible air, confusing and attracting birds who flex their scaly feet  
folding their wings to stop and balance.

With pears, for instance: how it turns table edge into horizon  
near and far for a stage, or ice on a frozen pond;  
how Bosc skin is dense with it, Bartlett luminescent;  
how figs can swallow it whole;  
tiny squash pirouette lit while broken eggs  
hold bits of sky small in their shells; whole eggs  
may be lonely, reflecting pink, pale yellow and grey  
celadon, mauve and the complicated white.