

Jamie Ross

## Intimate Physics, Infinite Hand

Gathered in the daybreak room  
beside my easel, Ruth,  
her constant scarf wrapped blue  
down over her temples, Rosendo  
brawny, one by one  
holding up the bright-hued  
pictures. Talking here all  
three of us, Ruth now  
without cigarettes, about perception  
as a dream, how colors  
transform fields of vision,  
and the think tanks  
that he works for. A thing is not  
an entity, just two or three  
dimensions, not temporal at all;  
but seen as we define it, or  
explore it as an *opening*—A thing  
will *blossom* says Rosendo  
beaming as he shifts each painted  
monotype to catch the filtered light  
that softly pours its Mexico  
from the outer window, over  
pink geranium, bougainvillea,  
buildings steeped with vines and  
brilliant lemon, avocado buses  
spouting plumes of diesel. A distant  
*campesino* cuts brush with a machete:  
sharp, swift, deft, exact—the way  
a surgeon Ruth's known well  
clears cancer with his art.  
On a naked rooftop, two lovers  
practice theirs: *Body, body*—a  
yearning thing within itself, deep  
as it can saturate, vast as it can  
wash you—the sky, its palm  
fronds, blush hydrangea  
climbing into mist. Ruth  
tightens her scarf, talks of her new  
sculpture. She makes it, she says  
to *explain*. Rosendo, I, our spread-  
arm urgent fingers, point the *world*,  
*reshaping, possible*—the one  
we now are entering. Ruth  
grins, pushes up her breasts, like  
sun-drenched tangerines. And  
cups them, to her men. As if  
they were there.