

Nuptial

My art is like the mirror in the hand
of Utamaro's shaded-blue lady;
it marries an angle of seeing
to an illusion of being.

Each line is a clear strand brushed
up from the nape of the mind and pinned
before the placing of the veil:
art is my wedding veil.

My art is also craft.
To show my love, I conceal it,
flesh bone with articulate light,
heighten detail between folds of shadow.

Now I hold the white sheet
bound with words.
It is even more perfect than a veil,
a contract subtler than a given name.

By Kathleen Moore