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Rauschenberg Painting Iris Clért

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Rauschenberg Painting Iris Clért

This is a Portrait of Iris Clért if I say so.

-Robert Rauschenberg

Do not start; rather look up
past assorted paints, pestle,
rolls of canvas, a still wet nude
on the wall. Look up
out the window in the corner-
brick of beam and leaves.
Remember, a bluebird
flew into it this morning, thud
and feather burst. Comical
and still, the form lights
against the ground, its spinal cord
align inverse. The universe
must look like this sometimes:
independent figures colliding
with dust. Hope and chance
turn a star. *I say do not start.*
Gaze chaos, assorted colors,
the impression of a sunset.
Here is a sunset, here.
You cannot find it anywhere
else. Shade your eyes. Firm
parts of speech: a verb, antecedent
to daylight. Everything here predates
us. All else is shadow or bones
rolled against a wall. And the world
shallows its descent into a gap,
an unknown star system, a secret
whispered into the dark. A woman
you have yet to conceive
floats against this grain.
You will find her somewhere.
She is a beautiful poem.

Jeremy Heartberg, '06