

DETAILS

For a summer, I was a painter,
By which I mean I bought acrylics
And starter pack of brushes
And some 12x16 canvases
And I started looking.
Details, I thought, were the essential bit--
The way O'Keefe saw curved canyon walls
Or Hopper, afternoon New England sunlight.
So that month I went hunting for details,
And I found dusk's blazing gold
around green leaves' toothed edges,
I found staircases of scarlet
Dimming away from a city's skyline sunset.
But most important, I found everyone
Suddenly beautiful.
I was overwhelmed, then, by beauty.
As I came to every face with a hunger
For its details,
Every face became urgent and intimate.
I almost ached, that month,
Out of the love.