

THE VEIL

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All too soon, one must look to the surface—

and among surfaces—for a continuum residing in layers.
Recesses of color coalesce on the canvas,
all former matter of details leaking through—

until I see figuration
(residual) pressing forward between the few
vertical lines—

transparent or dense, I think the idyllic pools
at the peripheries of the veil—itself the very form of *tending*
toward—(here the blue arriving at weightiness,
the red at delayed fluidity.)

Assuming the white border
somewhere into my sight (keep it visible, the fabric stretched, mobile)
I see, meanwhile, that color
has been spreading, all this time (as intended)
to its possible edges—