

SCULLING

Leslie J. Madsen

When Stacy saw The Lady of Shalott,
she tried convincing me that Waterhouse
was a pale, wild-haired man who weekly bought
a half-hour of TV, and then caroused
before the canvas—who said, “Above all
else, painting should be fun!” My sister traced
the lines, miming dress, boat, trees, adding fall’s
dull colors where appropriate: debased
sad oranges, ochre, umber. I read from
Tennyson; she listened, then became
the swift artist, rendering the solemn
beige Christ, the candle’s horizontal flame.
But while pretending to brush in the shore,
She gave the lady biceps, and some oars.