

THE RENDITION

Suzanne Buffam

Outside the perfect solitude
in which her child sleeps
as though he were not born,

a woman leans
her cheek against the open
of her palm.

The sunlit curtain's
satin, drawn.
Another early autumn

presses hotly at the glass.
Her eyes, down-cast, half-
closed against the impulse

to look up, to look
away, are focused
on his face.

It is completely closed.
Behind the easel, History
takes up her brush.

She adds a little color to the cheeks.