

Five Poems · *Linda Gregg*

PICTURES OF MARRIAGE

I

It is the way Arnolfini holds his wife's hand
that helps me. His under hers.
It's not the fancy bed nor them facing us.
I am in love with their simply being together,
even so formally. Human even so.
The dance-like way they hold still.
As if she might lower her hand from her belly
and lift the skirt a little, and their feet
begin to step in the nice music of that time.

II

The potato-eaters move according to their absence
of music. They sit so close around the table
it's as if the hands could be exchanged.
The man's for the woman's, the boy's for the mother's.
Any of them for the tree outside.
The gnarled one with limbs cut back so often
it seems to have wanted to hold more than it can.
The same way, somehow, that Van Gogh does not turn
from what is turned from. Not even
from those in the dim light who fold into each other,
into what they dig up to eat. Into that marriage.