

## Three Poems · *Joseph Duemer*

### SCULPTURE GARDEN

Crows break up the afternoon.  
Their laughter is complete.  
What do I care about?  
I knew she would be my wife  
when she ran her fingernail  
along my arm as the orchestra  
was beginning some slow  
Mozart. The stars poured down  
a parsimonious trembling  
light, and we kissed leaning  
against a mother and child  
by Henry Moore, near a bird  
by Calder, and a stainless tree  
by David Smith. Who says  
that art is dead? He must  
answer to the muse's hardest  
kiss. Let there be light.  
The laughter of crows is  
only a figure, a kind of  
writing against this summer  
sky, but it is convincing,  
and as lovely as my wife's  
breasts, which touched me  
for the first time after  
we were both bathed in Mozart.  
Let there be dark.