

## The Sleeping · Lynn Emanuel

I have imagined all this:  
in 1940 my parents were in love  
and living in the loft on West 10th  
above Mark Rothko who painted cabbage roses  
on their bedroom walls the night they got married.

I can guess why he did it.  
My mother's hair was the color of yellow apples  
and she wore a black velvet hat with her pajamas.

I was not born yet. I was remote as starlight.  
It is hard for me to imagine that  
my parents made love in a roomful of roses  
and I wasn't there.

But now I am. My mother is blushing.  
This is the wonderful thing about art.  
It can bring back the dead. It can wake the sleeping  
as it might have late that night  
when my father and mother made love above Rothko  
who lay in the dark thinking *Roses, Roses, Roses.*