

LISA BEECH HARTZ

The Museum of Modern Art,

Inaugural Exhibition,
730 Fifth Avenue,
New York City, 1929

The M4 slakes straight down Fifth,
carrying Kitty and Eda and Estee

and Ilya and Boris and Igor and you,
Lee Krasner. All pilgrims late

of other shores. Shtetls of Russia, oblasts
of Ukraine, outer boroughs of New York.

This morning after rain, the clouds,
seraphic, set aglow every hue and shade.

A child's ruby boot. A woman obscured
by silvered fur. A flyspeck, fog-white dog.

The trees lean yellow to taupe. Sidewalks
sheened and glassy. To the east, so many

mirroring windows. To the west, the park,
infinite, uncharted, guarded by the fortress

Metropolitan. No one speaks. Squeak
of seats and worn brakes. Scent

of tobacco on wool. Echo of exhaust
and French scent. Grumble-sway of stops

and starts. At Fifty-Seventh Street you emerge
like waking. Sense of ascendance

in the lift, that strange pull. Clatter
of cage opening. A scattering as you're each

drawn in. Fresh Duco gasp-white.
Audacious Gauguin humming

tints of sand and turquoise. Seurat's
tappings vaporous, shaping and

unshaping. Deep, deliberate strokes
and excesses of Van Gogh. Cézanne's

still life anything but still. Spill
of fabric and beaming apples.

You can't think for seeing. An
unlocking; marvelous key

of pure feeling. You didn't know
you were famished til you'd eaten.

Lisa Beech Hartz directs the nonprofit Seven Cities Writers Project, which brings cost-free writing workshops to underserved communities. She currently guides flash memoir workshops at a city jail and an LGBTQ community center. Her ekphrastic collection, *The Goldfish Window*, was published by Grayson Books in 2018.

HANNA HANNAH

Topoi 1, 2019
Mixed media on mulberry paper, 20 x 16 in



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