

### Talk of the Paintings

At night the painting roll up their colors  
like ribbons and slide from their frames  
pale as 'Casablanca' visiting in the dark  
*Mon Dieu* shouts Déjeuner  
are the women getting skinny or what?  
*Ach mein freund* says Bathsheba  
they are not loved I hear them there  
is no time: business always business . . .

Monkey business if you ask me says Mona Lisa  
laughing out loud *Ciao amica*

O the paintings gossip by the fountain  
a convention of flower-loving nudists  
of rich merchants and warriors  
their vowels and consonants mounting  
in a babel of pure sound  
meaning absolutely nothing  
The museum is relaxed happy . . .  
and then the doors open:

The paintings hear our footsteps They tense  
We turn and they explode in light

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Notes: Sitting in a museum one day, I had the thought that color is a property of light at different wave lengths, so when the lights go out, the colors pack up and leave, and the paintings can relax.