

TURNER RECONSIDERED

by Luke Epplin

*A ship capsized in the dark swells of cascading waves.
Mist, cobalt clouds and cottoned fog:*

This is how it ends, isn't it?
No lakes of fire, flotsam, floating driftwood –
only water, oceans swollen with land.

It pains me to think of rising each morning
to fill canvas after canvas with this great deluge.

But maybe for you, in the twilight of your years,
blind to shadow and form, the long blue brushstrokes
of the sea rekindled journeys from a washed-away
youth: boats embarking into empty landscapes,

the storm gathering, the allure of the unknown.
Why else would yellow light peek from the distance?
For all you knew, the rain-soaked deck was safer,
somehow, than any place on earth.