

Amongst Curators

now we paint snowlessly
finally tempered by jealousies
do the blind help make
the top light in the room
disappear after years of shining

the light emblazons the roof now
right above the cut-out figures united
in countless profiles and effervescent glues

the walls choose the colours
they throw light on the display
the size of the canvas determines how high
we look, how long our gaze lingers

a cart with painted haystacks goes past
white light is shone upon it

the curators stand in a row
the captions announcing their origins