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PATIENCE WHEATLEY

Ars Longa

That painting in the dining room
the lady with inclined head
fan and gloves in her lap
tiers of ruffles rising from her
neat kid boot:

her patient eyes are typical of
everything expected of a woman
in those years
of the last century
dying.

Mother always said
that lady had been stood up, that really
she was waiting for Fred
who wasn't around to claim her
when the estate was settled.

They sold the other paintings
in Boston, but only got
a few thou' for them
"School of ..." Mother said bitterly
then moved

that lady to the sitting room
in place of a better picture
gone to pay bills. Then Mother
stumbled and was no longer sure
coughed and shrank. And we all waited.

As Fred was no where to be found
we banished that lady to the museum
where she hangs, biding her time
right where the stairs throw you into
a maze of columns and cases of silver,

a little black and white ruffled hat, like a bird
perched on her brow, smooth hair lying close
to round shining skin.
Dark eyes look out
watching,
expecting

Fred and the twenty-first century.

Patience Wheatley's poetry appears earlier in this volume.