



IN TIME

A windowed prospect
filled rustling
with green sycamore
leaves, *platanes*, the
water's steady plosch,
birds darting squeaking
by and sky, from the other
window wide
and white above
pines like an ocean.
Existence made tangible,
this element of motion
of leaves stirring in
wind like
a sleeper who moves
slightly, turns,
blissfully aware
he is sleeping.

Joan Mitchell, *Poems*, 1992
19 x 14 in. (48.3 x 35.6 cm)
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