

ELIZABETH SCHEER

The New Place

There are two color choices
for the reconverted building:
beige or black. The painter
doesn't have any other ideas.
Nearby, the piazza is leaking,
and the woman in the lobby of the complex
complains of a strange gap between the windows.
She relishes, however, the arugula flatbread
that is served in the "cellar."

Some combination of risk and sentimentality:
That's what I'm after. Imagining, then,
the new place embellished with figurines;
the idea of the farm and the idea of the table
whipped together in an airy froth.
Equally, however, the new place's atmosphere
should conjure something along the lines of childhood.
Grooved with the whole past
and covering the mind like a shag rug.

JENNA MICHEL



Indiana Bat
oil on panel