

not a single work of art
not a single artistic thing in his house.

he said i have no sense of the sublime.

i looked again and finally gave up.

he said to look in the bedroom

but nothing again

i was beginning

to think

he was the last pure puritan.

i will never forget the sardonic laugh

as he pulled the sheets

off the bed...

now look at that mattress

it looks like a pollock to me.

i have no sense of the sublime.

wf.h.

2024