Water Lily Sandwich / Avital Ttype

Monet must’ve stood there for hours
looking out at that bridge,
painting lily after lily,
slowly smearing each brush stroke
on the canvas in a meditative trance.

Or perhaps he only passed by the scene,
briskly walking on his way to the bakery,
and later that night as he fiddled
with an itchy brush,
he looked at the slimy green blob of paint
on his palette and recalled
the swampy river he saw earlier
that day
on his way
to the bakery.
He loved fresh baked baguette.
The warm softness of it returned to his tongue
and he closed his eyes in dreamy
recolletion of bread.
He began painting, thinking of its golden
crust and of tomorrow
when he would have another only
perhaps this time he wouldn’t
eat it on the way but wait to get
home and cut it
open and put a slice of ham in between
the two steaming halves, or cheese,
some of that fine brie he picked up at
the market yesterday with Margot
who laughed with little bells inside
her pouting pink mouth.

But when he finally opened his eyes,
he saw his brush trailing
slimy green on the canvas.
Sighing, he brushed the crumbs of
baguette and brie and Margot
off his mind,
and began to think of ways to use
the soiled canvas,
so that it would not go to waste.