

MARGARET DIESENDORF

PAINTING

For Arn

Like a hungry lioness your universe stares
at me — eager to pounce, but restrained by the tight
frame. The glaring mad eye (*oculus torvus*) is

one of van Gogh's immortal sunflowers. I wait
for her hour to grow ripe. About her, galaxies
in all the colours of the spectrum glow with fear

at the threatening star-storm; but deep below, some
seem to be gathering like Arthurian diners
about their round table: thus, salvation's at hand.

