

DEAR GEORGIA

NATALIE BEAUSOLEIL

Dear Georgia,
Rib and Jawbone, oil on canvas 1935

Did you arrange that rib and jawbone yourself?
Or did you stumble upon the arrangement,
left behind by creative mourning bison (no of course not,
how absurd). Did you draw only the solitary pieces?
Or did you toss your braids behind your back and snap
the ribs from carcass in the cotton candy tangerine
sunlit evening? Did you bring it home, for the sake of art of
course,
to set on your window sill? Such interesting contours
of bone marrow milk white cylinders. A worthy study.

Or was your chest pressed with grief, painting in the pastels
of memorial flowers as a ceremonial arrangement?
Mourning with the dessert, the pool-blue smashing of hues
of your pallet, used to eternalize the fragmented animal bone
cadavers. The canvas tomb of a New Mexico funeral, everlasting.

Apologies on your own death, dear.

-N.B.