

For Egon Schiele

I want to believe you loved them all, all
of your languid doll-faced models...
I see you pausing to caress
the sharp angles of the undressed
form of this one every now and then
to bring out that melancholy smile
on her cadmium red lips.
Dwelling corporeal, in the skin,
while others would paint piously
the pastel-robed and sandal-clad saints.

Tragic yet unashamed,
this decay, this quiet pleasure...
but at times they seem grotesque,
bodies as fragile as a fish's belly, and as white.
And how strange, one lonesome, stoic girl
reclining in pose with her hand up her skirt.

