

*The Boating Party* - Ekphrastic POEM , based on Mary Cassatt's painting of the same name.

Handfuls of sky

Touch blue glass

Which fades into sand

Which fades into grass

on the Lake

There sits a family of three

On a paddle-boat

Of painted mahogany.

The mother sits riveted,

Intentionally tall

The last card stands with dignity

Before the house falls.

Her eyes watch her husband

With intense stare

Disdain, regret, and pain

Linger long in her glare

His eyes don't have strength to meet hers

As he continues to slice through the glass

She knows if she could catch his gaze

She'd do anything to make it last.

Their daughter wants their happiness

More than anything they could bundle in silk

She can see the lack on their faces,

Taste it in her milk.

The mother holds her head like the sun,

Unwavering and high

She refuses to let both her marriage

*And* her dignity die.

She looks ever forward,

Remembers when she was his world.

On the glass water

There sits a glass girl.