

My grandfather & Rembrandt's Hendrickje Stoffels

Soft eyes to the lost boy gazing, her hand poised gently, fingertips resting, you
in the Louvre seeking asylum. Poland
ravaged. Cecilia
taken. Renata
[]. The Russians
reframing as 'liberation' another take-over–
the Paris soup-kitchens are full of Jews &
PTSD, suddenly such intimacy.
The artist
painting the beloved
image – the yellowing of her hair
spilling out
& my grandfather seeks an end
to suffering, these echoing
absences: Artur
Ewa the superstitious engineer &
with a laugh like
sunrise &
Janek suddenly
an anchor
in ripples brushstrokes
spraying the sides.
A reason to survive
this oyster world, as swans skim the imaginary pool, hopeful
for a paper transformation or the little
reassurances amnesia brings to eyes brimming water as morning
weeps.