

TEMPLE BRONZE

For the Emily Carr Society- February 2010

I am the queen of the other side of the street, not Victoria or Ozymandias but a real woman smelling of dog and monkey, my skirts, not rags, but paint rags. There is a difference.

Was I really Invisible then, or did those people look away because my colours were too intense for them?

I am at home in my new temple, (an alloy of tin and copper, phosphorus glowing at night like the sea that rhymes in the harbour) my dwelling place where I hear the wind singing in trees I painted, viridian, umber, ochre, every branch a mandolin string.

I am not hiding in this forest of branches prophetic as monkey tails. I am listening to the voices of people who live in cracks in the sidewalk and passersby, while Woo and Billie, my temple dog, gather up the wishes of children, all of you on your way to and from the sea that gave birth to us, all of us looking up through the spaces between branches and beyond, where city streets end and stars come and go from the house of light.