

## Jorge Clar

### CLOSE UP

The evening air is warm  
A breeze wafting through  
The Goat Factory  
From the yard door to the front

Scooter stretches on the sofa  
Thumbing through children's books  
Pauses are important

The fan moves  
A spread of canvas on the floor

A scene from a book captivates

Brushstrokes of form  
Relaxing into impulse  
The hand starts to move

Suddenly a scene, a detail. . .  
The fifth canvas is smaller  
Painting after expanses  
Large, like the basement

Close-up  
Make it big

A barn: red and black gesture  
A house blue, disappearing  
Trees and mountains  
Aurora borealis

The aura. . .  
Paint rising  
Orange is provision

A flame of impressions. . .  
Burst of movement  
Visions remembered

Through squinting eyes  
When in nature  
Flashes of light are testament

To a world inside  
Waiting to be revealed  
Every day in the studio

### ODE TO CLOVE

Charlie races down the stairs  
Jumping on the sofa  
Legs in the air

Waiting to be petted

A touch on the belly  
Reveals a fountain

Few drops on the landscape  
Quickly wiped with a napkin

Peace is restored  
Sheets are changed

Elixirs on hand  
From the Bushwick Best Grocery Corporation  
A pause for a smoke with James—

Talk about expression

From the left hand,  
Sartorial detail  
A herringbone pattern  
Frames a face

One, two, three cigarettes  
Smoke blurs  
Mouth contours

Circles  
Transmute a miasma  
Marks dictated by a presence

Above, the space  
Is ready to transform

The character rises

A mission of transmutation  
Now complete