



# *Fine lines*

Summer 2020

VOLUME 29 ISSUE 2

EDITED BY

David Martin

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~ Summer 2020 ~

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# Evening Song

*DESHAE E. LOTT*

My presentation at the international meeting  
and your food poisoning  
from a nearby restaurant's fish  
recently behind us,  
we moved outdoors and  
beheld artwork displayed in Union Square.

You preferred the realistic landscapes  
while the one  
with everything once-deemed-wrong  
about now-famous  
nineteenth-century European paintings  
captured my gaze:

Bunned hair, featureless face,  
her head tilts over the mandolin  
that she gently and securely enfolds  
like the Madonna cradling her Son,  
nurturing the Messenger,  
safeguarding His message.

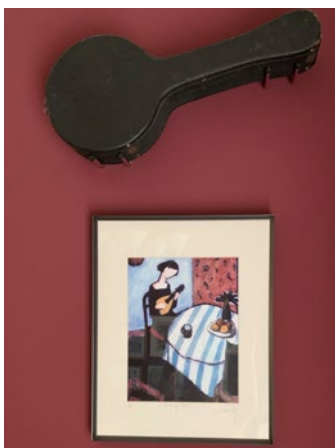
The table  
with its bowl of fruit  
and mug of matcha  
slides away from its place  
between the seated musician and  
the cat atop the chair opposite hers.

All else seemingly misaligned  
and off-balance,  
her "Evening Song" for

the red and yellow  
black and white,  
a song guiding the onlooker  
through the black and blue  
to its light,  
continues steadily.

This painting that travelled back South with us  
has hung for more than two decades  
below the banjo that your grandfather  
over a century ago  
played in New Mexico, Texas, and Mexico  
earning the pennies and pesos  
that funded his engineering degree.

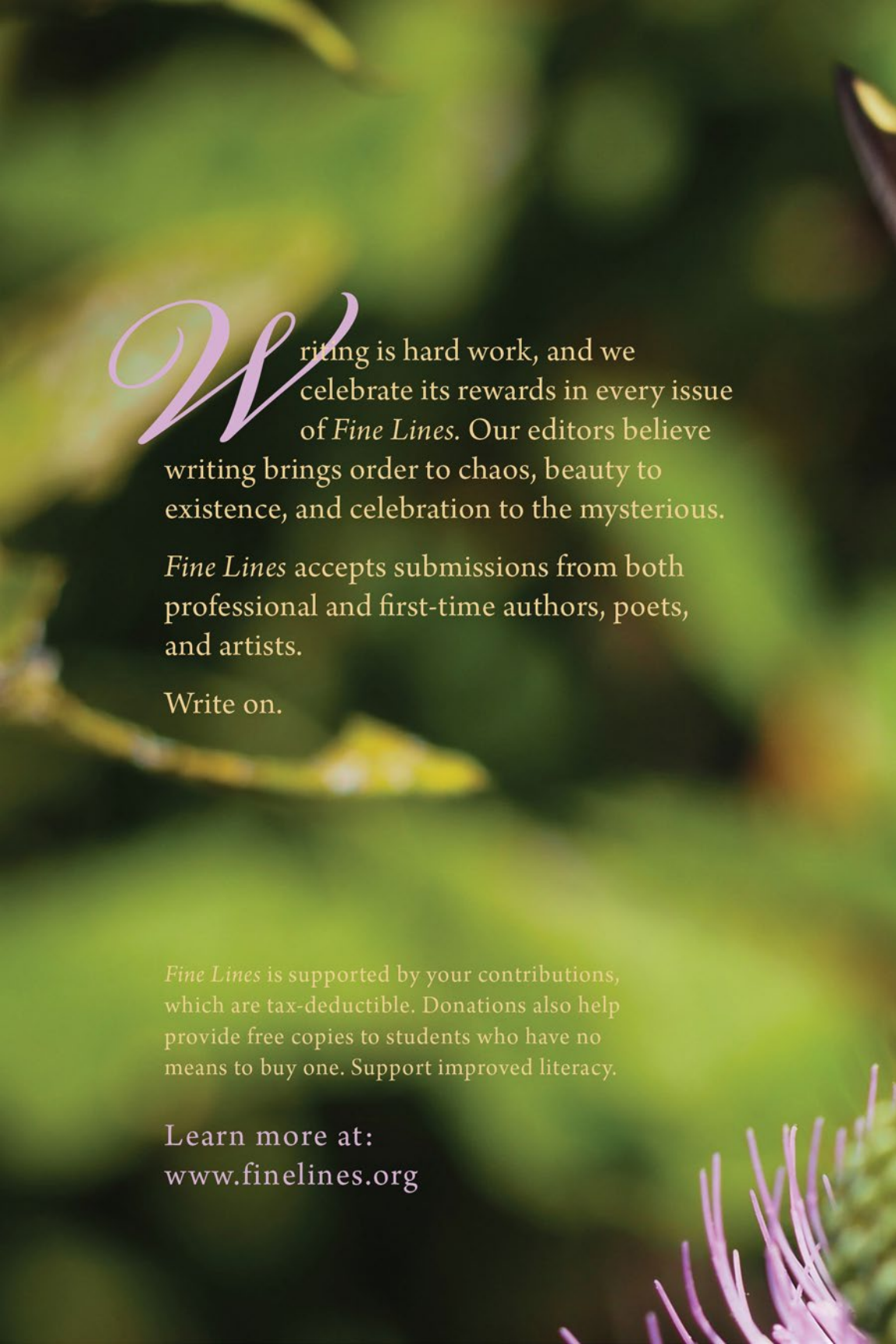
When I pause like the perched cat,  
attentively listening,  
an ever-beckoning song  
fortifies me to face anew  
a pervasive and encompassing  
disarray,  
and comfort permeates me  
once more.





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*W*riting is hard work, and we celebrate its rewards in every issue of *Fine Lines*. Our editors believe writing brings order to chaos, beauty to existence, and celebration to the mysterious.

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