

Adrian Schnall

Jackson Pollock, 1950 #5

If only I could make out doves
or goldfish, gossamer wings
or gently falling leaves,
but sinister forces lurk,
armed with slashes and jabs.

Maybe it's a flock of geese
scattered by shot. Or pieces
of a school bus blown to bits.

If truth indeed is beauty,
even evil and suffering
must have some look of the beautiful,
and here the balance is lovely –
of shape, of color, of line.

This is how the world must have felt
after Buchenwald, how it must
have looked in Hiroshima –
pale patches of light
masquerading as hope.

Maybe this is the vision
he saw at the end – headlights
darting out of darkness – Oldsmobile
careening, him at the wheel –
girl of his dreams in the passenger seat –

shrieks of laughter – fifth of vodka –
fast and faster – flooring it –

half blacked out.

Adrian Schnall is a retired physician and Professor of Medicine (Case Western Reserve U.) whose poetry has been published in *Pathogens and Immunity*, *Poetica* and *the Cleveland Plain Dealer*. His poems have been selected for public readings by Choral Arts Cleveland, the Cleveland Museum of Art, Lit Youngstown, Lit Cleveland, and the Island Writers' Network at Hilton Head. He lives in Beachwood, Ohio.