

AMY L. SARGENT

## She Thinks of Another Painter

She remembers the nicks and the scratches  
on scrubbed knuckles, from soap or turpentine.  
He used a stiff canvas apron as towel,  
the snag of his hands, every scrap calloused,  
as they caught on her nylons, in the chain  
stitches of foamy cardigan sweaters.  
Smears of cerulean, and carmine red,  
wed to the whorls of open palms. His skin  
was stiff and coarse—almost inflexible  
like his old line-dried denim coveralls,  
spattered at random by his trade. She woke  
to faint smudges, colouring her own skin.