One Significant Landscape #2

In this, Cézanne as always
pulls the eye to the heart
of verdant hills and orange slate
slopes of houses, square shades
tongued by brush.

Something red draws here, in the blue
formal middle of our lives.
We know the midpoint
of the eye, the oracular optic disk, is a locus

of insight without sight. For the hill,
those figures, that story,
this love, are
only sometimes as substantial
as the image. Appleyness

supplants apples, and slips
from the frame. The slope
slides to wrinkle, the mind to weight.