

Once upon a time
long ago (i.e. pre-pandemic),
*I look out the window and
someone has left an entire
uprooted
TREE
in the middle of our driveway.*

*For the next 15 months, it sits patiently in
our garage, waiting for its day to come.*



Finally, the day arrives.
I come across a photo of
Jean-Michel Basquiat's
"UNTITLED". **Rough slashing**
lines. Abrasive. Urgent.
Stark, staring,



phantasmagorical.

Reminds me of the uprooted tree....

The tree is just the beginning.
The tree is the vase.
The tree holds a storm:
the most intense energy,
the most primary colors.
Red veins. Gold leaf. Blue mood.





Torn
branches
and
shards
of
bark
fly
apart
and

unravel,
undone.

They
look
like brushstrokes.

The sky opens up.
My Blue Heaven.



Sheltering in place at brasserie **FAUBOURG**, 544 Bloomfield Avenue, Montclair.