Surrounded by Impressionist paintings at the Metropolitan Museum, the viewer of this poem by Eve Forti of Bremen is most of all engaged by the image she finds in her compact mirror.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art

by Eve Forti

Transitory impressions: shiny face in silver compact mirror, tongue on teeth, lips curled. She seems unaware as Degas winks somewhere. What would Renoir say? Or Monet? It appears she doesn’t care.

She could be posing in a ladies lounge or subway station. Her rapt glance drawn to herself, her admiring eyes focused on her admiring eyes and freshly painted mouth. No broken color there. But the luminosity, the brilliance. A masterpiece of sorts.

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