

Mantegna Blue

A watery maiden rises, decked in the quiet grace of pink baroque.
Woven surreal in colors reaching out, the beginnings of peat-bog hair.
Swathed in silk, the maiden pinks bleed.
The dress whispers of epochs when chimes rested in the hollows of time.
Like Sackler's Bells, buried alongside live accompaniment.
Surrounded is she by cherubic dolls cast in gold—precious remains of Eden's innocence.

Warriors of the sky in golden array clash not with sound but frozen silence.
Their spectacle of bravery lost in refrains only the heart recognizes.
They echo unseen and unheard in Mantegna's wide stage of fever and fantasy,
and under such quiet chaos perches the Cardinal- Rouge-blooded emissary from shadowy
realm Its countenance becomes part of the frame—those curvatures of stories
Dante's arching shades perchance unfold.

Springing brightly amidst this dream-play are brushed flowers.
Born from frantic hand-dancing and silent screams of color,
they add sanctity to this tableau.
In vibrant secret, they mourn, scattered insights bearing a sheen of a presence clandestine—
their pigment youth never bows to age.

Innocence caught in the persistent onlook of the crawling dread—an interloper
Slithers onto a stage dotted with color's wonder. The beneath-earth creature—an alligator
Its opened maw doesn't ponder. Contacts the maiden with shallow pit eyes,
Trapped was not she in this scale child's sly ties.
Is it the end or merely a somnolent stow,
Oboe-eyed alligator rests in sober travail.

Still as stone, steady is her gaze, haunted.
For in its cruel and constant shadow, an eye for an eye and all
had danced or perished under the wondering canvas—natural order quivers—
in the all-encompassing eye of the maiden that night.
Among beats and brushstrokes balanced precariously, silence hums in harmonious discord
alongside foliage's mused refrain— an unending dance suspended in the chromatic waves of
Mantegna Blue.