

...may 3, 1991...

at ninety-one she died – leaving behind  
six hundred paintings from her private world –  
her niece rummaged remains – loose jewellery –  
old books – bent furniture – and endless paintings –  
watercolours without picture frames –

bit by bit her lifespell was dispersed –  
separated – rearranged and sold  
leaving only paintings no one cared to claim  
where heavy trees pretended to have leaves  
and muddy streams that could not drain away  
pushed solid shadows into solid clouds –

a dealer bought the table and a chair –  
half a dozen books – an antique clock –  
then shook her head and wondered how a woman  
so intelligent could paint so much  
so very many times and not improve –

it was the dustman collecting the remains  
who took a single picture for his own.

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