

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 8 | Issue 1

Article 19

June 2008

Spaces of Art

Rumit Pancholi

Follow this and additional works at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate>

Recommended Citation

Pancholi, Rumit (2008) "Spaces of Art," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 8: Iss. 1, Article 19.
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol8/iss1/19>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). It has been accepted for inclusion in Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal by an authorized editor of The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). For more information, please contact ORB@binghamton.edu.

Pancholi: Spaces of Art

SPACES OF ART

Rumit Pancholi

Like maple leaves that snap off as they please,
silent coattails rest on your deadbeat jaw
as he fucks you. *Laying the pipe down*
he calls this work construction work, putting
hammer to nail, and demands your dog
to stop panting when he is hard at work. You yell
for the sake of yelling, two curious wasps scaling
the fog on the windowpane, to nothing
that touches you back. He rises to thrust open
the drapes, calls this perverse histrionics
his performance art to be thankful for. Words
in which art takes space but has no interest in:
dearth, dishearten, outsmart, spill
from you like marooned reef. You wince,
think what precedes art is *arson*
and follows is *artery*, but he will disprove you
in every angle art can contort its limbs.
You follow in the obedience
you learn from your departing dog,
let *first time* and *last time* take turns and tolls
on you the way a blind swimmer
teeters in the water, hands outstretched, searching
for his cane, that black cleft in the sea
hooked on the slick fin of a drawing shark.