

Joan Miró Tribute

A red tear from his shadowed eyes
Falls to black, collides with brush
To spiral into quarter notes

That swim their way
Past rainbow rivers
Toward the singing fish

And go within its gills
To find adobe villages
Then untamed woods

By natural gardens
With their vivid vibes,
Prismatic peace

That fade into
Chromatic hills
From Prades, 1917

Where paths converge
Like music rising, dipping
On the scale of yellow ground

But soon evaporate
Sweet drops of noise to
Ribbons in Joan's blood.

—*Benjamin James Ditmars*