



From LinenEffects

Judy Ireland

Traveling Exhibit

I am the woman in the painting,
not the one wandering through the art glass,
not the one in the mirror taking pictures of pictures.
I am the nude in the tiny frame with the velvet snap-shut cover.
I am there, residing on a line in a Mondrian.
I am the blue haze of Monet, the peach skin in the still life,
the invisible presence in the room walled in dark wood
where the cold fireplace contains no spark, smoke or flame.
I am not the one on the bench in the sculpture garden
sitting still like a life left outside too long,
nor am I the one at the museum café
unfolding a black napkin, arranging it on my lap,
knees together, purse tucked next to her foot.

I am the woman in the brown hat
dancing with another woman at the Moulin Rouge.
I am not the woman standing still
staring at the painting of a giant poppy.
I am the woman in all the seaside paintings
walking on the beach, stopping to lean
on a stick that says I have set out
for an excursion. I have set
my sights on a point that I cannot
share with you.

Judy Ireland's first book, *Cement Shoes*, won the 2013 Sinclair Poetry Prize from Evening Street Press. Her poems have appeared in *Hotel Amerika*, *Cold Mountain*, *Saranac Review*, *Folio*, and *Calyx*.