

## it was at a sunday market

it was at a sunday market on the rue de chabrol  
that georges seurat first looked out over the undulating dunes of hats and parasols  
squinted into the frothy morning sun  
and imagined himself as a speck of color --  
*une petite touche de peinture* --  
swirling, eddying,  
drifting with all the millions of other dabs of gray, green, crimson, vermilion  
and larger gobs of *immeuble* beige and tree-green *inclus à paris*  
all of them trailing like algae in the wake of a stirring fingertip  
working purposefully in the service of some greater mechanism  
art or architecture  
which could be viewed only from above  
viewed only  
*(peut être)*  
*du paradis*

he was, it's said, so struck by this revelation  
that he stumbled three times climbing the stairs to his studio in his haste to stretch a canvas  
tumbling over the implications of such a thought

the vision sustained him through long, sweaty afternoons on the île de la jatte  
and offered consolation when madeleine was in her pains  
always he strove to picture it: the cosmic masterpiece: the recursive pillars of color and light and form  
*le glorieux portrait de la planète* --  
and he himself, georges, was a nubbin corner of the thing  
a yellow dot perhaps  
a puzzle-piece hooked into its neighbors  
who in turn latched outward and outward and ever outward, exponentially, infinitely until  
*regarder! le tableau le plus merveilleux qu'on puisse imaginer*  
the thing itself  
which none of them, little dots that they were, could see *en entier*  
but which imbued them each with a sublime purpose  
and  
transitively  
lent a degree of sublimity to his little paintings as well.

it's interesting – interesting that never  
not even as he groaned on a couch in his childhood room while a nurse sponged his head  
did seurat ever consider that dots were just dots  
paint was just paint  
and when curlews and cormorants look down on paris  
they see stone and leaf and flesh,  
*mais rien de plus.*

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