

Exhibit in Steeltown

(IUN Gallery, 2005)

Anne Fritz asked me
for an artistic statement
& I replied: *I need a sense of place
before I feel its line & color.*

You'd think it wouldn't take long here,
that expression would be easy

in this ocher-grey, on this land
that balances beauty between steel and water.

It isn't the curve of dunes or grain
or the jet-blue coils from rolling mills

that bundle up those private moments
we do not want, or can't afford.

But the hard light, and dark-line,
the kind even a deKooning couldn't bend,

the kind that drove Pollock in his death-Buick
to the tangle of his vision.

The truth is that here,
lines roll up inwardly,

while our colors look like dark suns,
dipped in acid.

-William K. Buckley