Lucy

poem - imperfection

- Dear Lucy,

Dear Lucy,

Sorry to hear that you died.

I’m writing this as i look at your painting. I can feel your ghost in it - is that really you?

It’s a POV - from the top step at Bondi Icebergs looking across the pool, to North Bondi. You (not visible in the painting), adjusting your goggles …? about to descend into the wobbly water for your evening swim. It draws you in. You loved that Bondi Icebergs club - paid-up member.

The mood that lives on in the painting - that’s talking to me now - is calming, happy, open-minded. If you can have the same effects as good drugs, Luce, you’ve done well.

Speaking of which, we sat on the bench there one night in the 80’s, can’t remember how we came to be there, can you?, but we smoked a joint, chatted-on free-style … Lucy Wiers style - your nickname for yourself.

Got onto Imperfection. You liked some clumsiness in your paintings - coz life is clumsy - imperfect.

We’re all flat-earthers you said, *Living in a world that’s never fully revealed unto us. What we’re sure is true - is not.*

We thought maybe art - any kind - is a portal to the *real* real - a gleaning. A picture paints a thousand words. That’s not true - but it is. The artists’ secret passage-way to the *real* real.

Recent events here reminded me of our conversation - that *unreal reality* stuff - that’s gone through the roof - it's called *messaging* now - from the experts - it’s all globalized.

Meanwhile regular people’s influence, including your artists’ portals, have inversely shrunk. What’s up with that? Is influence a limited resource?

Was thinking you might know. Especially with hindsight. Or we’d have fun talking about it - guess we are.

Luce, even so, I wish you were still alive. Like *normal* alive.

Love Dulan