The Miró Exhibit at MoMA*: Dec. 21, 1993

Peter Richardson

These bodies look like they were pancake mix that, when poured on the skillet, turned out to look sort of human.

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A small boy tells his brother "Y veo muchas chi-chis."

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Two Philosophers are two taffied men with genitals stuck on a stark textured landscape between night and day, heaven and land.

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A large canvas, painted green with two straight black lines and one curved.
The guy next to me says,

"I painted this one once."

Wind leaves things a-tilt. Insects in a rip-tide; that man is lucky his mustache is well anchored. The crescent moon in the upper corner leans back and watches.

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I can see myself in the reflection of the glass that separates me from Blue; I can see the art from my T-shirt in the reflection. I look at myself through my glasses, superimposed on Blue.

*MoMA: Acronym for the Museum of Modern Art in New York City.