A Sonnet for the Author

*Apple Orchard at Sunset*, Russell Chatham

My beloved stares back at me from museum’s wall,

an artist’s signature tacked beside, naming

her an apple orchard. But her eyes live there. All

shades of green in painted leaves, flaming

with inspiration. Bright as the sunset that shines behind,

glowing in gallery lights. Across the canvas, blotches

of a pink just shy of red. Apples or acne scars, I find

little difference. In the dissonance of branches

destined to reach higher, their trunks firmly rooted

I can see her ambition, her lovely indecision.

A mess of bliss in nature’s colors, muted

as she feels when unbound by precision.

It is my own reflection revealed to me in oil paint,

and a gold-framed reason to love it without restraint.