Sanctuary of Good Feeling

In Seurat’s *A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*, I watch
the lives of people unfold-
Women with their paracelles,
Men in top hats
sitting in the sun,
no worries, no cares.
Peaceful solitude
in the droves of people
basking in their lonely
ray of the sun beside
the waterfront watching
sailboats, shooing the dog
away, and wondering why
that woman has a monkey
on a leash.
Lovers courting, young men
sailing, rowing, endlessly
moving in a painting that will
not allow them to move.
The little girl stares- infinitely,
as if loooking for help
not unlike those homeless boys
of that inner-city school
on the south-west side
whose principal scheduals
a special breakfast every
morning for them because
a child’s mother can’t feed
that child when he has no mother-
traffic awakes him
from the damp garage floor
in the ally a few blocks from
the school’s front door.
Principal Smith explains that
four to five hundred of 3000
students are homeless in his
school. They take P.E. first-
have a warm shower
before attending class,
only to sleep away hours
they can’t catch up on
in cold garages or cardboard
baby crib boxes.
A boy says he’d be dead
if it weren’t for school-
A sanctuary of good feeling
palace of warmth, well-being-
a fogetting zone of poverty
for a few hours
Feeling like they had a home
to return to at night
like the little girl staring at me
in her highly stylized,
carefully composed frame
of dots that go to the back
of my mind during sleep
as the words of that boy
drift slowly from memory
as does his face.
Atleast the litte girl
has a roof over her head
and a pointilism mother
to watch over her-
in her sanctuary of good felling
palace of warmth, and well-being.