

Sonnet Scroll

Stilled Life

By Linda Arntzenius

On finding an old photo of a Dutch friend's dining room

An alchemy of pure Vermeer. Oak transmutes
to ebony with only eggshell glints to confirm
a table laden with dishes for the hubbub of family
who will never disturb this perfect Dutch interior.

Inspect this room. Look for an augur
of what is to come. As if from a photograph
we could read the future as well as the past.
As if, in being still, we could apprehend,
by some unpracticed sense, its mute significance.