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### *And Ut Pictura Poesis Is Her Name*

You can't say it that way any more.  
 Bothered about beauty you have to  
 Come out into the open, into a clearing,  
 And rest. Certainly whatever funny happens to you  
 Is OK. To demand more than this would be strange  
 Of you, you who have so many lovers,  
 People who look up to you and are willing  
 To do things for you, but you think  
 It's not right, that if they really knew you . . .  
 So much for self-analysis. Now,  
 About what to put in your poem-painting:  
 Flowers are always nice, particularly delphinium.  
 Names of boys you once knew and their sleds,  
 Skyrockets are good—do they still exist?  
 There are a lot of other things of the same quality  
 As those I've mentioned. Now one must  
 Find a few important words, and a lot of low-keyed,  
 Dull-sounding ones. She approached me  
 About buying her desk. Suddenly the street was  
 Bananas and the clangor of Japanese instruments.  
 Humdrum testaments were scattered around. His head  
 Locked into mine. We were a seesaw. Something  
 Ought to be written about how this affects  
 You when you write poetry:  
 The extreme austerity of an almost empty mind  
 Colliding with the lush, Rousseau-like foliage of its desire to  
 communicate

Something between breaths, if only for the sake  
Of others and their desire to understand you and desert you  
For other centers of communication, so that understanding  
May begin, and in doing so be undone.