

En plein air, September

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [September 12, 2018](#) issue

This bus stop in late sun—  
Bench, narrow, backless, low,  
In black-framed kiosk, all  
Metal and plexiglass,  
All sides enclosed but one—  
Today turns studio  
For a woman, a long haul  
From home, what things she has  
Stuffing a shopping cart,  
Though now her sketchbook's laid  
Open across her lap  
And chinks lead bright, discrete  
Realities into art.  
But what can be remade?  
Hard seasons? Not the slap  
That winter—back on its feet—  
Will naturally impart,  
Whatever she might trap  
Of the sunlight's garish fade  
And the end-of-summer heat.