

Two translations face to face

by [Muriel Nelson](#) in the [June 15, 2022](#) issue

It's late night, but the room is bright, lit  
where a painter works with his back to a window,  
its dark panes held by a white wooden cross.

Will he turn?

If he does, will he notice the cross of mullions  
that's been there longer than he?

Will he see

in the glass darkly and maybe  
straighten himself a bit?

Will he see through

the glass darkly and startle  
to find more than stars? A wavy face

*out there in the gloom—glowing large and larger  
over his own—its tide rolling in—sky growing light—  
air warming him—and his tired eyes held in that stare.*