

Ocean Park no. 17, Richard Diebenkorn



Oh, well done. I *like* the name Ocean Park.
Not what I'm supposed to be writing about, but (sorry) whatever—

I like the way it sounds,

oh, shh.

The gentle hush, a swell, sharp wave.
Feel it in the back of your throat. Fall with me. Land.

Ocean park. Say it again. Ocean park,
you said it again, didn't you?

A park for an ocean, maybe, or
a park made of ocean? Wave, swings.

The same swooping sensation, a sweep of something.

Sorry— where were we?
Right, Ocean Park No. 17.
I like the concrete, I think.