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How Was the Burnt Senna you Bought for Lunch?

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How Was the Burnt Senna You Bought For Lunch?

When my stomach remembers
That the tubes of paint I bought today
Were worth several cans of pork and beans
And a carton of milk,
My mind also recalls
That more than one art dealer
Hurried past the hungry gaze of Kupka
On his way to the house where Villon lived.
And that they would not mind having the pieces he left behind.
So one night a couple of days before he left
He loaded the barrels on the green pickup
And drove to a bridge
Where he dumped everything he could not take with him
Into the deepest part of the river.