

Alex Katz in a Hurricane  
for Mark Fox

Bad facelift monsters storm  
through galleries sucking  
cheap expensive paintings  
out of the backs of U-Hauls,  
cock their heads to one side  
and complain without irony  
about the shallowness of waves.  
Palm Beach palm trees bow  
down in false reverence,  
hoping to hitch a fancy ride  
to safety zones or safety houses,  
dressed in Florida safety orange.

Dust collects on studio floors  
and gallery walls like so many  
discarded drawings tossed  
on the rough seas of  
art and commerce. Imagine  
shopping for Alex Katz in  
a hurricane, or abusing any  
other artist in Miami. Imagine  
the displacement of art supplies  
from a run-down Art Deco hotel  
to a run-down echo of a motel.  
The eye opens up for lessons  
learned, then closes in boredom.  
And just as the last board gets  
placed on the glass, the drill bit  
slips and the screw shatters  
the window into the wind.

David Zaza