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## The Last Page

### October with Old Masters

I am not finished  
Gorging on the verdure of July—

Dear cathedral architects,  
I'm often sure we'll be received  
In a big Delft sky,

Though the world's accomplished  
Physicists say there's no place

To put an afterlife:  
Eleven dimensions already

Accounted for, according to  
My dinner partner over soup.

We need more ingenious eyes, you  
Servants to the table, gold vinaigrette  
With maker's mark, objects of vertu—

Tell about the soldiers  
And the mothers, whose infants

Died and still the milk  
Soaked whole gowns through—

I cried at the Mauritshuis  
And in the Gemäldegalerie:

Sir, the thunderstorm's my  
Province, for I have careless  
Loved it.

Leslie Williams\*

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\* This poem first appeared in Leslie Williams, *Success of the Seed Plants*, Bellday Books, 2010.