

En plein air, September

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [September 12, 2018](#) issue

This bus stop in late sun—
Bench, narrow, backless, low,
In black-framed kiosk, all
Metal and plexiglass,
All sides enclosed but one—
Today turns studio
For a woman, a long haul
From home, what things she has
Stuffing a shopping cart,
Though now her sketchbook's laid
Open across her lap
And chinks lead bright, discrete
Realities into art.
But what can be remade?
Hard seasons? Not the slap
That winter—back on its feet—
Will naturally impart,
Whatever she might trap
Of the sunlight's garish fade
And the end-of-summer heat.