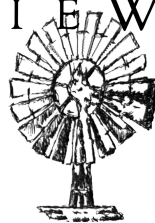


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## At the McNay Museum

Bonnie Lyons

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# At the McNay Museum

by Bonnie Lyons

I blinked and squinted  
past a gray silk suit into the face  
of the museum director whom a kindly guard  
had asked to check on me—  
the woman lying motionless on the ground  
might have overdosed, might be dead—  
sprawled out on the sweet spring grass  
following the play of wind and sun  
on a mobile sculpture  
until the dappling light  
carried me off to sleep.

A cool, cloudless afternoon,  
but women of a certain age don't lie  
down on the grass. With a blanket  
beneath me I'd have been less objectionable.  
Cowboys have bedrolls, nomads have tents.  
Something, however flimsy, must separate us  
from ground and sky, mark  
and make our human place. I was a mare  
or cow who simply folds her legs  
and lies down in any pasture.  
Momentarily at home on planet earth.

