

---

June 2014

## Speculations

Jason Fitzpatrick  
*Western Michigan University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate>



Part of the Poetry Commons

---

### Recommended Citation

Fitzpatrick, Jason (2014) "Speculations," *The Laureate*: Vol. 1 , Article 18.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol1/iss1/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact [wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu](mailto:wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu).

## Speculations

Jason Fitzpatrick

After installing a new piece of sculpture in the Lee Honors College Lounge, the College held a poetry competition, asking students to write something inspired by the experience of the new work of art. From among the many delightful submissions, Jason Fitzpatrick's poem "Speculations" has been chosen as the winner. Jason sat in the LHC lounge one evening as a bright sun was setting, and he observed the changing rainbows that swept across the room and the people in it. As a prize, Jason will receive a small piece of sculpture by Chicago artist Joseph Burlini, who created "Rainbow Machine."

The only way to  
understand something  
is to sit perfectly still, praying,  
watching, and hoping it doesn't move.  
If the wind blows, if someone sneezes,  
if a volley of coughing begins  
the moment is gone, and one  
must begin to understand again.

What about the young man,  
a six foot sweater-clad giant  
somehow curled into an armchair?  
Does he realize he is sleeping through  
the most beautiful moment of his day?  
The moment when the evening sun  
refracts off the abstraction of another artist's hand—  
he's missing how angelic he looks,  
face relaxed in sleep, painted  
colorful and peaceful....

I wonder if she knows this,  
the blond on the brown cowskin couch  
with hips untamed by child bearing.  
I wonder if she knows her silence  
the way she stares so intently in study,  
is preserving my ability to understand.

I took my cross off in the shower  
to scrub myself clean enough  
to feel comfortable putting it back on.  
When a draft comes through the room,  
the cross sways just enough,  
as water drips down its leg.