

**Stephen Robertson**

## **Cape Cod Morning**

Almost accidental, but carefully composed:  
the sky behind the trees beyond the meadow,  
tall grasses glowing in the morning sun  
below and to the right. And rising left  
the Cape Cod house's painted clapboard side.

At centre, as if growing from the clapboards,  
but grander far, a corniced window bay  
in darker wood. Clear morning sunlight fills  
the room we glimpse inside. A woman leans  
upon a table in the window, looks  
out into sunlight, over grass, towards  
some distant point outside the picture frame.

What does she see? Is there something there?  
Some object or event which holds her stare?  
Or is it just the clarity of light, the glowing  
grass and trees outside her window, warming  
in the sun? Or maybe nothing—maybe she  
is pensive, dreaming, lost in reverie.

And the artist who is showing us the scene  
—does *he* know what it is she sees? The frame  
he chose has cut us off from looking at  
the focus of her gaze: does he not want  
to tell?

This painting has a private life.