Piet Mondrian, *Grey Tree*, oil on canvas, 1912

The vantage from which to view this snowbound *boom* must have been the edge of a road or a drive & not a window, for it is too vibrant, too personal, too close, as is the pending doom this naked broad-leafed tree is warning us of, the way it waves its branches at dusk, like a desperate man drowning in this snow that buries him alive & in the boldness of the brushstrokes, there is a furiousness & an anger at what is happening all around, which no one sequestered seems to see & no one shudders at the siren this Grey Tree is wailing into the silence.

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