

David Hockney Dreamscape

Your sharpest blues in fractured waves
watercolour my world.

I walk the L.A. valley roads, and
two showering boys ignore my calls
for directions to your palace.

But there it is,
all pastel, proud and pink with glisten.
Palm trees the surprise
against a sky inked with cobalt.

Your Stanley sleeps curled on the mat
of balmy shadowed terrace.
Ruby slippered Celia reads Matisse
and all things Pablo.
Mount Fuji through the curtains
stands guard to loping iris.

Suddenly I'm splashed, I'm soaked
from yellow diving board.
My watermelon smile the ticket though,
for your laughter rippling by.

And now I'm on my way again.
My course already set.
Meandering down Mulholland Drive,
to find Pearblossom Highway.

But I'll be back from 69,
because Doll Boy,
as you know,
I will love you at 8pm next Wednesday.