

The Chess Game

JAMES DAMRON

I turn from my work to see them
Indian princesses in long gowns
Lying softly on the grass
By a lily pond with dappled light
Lost in thought while playing chess
Full of repose and possibility.

A painting called *The Chess Game*
Hangs above the stairs
And beckons me to Sargent's dreamy world.
(He dressed his models in exotic clothes:
These wore Persian wraps,
But lounged in Europe while he painted.)

I turn back to my work
And again to the ladies,
Wishing I might don
Such magic clothes.