

Thin Hardcover Artbook

Vice Versa | vol 2



David Estes

Observation is a great joy. To write one's observations,
record such wonderings, the greatest joy of all.

Elizabeth Bishop

Crescent Place

It will be measured as a smallish lot for a small ranch home
But now it is still a meadow open at the edge of the frontier;
The frontier I was learning about from the much older kids.
Someone had bought Smarties and shared them as little pills.
We encircled our red wagons then started digging for gold
When Billy (or maybe Bobby) found a German medal instead;
It had been buried by a neighbor, his souvenir from the War.



Barefoot Mary

Our poor kids never taken to
Disney
but instead
to another chapel
just a little further up
and around the next corner
in Rome;

where the Caravaggio hangs
dimly-lit,
unless you have
a coin.





The photograph was wedged safely in an old college textbook shelved in the bedroom of her childhood home; we had thought it lost forever. We didn't take so many photos back then just enough for reminders of our wheres and whens. We were essentially our own audience.

The plan that summer was to visit London, Paris, Montpellier, Nice and then I would return home to Ithaca while Kate continued on to study for a semester in Florence.

In Paris we stayed near the Luxembourg Gardens at a small hotel that felt authentic. In the early morning we awakened to a double-tap on our door signaling the delivery of a fresh baguette with coffee.



We Really Wanted to Play Chess So We Did

Pennies were pawns and nickels were rooks, dimes were knights and a bishop was a dime on a penny stacked on a nickel and the queens were quarters and your king was a bottle-cap and mine, a small shell kept on the sill in the kitchen and we were stoned playing Heads vs Tails that snowy night when you had returned to town to drive your father's Porsche back to South Dakota and everything is so delicious and more complicated after each move until only a king is still a king and the scattering of coins add up to slightly less than a dollar when suddenly the song on the radio ends and we look up wondering until hearing a voice, apologizing: Sorry honey I am late but I couldn't find the house.



The Pool

I write poems on my phone during long walks
through town
or along the narrow path near a creek
in the woods;
I smile looking up
to see all the others writing their poetry.
Yesterday on the phone
he told me
you swim a mile twice a week
and that it has made you stronger;
he also said
that the pool is a good place to cry.



David Estes received his BA in History from Cornell University and MFA in Sculpture from California College of the Arts. He has recently become interested in poetry and how it relates to making images; and vice versa.

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