

## Self-Portrait with *Pentimento*

In the novel, Lucrezia de' Medici  
Ached to paint herself  
With a brush of mouse hair  
Tiny scenes of transgression All she was  
Not allowed to do and be  
Then whitewashed them and painted over  
Willows a moat the dowry of sky—  
Repenting nothing

In his elegy for his son  
Ed Hirsch called upon the God  
Of Scribbles and Erasures to fix  
The mercurial boy but failing  
Imagined himself Giacometti  
Scraping the canvas bare  
Over and over Hugging air  
Repenting all

*I weigh these ambushes  
Of my own likeness—  
Fog skunk and con games  
Repenting the self  
That fails to dis/appear  
Like stroking the tigress  
Caged in the Duke's cellars  
Keening for its wild*