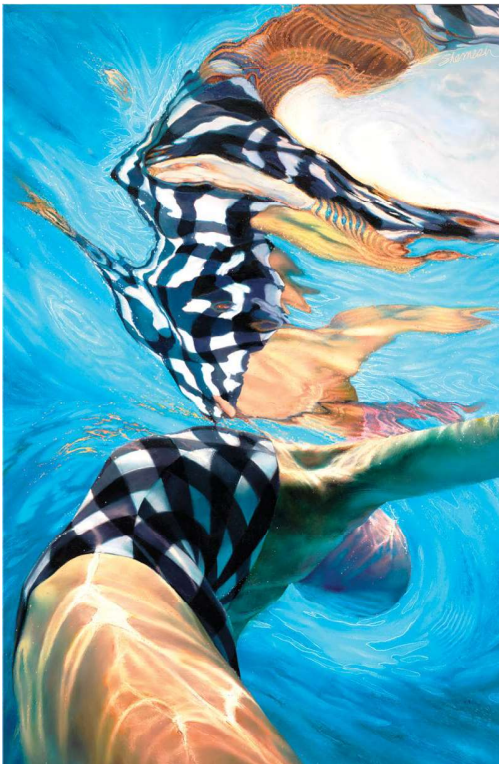


## LORRAINE SHEMESH

*Crescent*, 2013  
Oil on Canvas, 75 x 48 3/4 in



COURTESY GERALD PETERS GALLERY, NEW YORK CITY

## PAULA FRIEDMAN

### Land's End

Except for the sea,  
its slamming Inish  
below the bluffs,  
this place could be anywhere—  
a few cafés, burger joints,  
and a homely thrift shop.  
I love the anonymity,  
the bit-by-bit  
slippage of identity.  
Gazing north or south,  
it's all grey-green vastness  
that might as well extend  
from one end of the planet  
to the other, but doesn't.

Closer up, the deep salt  
water drops to caves  
and hidden places,  
letting us wonder  
at the smell of water, depth  
and darkness, its creatures  
mostly held from us unless  
we break the surface,  
traveling down with stores  
of imported air. What  
we see might be surprising,  
like the monster-headed eel,  
surely much maligned,  
but still not beautiful to us.

Better to watch a shiny dolphin,  
so spectacularly unlike us,  
as it rises, filling up the painted air,  
then sinks back down,  
leaving the mirry scrim  
as if untouched.

Paula Friedman's work generally uses landscape, particularly the varied landscapes of the West, both to represent place and to portray the fusion of internal and external landscapes. Her poems have appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, and several other national publications. She also published a column for about three years for the *San Diego Union Tribune* called *Way Out West*.