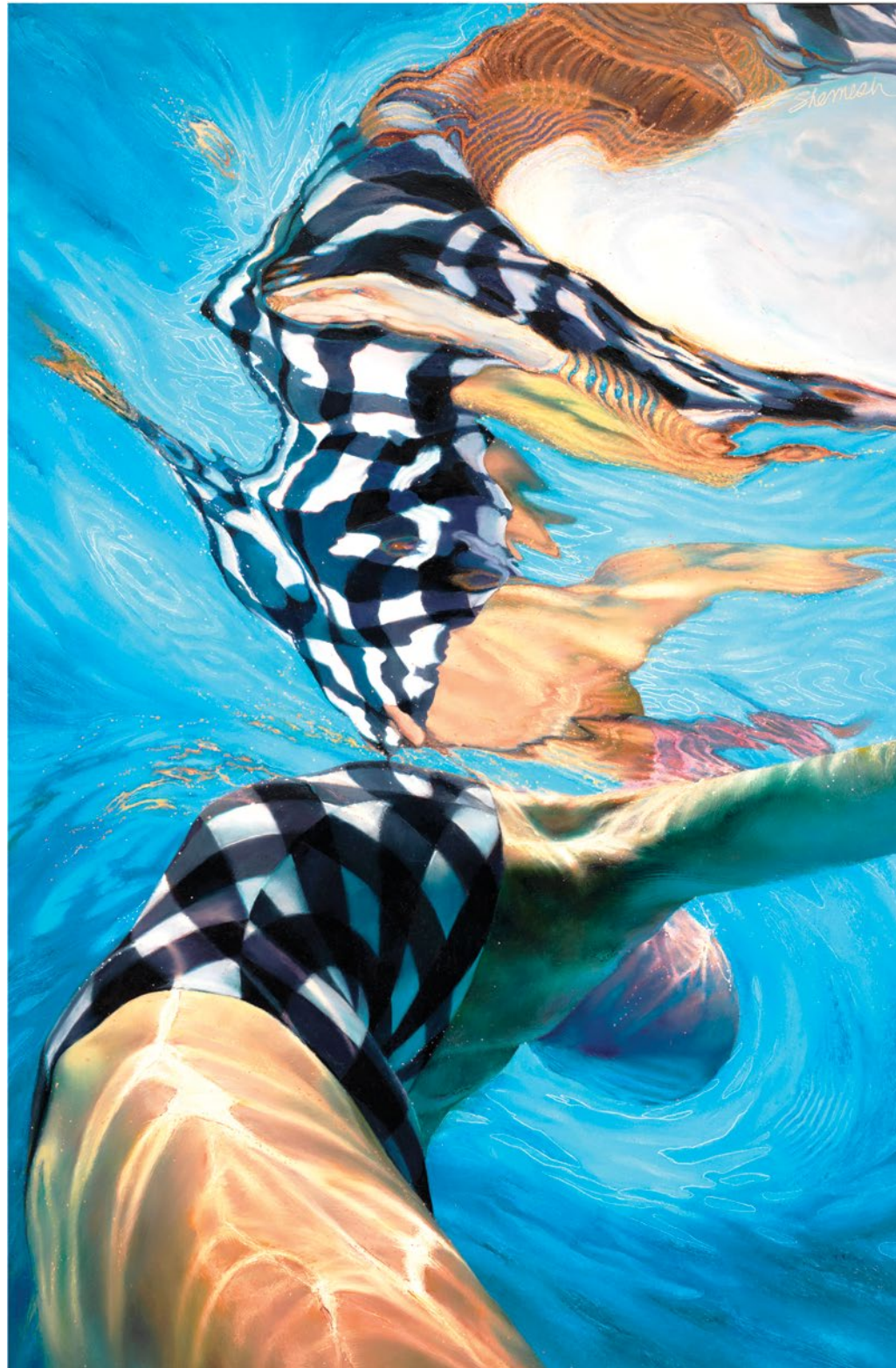


LORRAINE SHEMESH

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 hush
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 mirrory 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*.