Cezanne alone among the stone huts longs for light to hold still. He hears the river and wind within the chestnut trees as songs in discordant keys that come together with the rustle of distant wheat and all he wants to do now is curse high heaven. Color swirls before his eyes, thick, a brawl of values. He has wandered for seven hours waiting for Pissarro to arrive from Paris, soil blackening, air turning ochre, the landscape no longer alive along its sage folds. He has been learning green and gold, the use of blue, softer strokes like the caught breath of vision. But he needs Pissarro to calm him before rage chokes the last hope of brightness. Cezanne concedes nothing to the sudden cold front or shift in shadows, slathering paint in layers to approximate morning’s sullen drift toward blue. Then, like an answer to his prayers, footsteps through the hillside grasses, the clink of wine bottles, a murmur of leather easel straps loosened and long sighs like zinc white skies the moment they are together.