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Only The Bird Sees the Elastic Filament

Anthony Madrid

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ANTHONY MADRID

Only the Bird Sees the Elastic Filament

Only the bird sees the elastic filament that tethers her to her eggs.
And even she does not see it with her eye.

So, let no one listen to admonitions regarding the shortness of life
From anyone who is not within sight of the end.

You cut a bamboo, want to drag it. You have to catch hold by the eyebrows.
For whoever lays hold on a wounded foot can expect to be kicked by the
other.

You push off from the side of the pool? I push off from the air behind me.
You plunge and invert on encountering a wall. I disintegrate, turn into
protein.

The world is full of ancient things whose shapes and colors have changed.
The beard of a Sumerian judge comes back as the braided neck of a coat
hanger.

From the street I look through a glass door and see a disappearing stairs,
And on the floor, a forest litter of discolored flyers and coupons...

Madrid finds the words and joins them; someone else will be called the
poet.

For how can we call him a poet, who is only a vase of crumbling paint
chips?