Cue or Starting Point: Bird; Bird; Tree; Cloud; Tree; Bird; Bird; Cloud

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Cue or Starting Point

BIRD

Sometimes they fly in pairs about the length of one window

Sometimes they are ponderous as big blades and windowshades over grass

brown paper is to brown field algebraic as if one

but not the other one gives up being alike pointing at something obvious

BIRD

\( t d k \) and \( s \) often carry us emerge outside of ending us as swallows rush

and Vespas tear over long plastic strips of blue and yellow binding brake and

break free of us birds know the length of us even from behind a window and look down in that brown black sketchbook ordering

wing wind how made
TREE

"the thing about trees is . . . . . . relentlessly consistent” antennae

untenable metal staple
yet flies down silvery night each length of bee wing

rung after rung, dark’s light
it perched on pieces of blue cloth

CLOUD

Arm in arm, across tarmac pointing her to
thin coral cloud stream (pious in reproduction)
above piazza’s ancient fruit tints (tropical flush in some other island context)

“I think it means rain” (wrong, again)
late March, knowing she needed to see this emptiness clouds and the one tree (which didn’t leaf out) gone

TREE

one did hear the flow of nearby branches
shear occasional and limp

yet this rawness moves, is
even sudden atrophy of limb
BIRD

see an emptiness shoot off
lengths dependent on scale
could eat at you, that movement

BIRD

not a protective incision not brown cut
thing field wing
but the negative of scissor right up against it

looked downward & saw one long wing pointing & another up
to remove it
paint between sound of birds and other inward flutter

CLOUD

My hands had to move as fast as the Vespa over tarmac
Clouds drew themselves principle pulling or pushing
No it was some or/thing No it was the sketchbook’s empty page and the little box of staples
Something shining outside the black line not finished

for Sanda Iliescu, after her drawings/notation, Rome, May/1995