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

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**Kathleen Fraser**

**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

65
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
          moves, is
yet this rawness
          moving
even sudden atrophy
          of limb
BIRD

see an emptiness shoot off narrow path stapled with wing
lengths your underestimation of how it
dependent on scale (left behind itself)
could
eat at you, that movement

BIRD

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

looked downward & saw one long wing pointing & another up

to remove it
paint between sound scratchy big stillness
of birds
and other inward flutter

still did not move

CLOUD

My hands had to move as fast as the Vespa over tarmac

Clouds drew themselves No it was some oriris
principle pulling or pushing No it was the sketchbook’s
empty page and the little box of staples
Something shining outside the black line

not finished

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