

GIVEN THE ABOVE EVIDENCE

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As the time when it was possible to clutch at the weight of something less extraordinary in my hand: a deathless situation. Though to level itself out (out of the field), a small river will spend years buffing its interior at noon. Backdrops of daylight sharpen through all-season branches, but when I look past the city, city-time follows. I looked into the *straightening* river, felt a crisis at noon. For example, formative eye—assembled the trees, we speak, become grouped, rapidly collected, then are embroidered with threads of daylight every past hour until nighttime. Or, indigenous shapes, all indoors, each dissected—behind long rows of windows using wireless trees. Per se, for, as the time was possible, disseminated, polished bottom of a sky a ground.