

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
moving
even sudden atrophy of limb

BIRD

see an emptiness shoot off

lengths

dependent on scale

could

eat at you, that movement

narrow path stapled with wing

your underestimation of how it

(left behind itself)

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 *fl*tter

scratchy big stillness

still did not move

CLOUD

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

Clouds drew themselves

principle pulling or pushing

empty page and the little box of staples

No it was some orfring

No it was the sketchbook's

Something shining outside the black line

not finished

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