# Kathleen Fraser

## CUE OR STARTING POINT

### **BIRD**

Sometimes they fly in pairs

about the length of one window

Sometimes they are ponderous windowshades over grass

as big blades and

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

wind how made wing

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

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

#### BIRD

see an emptiness shoot off

narrow path stapled with wing

lengths

dependent on scale

your underestimation of how it

could

eat at you, that movement

(left behind itself)

### **BIRD**

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

looked downward & saw one long wing pointing & another up

to remove it

paint between sound scratchy big stillness

of birds

and other inward fitter still did not move

#### **CLOUD**

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

Clouds drew themselves

No it was some orflring
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

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