

ALEXANDRA BUDNY

The Transmutation of Objects When Terminally Ill

My mother's one wooden ring and one of coconut,
vaulted on their faces, have become to her the basket-arched

skulls of finches. Her two grayish paintings of unshaped black
pearls and chamber instruments are now of eggplants

and insects. Her chained Greek coin with Queen and King
and the word *CONSTANINA*, herself and my father

with a bridge between them. The immigrant on the scaffolding
wiping the glass is the red sequined trapeze artist

whom she watched when she was five or six
swinging over a small gypsy circus in the interior of Bahia.