

“not even notwithstanding an elephant and a strict occasion”

-- Gertrude Stein

the m's are birds

We are constantly on the look out for a stray dog, a sharp curve,
or a sudden turn of phrase.

What was
that? We can,
for now,
park the question
and rely on forgetting.

Forgetting part-to-whole, whole-to-part, our intermittent love for objects –

patience and swans, larks and songs, latency and cocoons,
trompe l'oeil.

We believe in a manner of speaking

that the hairy figure with flappy ears
and wagging tail was in fact a dog.

The master narratives
come to a close,
one by one, and without their audience.

And this poor memory allows for a continual sense
of wonderment. A street

familiar for its street-like quality.

New feeling. New feeling. New feeling.
The m's are birds. The c's are almost suns.

Or the see's is almost sense.
Remembering the question:

One by one, with a shared sense of mission, we integrate as a crowd
or a voice,

awkwardly.

Who is it that says, This is an official receipt.
Enjoy your coffee.

When the voice from the woods beckoned,
“Come here, come here,”
they were close enough to see,
the commas, in fact, are paisley.



is time description

In which lines become heat and traffic, smoke and noise, crosses the street unharmed,
and are lines

white walls white clouds white roads white
where walls where clouds where roads when

will it rain?

It is hot.

There is time. Description changes

the place.

By sundown we are rapt, commencing in place. There is talk of the appleness of apples,
of news becoming newspapers, of steel turning cold.

These are presented as arrows. As sundown becomes sunset keeping us dazzled

A waft of dust

A timeward nudge Paper planes

flying towards

whom it may concern

I attempt to shake off my Cartesian apprehension of space
by looking for you in the dictionary, and here we are

by the fountain, in a real garden,

seeing real toads.