CHAPTER 14
of
THE
ANEMONE SIDECAR
Tiny Footwebs
and Feathers;
and Naturally
A bird book, translating the sounds into words, or better yet the sound of a word and imagining the type of bird that might produce it....

Heat was here for a few days, like putting on a coat of hot pasta, gone for now, a clearing, cleansing rain.

-P
Introduction: *As if They Were A Basket*

As I am as were a born thing,
as near the mouse as wing
in such latitudes as thin the bones

and as the snowy owl or bee,
framed by the geometries
of beak, tooth, nail,
the fading call in hallways—
  referential as a peach,
  insistent as eclipse,
  eccentric at the core—

and as camel, bird, bison, fish,
antelope, fox and mole,
crossing longitudes and roads
as safe as thistle,

compained by ghosts
and by the slyly misdirected
  (how pavement burns them forward,
thirsty as a willow root
and bent,
  longing not the same as moving)
cascading noiseless solitudes
of blithe array;
  our skin sea-planked,
  consistent with a long light,
drawn home foundering
in a strange comfort.

As they, as any, as I
and as a cow beneath a tree,
all shine erasing from the air
hard struck;

and from attenuating sky
and phosphor sea,
the undulates,
the bourne beneath the grove,
a green feast danced to death by elms;

as ashes bear the ash
in their constituency
as if they were a basket.
Contributors:

Anderson, Maria. 3
Baird, Meg. 20
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Boncza-Tomaszewski, T.G. 15
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The Anemone Sidecar, Chapter Fourteen, 2011, built on the work of select multitudes. Cover image by Daniel Boyer.
Christina and Birds

bird say bird chip lean
shorebirds say bird kee
I know bird bellies Marie
kee whee-EEP says Marie
a bird keeps on young
Marie you are young keep your young
churns a bird tern turn Christina
wide-a-wake whens christina
Marie says Marie look a bird
Sharp Tooth hasn't seen a bird
Look Sharp tooth a bird
churr christina let's go
Thomas let's see the birds.
Ayden and the Monarchs

Ayden is a Prince.
the Monarchs are beautiful.

the monarchs are beautiful and
Ayden resides in snow,
a sermon firsting
eating the grass
and a monarch warbles
I know a Sister—

I know a Sister
dying as snowbirds and
Ayden kisses
it just look like it
needed some red there
Marie was
kissing Ayden hello there!

Ayden linuses and knows
warb rd sy ley
Solars Marie
Marie hidden in an arc

Silverinness Monarchs
Maria Anderson: *Directing the Birds*

Bandied legs, buckling wide a-waltz.
Kohl eyes, hand over back.
Fingers splayed, thumb and forefinger together with
bit of cloth between
ears, long, agape like two eyes
a rabbit’s mask, two fingers clutched, hand over back
necktie scented with musk, shadow behind his ear
Kohl eyes, chin on shoulder,
man hand strong just below waist
sweat, his, on temple.
Ritual headvoid remnants, fallen temple, fallen oath
Kohl rimmings, golden backwaters parting for stupa, wat
pure land pagoda inklings,
sweat drops
rain piddling temple roof
pagoda upbringings
mental lines divining walls, boundaries
rabbit’s ear mask between
two temple upbringings, uprisings,
House of Guru
House of Ballroom visage
Philip Quinn: *Bird’s Eye View*

major
max
buys
post card
heavens

in a swallow’s
dip

& goodbye

*

she
said
rip
of
crow

in a garden phone
crazy, crazy

as she churches
the grey obelisk stone

& hangs up
black
against
the tree
Paul Watsky: *Encryptions*

Despite drizzle, woodpeckers work
a small pear tree up against the lot-
line's quondam privet
hedge supplanted

by brambles. A woodpecker's
tongue wraps around inside
its skull to cushion the brain against
headaches, so it doesn't forget

its password to the other
side, to where grubs cradle beneath
bark. No password, no
access, and all manifestation has,

it seems, another side—with check-
points staffed by Satan-surrogates
drooling to interfere: passwords
to the other side of rain, to

the image bank, to the customized
wiring of your private personality. It
can be fatal if you hang every
account on one reiterated

specimen of code, futile as well
painstakingly varied paper
master lists vulnerable to identity
thieves or dropping
on the street. Memorize
in toto. Don't forget, my hairy
woodpecker, the dangers of
forgetting. If you absolutely must

establish a computer file,
secure it from viruses and exercise
vigilance, or botware may hand you
over, zombified, for extraordinary

rendition—even with nothing
worth wringing from your cranial
coin purse—to a black
site where the torturing's upside
down, merely in fun. Remember
to care, care to recollect:
enter your password for
pittosporum, for Oh, shit, for sky.
Emmanuel Jakpa: Two Poems

Lyrics of the Wind

There are things that live in the sunless depth
of the ocean and do not miss the sun at all.
There are things that miss the sun. And there are things
in-between. But we turn away, and talk of what
we have never seen. There, wind’s making music
with the brittle branches of the ash tree, its lyric
goes like this, forget your perfect offering, only give
your widow’s mint, every soul has a gap,
and good Adam started it all. But I pay little attention,
for I have more to observe around, the swallows
crowding away against the bright distant clouds,
the dog ripping through the field to get its tennis ball,
the lilac and hazel on the street delirious
to have leaves, drunk with happiness.
Red Eye

The Siberian apple tree holds its fruits even when the frost is three meter deep, is the red eye of the question mark staring at me, asking me, what are you thinking now? I can’t say, nothing. So I pause and rewind. But thinking begins where the wind begins and ends where it ends. So my response is the things I know of the ash tree. It's the last to blossom and the first to shed leaves. Its brittle branches are no abode for the thrush, the goldrest, the warbler, the Dunnock, the swallow, and the skylark, no matter how sweet and sonorous are their songs.
Judith Skillman: four poems

The Horseshoe Bat

Perhaps due to the luck
drawn from its name
this one is not like the others.
Perched, it puts out the call
for insects at intervals.

Suppose the hours
of an entire night
were this easy to spend.
In the limbs of a tree
overlooking a field.

Or, digits spread membrane-
tight to make kite-skin,
hunched between twinned wings,
as if waiting to be mistaken
for a bird.

A mere seventeen meters
serve to take the call
of what it hungers for.
There will be no circling
past transplanted palm trees

grown now into the gutters
of the house next door,
stark-stiff and plane-barked.  
Old lovers won’t repeat 
the same mistakes.

No one dances for the housewife 
who happens to stand 
in a chemise on her deck 
while the lake drinks the last 
filial rays of sun.

This woman—what higher 
frequencies surround her 
now the children are grown?  
Which nuanced thicket flower 
with pink-raspberry forethought?

Suppose she stays out late 
alone, until her husband 
puts out the chill-blue light 
of his computer monitor.  
Will there be once more 

frogs, nectar, fruit, and blood?  
From what quarter 
will it come—the sound 
of subterfuge, the intermittent 
pulses, chirrups, whispers?
The Hurry

In rabbits and cockroaches
in warmth and cold
under a stone
where the maggots
condone their maggot-love

In the phone
and the terminal
and the shops

On the ferry, the road
in the car with its double cup holder
for lattés

In robins and swifts and swallows
in the string knit and drifting now
like long light
leased from a rain cloud

In the hangar
and the building named for a hangar
At the airport
on the way to Kala Point

In the leaves that jostle awake
after sleeping off winter
in the bee
that can no more sting
than remember how it got here
or why it left
In the wind
and the sea, and the chop
that licks the froth
where a drowned man goes on
bobbing up to the surface
his vacant eyes
like a Roman statesman
The Seven Hills

Heat drove me from him.
Thirst drove me toward him.

I cantered on the back of a mare
   away from the city
       over hills folded like putty.

Hunger removed me,
exile restored me,
the mare stopped at an oasis.

   Upon dismounting,
I saw Narcissus
lament needles of fir,
twigs bent and hurt, driftwood logs
   that kept him from seeing
his own image.

He was himself
only, as in the old story.

Spring brought me back.
    Spring kept him alive long enough
to drown again.
Yet somehow the moon
remains only a mirror.
Meant to reflect, as we
do at the worst
times of our lives,
on something larger,
more angry than we are.

The sun—no more terrestrial
than tape grass. A star
holding four rocky globes
in orbit, a furnace whose tesseræ
glint from water, windows,
and the dead eyes
of my father, who studied
its flares and prominences
even as he raged against
the casserole dishes
placed before him
when the cancer grew
larger than his own
esophagus—the formal
source of all his pleasure.
Kafka was the first writer who I read, by accident. There would have been others, although not perhaps writers, known to me by writing: Tin Tin, Dr Seuss and Tom Kitten come to mind straight away. Richard Scarry and Farmer Alfalfa, although there was something wrong with that, probably because I could never make my mind up between the two, the name of the man on the book, the author, and Farmer Alfalfa, neither of whom seemed entirely all there. No. Kafka was the first, when I was round about nine; and he was there way before the funny haired little journalist, the man of letters and the fat little cat.

I was nine, and I remember many things from that time, which became in its way a time of Ks, (Krakow, kneck which I misspelled with a k like kat and krystal, too) each one registering with me in a way that felt so peculiar, almost painful, like a little kick. They bothered me like kids, children, I didn’t want to play with. Distracted by these strange sensations and the sense of mystery which seemed to have descended over the way I was in the world, I’d think: What can I do? What can I do?

It took me time to realise that these distractions came from a strange place that seemed to vibrate in the world around me.

I never spoke to anyone about this. With a sense of extraordinary anticipation, I kept an eye on the television. If anything was going to happen, if there was to be an announcement, I imagined that was where it might be, unannounced because it wasn’t quite there.

One afternoon while daydreaming of Krakow, sitting in the dark because at the time I was blind, I heard on the television that there had been a sighting of Kafka. The programme I was listening to happened to be the news, which surprised me a little. TV was surely going to be the place for a special announcement, but some
parts of it felt more likely to offer up great things than others. The News may have been called The News but I didn’t think it was the kind of programme that would mention Kafka. The single Kafka book I had, the one with Joseph K and other stories, bought and shelved by my mother before she abandoned an Open University degree, had a picture of a beetle with human limbs on the front and that, if nothing else, surely condemned Kafka never to be reported alongside such things as industrial action, losing the World Cup, or heart transplantations.

But the news reader said, First there was Elvis, now there is Kafka. Instantly I felt ashamed: Kafka, the long and peculiar introduction to my mother’s abandoned book had told me, was a man of the 1920s or so who wore a bowler hat. Elvis, the King, I had believed was more recent and wore white suits, glitter and thick belts.

Chastened, sickened by my poor sense of history, I felt sick.

I listened on, adjusting the bandages over my eyes because an uncomfortable glow of TV light seemed to somehow be intruding. After countless sightings of the King in United States’ supermarkets, Kafka had appeared — now! — wearing black, in a bookshop. Be still my beating heart! The author of ‘Investigations of a Dog’, ‘The Burrow’ and ‘A Crossbreed’ (half lamb and half kitten), the man who Dreamed of Being A Red Indian was walking amongst us again.

The bookshop in question, a London branch of WH Smith, sounded full of clamour as The News cut to it and a journalist asked someone, a man, at what point had he realised a literary giant was browsing their shelves? It was obvious straight away that the man being spoken to didn’t like the journalist’s tone.

‘He stood at the doorway,’ the man replied, ‘watching’.
‘Not doing anything? A spot of reading to catch up, perhaps?’
‘No, he didn’t seem interested in the books.’
‘And what happened next?’
There was a click, between ‘the books’ and ‘and what’, that I imagined most people, at least the ones who could see, may not have noticed. Something had been edited – a silence, perhaps. When you can’t see you become accustomed to watching TV in your own world where all of the little noises, the things you might never usually notice, appear. Commas, apostrophes, dashes and question marks melted into the atmosphere. Reading them was something only I would ever do.

The man sighed.

‘Somebody took a photograph and he vanished.’

‘He just disappeared?’

‘That’s right.’

The main news reader began to speak again.

‘I have Blahdy Blada (I never remember journalists’ names) on the line. Blahdy, what do you make of all this then?’

Blahdy sounded different on the phone: as if he was telling a joke at a party or something. ‘Well you tell me Dumdy (again, I can’t remember the name).’ They both laughed. ‘The funny thing is, of course, the photograph.’

A photograph?

‘Let’s take a look,’ said Dumdy.

I wanted to see the photograph. I had an urge to rip off my bandages and damn the light.

‘Mum?’ I called out. ‘Mum!’

‘Yes dear?’ She was in the kitchen, making a sponge cake.

‘Mum, quick, come here.’

I heard the soft sound of her slippers on the hall carpet, then the noise of the door being pushed open, and she was there.

Dumdy chortled. ‘Well.’

Blahdy guffawed. ‘Well indeed.’

I was sitting on the sofa to the right of the door; the television was on a stand with long black legs opposite.

Mum sat down beside me and put her hand on my wrist. It felt cool. ‘Yes dear?’
‘Mum, what’s that on the TV?’
‘I think it’s ... the inside of a bookshop.’

She sat quietly, not saying anything, probably wondering why there was a picture like that on the lunchtime news – a picture finding its form in my private TV world.

‘The funny thing is,’ continued Blahdy, ‘You can see something is there.’

I moved on the sofa, leaning forward, willing the image to appear for me. ‘Is there, mum? What is?’ I pictured books on shelves, tall shelves like buildings, dwarfing me, as if I was walking down a city street in New York, books that leaned in on me as I became Kafka with his deer eyes looking out at all the viewers: Kafka.

On the inside flap of my mother’s Kafka book there had been a photograph of him wearing a bowler hat, patting a large, laughing Alsatian dog.

I called Kipper, my dog, and he ran from wherever he was and sat leaning up against my shins.

‘Hmm ...’ began my mother, ‘I can see a shape of something ... like a head, or maybe a ball, and a neck – yes, a neck. It’s like the outline of somebody, or else it could be a hare ...’

I saw the ears, the long ears.

‘... on the lens – or some fluff.’

The image I had was hairy. Hairy books, hairy shelves. Fluff balls like a Kowing Kat had spat them out.

‘It’s Kafka,’ I said, speaking over Dumdy, who was saying something about tricks of the light and strange things you can do with a camera. The picture was now in the hands of an expert who could work out whether it was a fake.

But I didn’t see how it could be a fake. What would the real thing of Kafka’s ghost in a bookshop be?

‘Mum, what does it look like?’

‘Hmm? Oh – sorry dear. It’s gone.’
She shifted, probably looking at me. The news reader introduced the next item about birds, migrating birds, and I saw, in my private TV world, storks carrying something, a hair or a piece of fluff, away over darkened hills to be born.
Meg Baird: *Pan revisited*

when I was young
and full of youth
sweet as new green
bamboo shoots
fresh in the ethereal air
way up there
I might be food for panda bears
however it was not to be
how quickly grows a bamboo tree
one of many waving reeds
pleasing in both sight and sound
I began a bamboo shoot
I became a flute for Pan
I look for him in every man
Rose Hunter: Two Poems

You As Crop Staple

More than corn to fix this
and even with butter powder cheese
and chili, as though it were that kind of
hunger. Malecón: the barrels
plate glass between plastic champagne rows
with bay and sky and the rusted prongs
of standing-on-end; I like to watch them

pile the cups, but to eat I prefer
the cob: it speaks to my hunger
to tear at the kernels with my teeth
to pick the cylinder-field clean

while Felipe he tries to sell me something -
you name it he’s got it: scuba diving
hang gliding, T-shirts, tequila…. Terreno?
Yes, a lot, he says, when all else has
failed; this last ditch attempt, to throw in - !

of course, but imagine - when hunger hits
and you are on your own lot…..
After all you didn’t buy it
because you wanted it to stay how it was.
I am happy enough with this e-lot(e)-
I tell him, although I am not
as the pigeons swoop down
shard in my eyes like jalapeño:
the pitch-ditch; what now?
When I am hungry, who will feed me?
You As Bignoniaceae

And the reason to go to that gallery
some artist? built a demolition?
well of course it’s on *Jacarandas*.
The bear park is on that street
almost enough to get me there
with the woman who says she remembers me:
you didn’t look like you belonged.
I say I never do, and laugh
and she says she wants to tell me something
else, and while I wait I remember
how I tapped you on the shoulder
you turned and lightbulbs sprung
then blew the fuse; five-petalled
the violet spontaneous deciduous
and I am shaking it off
the way the calyxes volutes Borghese
craters have shattered, as you ask
me to take your hand, walk
with you over the dented floor,
one more time and I say no
because I think you will ask again
another day. I do not believe
you will die before then. I do not believe it.
Jessica Emerson: *Leaves*

Sun is to grass as sun is to water.
Leaves hit the ground with a sound I cannot translate.
Two great surges occur;
the one, timed
the other without control.
The solar light now as in a small child’s drawing:
peaked over a building where two sides meet at a right angle.
Protracted rays burst as if by protractor
—another surge?—
white sinking to yellow sinking
below a crenellated wall.
The surges come faster now.

Wait is to weight as wait is to woe.
I grow tired of waiting for you,
wish I’d waited longer.
On the issue of a creator we agree,
but on the timing of the falling leaves
there is no consensus.
Only that we take joy in nature,
sorrow in her bounty
—can there be more sorrow than in joy?—
only that the bunched nerves of our lips blaze as if lit by the
strained yellow sun;
as if created to be joined.
And still the liquid surges come.

A small one falls,
yellow leaf to mossy cement,
and now I know the sound.
It is my language, I am certain of the cadence,
hear syllables in the silent *whoosh* of the fall,
whole sentences in the trembling crush of its muffled impact.

It is your name;
the sweet, rugged sotto of your voice.
Russell Jaffe: Two Poems

*Little star goes to the bathroom*

Changes her clothes often in the morning when the other stars hide in the contours of their duplexes and waiting for the water to heat up and fog the mirrors with unreasonable vapor.

It is cold in the bathroom where little star takes long showers and brushes her hair. Another morning spread out for a hundred thousand million years, star?

At night little stars get wild but during the day they are good soldiers, affixed.

Little star learned this way growing up in New York. If she waits it out the scary things at night go away, but little star out-brights them anyway.

It can take millennia to learn that the wet swaths of rotating stars need a leader, not a sun, not a series of moons but one leader. Little star’s ideas make the cosmos into funny butterflies or men’s bowties or the mustaches of her arty friends.

Stars see their breaths leaving the apartment and in the mirrors they’re gas giants. Little star prefers to be called glitter or googly eyes.

But this is how it must be. Little star sleeps with teeth that are brighter than the other side of eclipses. I myself write this as a plan long dried of water.
with a view. I’ll sleep off the flags you put on me. It is cold here but never nothing—little star, you must be brave, you must remember this,

and like the big hand of a clock you must learn your rhythms and we can name your galaxies someday after the funny things we know.
Little star is a fruit salad

They say you are what you eat, and that’s why you must fill in the colors of funny

galaxies like they do in a kid’s first book of the stars, little star.

Though that is a gross generalization, an uncrossed territory spread out across

billions of miles littered with laundry and dishes.

Little star marches to work and her favorite fruit is fruit salad, that’s how we know

she’s one of us. Little star works hard for light and at bedtime she leaves the up-late world connect-the-dots in the shapes of fruits for kids who will

become astronomers. I tell you this legend because I want there to be hope. Looking

to planetarium layouts for the best methods to open fruits without making a mess is

like using an autocracy for a kiss. Warmth is a nodding of stars in admiration. Little

star is warm even when they sold her childhood home and her parents moved away.
Little star leaves rinds and fruits in paths you can follow, in subordinate clues. I am

an acolyte—tell your children that means I am a pyramid of bones

with an upward tilting spooky skull and hands that are traditional bone stencils

covered in paper towel flesh. I will clean this mess because little star isn’t an

unintended bag of peels and rinds, she’s a brave shield.
The rabbits were all dead. We held a mock funeral, we wore black, we delivered poignant elegies, we gave the dead rabbits a mock funeral filled with prayers and rituals, it was a solemn occasion. We buried the dead rabbits at the back of the garden, in two shoe boxes, I had to borrow a spade from a neighbor to dig the hole, he told me to dig the hole deep because if I didn’t dogs would dig up the dead rabbits and ruin our back garden. We covered the graves with lilies. Lucy and Macy made a headstone out of cardboard, they had written the names they had given to the rabbits on the cardboard with their mother’s lipstick. It was a bright red. Lucy and Macy cried throughout the mock funeral. Their faces were puffy and red. Kitty offered them a lollipop each but they refused. The rabbits had been white, with pink eyes, and long ears. For weeks Lucy and Macy had been taking care of the rabbits. They fed the rabbits, they cleaned the rabbits, they sang to the rabbits. We thought the rabbits were very happy. They were growing, their coats were shiny, they were full of life. During the mock funeral we said that we thought they were very happy, the girls said they loved the rabbits and thought the rabbits loved them. Somebody broke down and said life is so unfair. Kitty put on some music and we stood in silence and listened to a Greek epicedium. The singing was beautiful but very sad. Kitty poked me in the ribs and said she wished she had put on something from New Orleans, something uplifting and quick, the kind of music that would have made us happy.

Lucy and Macy now accepted the lollipops. We all sat at the table. Kitty poured out drinks and we sipped our hard liquor and talked lovingly about the dead rabbits. We made sandwiches and after sandwiches we had cake. The girls were very hungry so Kitty made more sandwiches even though the girls were still eating
cake. They washed down their sandwiches and cake with soda pop. Lucy and Macy said they felt silly in Kitty’s European chic, so they went upstairs and changed back into their normal clothes. As they were changing Kitty and I went into the kitchen and looked over our new graveyard.

The girls came every morning before school to feed, clean and look upon the rabbits. It was their idea. Their mother didn’t care, she was just happy that they were out of the house and she could linger in bed for an extra hour. The girls never missed a day. They would return after school and spend an hour or so cleaning, talking and playing with the rabbits. When they got home their mother never complained, even though the girls smelled of rabbit and they talked endlessly about rabbits.

We took the girls home in our car, although we could have easily walked. We told them we were very sorry. We kept repeating ourselves. We all felt very cheated. The girls asked if we were going to buy some new rabbits. We said yes. We all felt very cheated. The girls promised to feed the new rabbits, to clean the new rabbits, to sing to the new rabbits. “We must buy some new rabbits,” said Kitty as we watched the girls run to their home. Once the girls had entered their home Kitty started the engine of the car and we hurried home. “You must take that spade back to Kowwowski,” said Kitty. I took the spade back to Kowwowski. We had a cold beer and talked about the dead rabbits and the mock funeral. Kowwowski was piqued that he had not received an invite to the mock funeral. “I love a good wake,” said Kowwowski.

Lucy and Macy were said to be geniuses, but they didn’t like the word genius, they told us that the word was a derivative of genitalia.

We were aroused from sleep by the girls screaming. Kitty grabbed her favorite butcher’s knife. I slipped into my shoes. We found the girls white, gaping, crying. The rabbits were all dead. The cage doors were still locked, there had been no struggle,
there were no sign of dogs. It was a meticulous horror show, still, tranquil, it contained a softness. Kitty said she was reminded of The Death of Chatterton by Henry Wallis, I said it reminded me of a sentence composed by Penelope Delta. We were unaware that the rabbits were aesthetes, we thought only humans had taste, but apparently rabbits have taste also. The rabbits must have had a pact. We thought only humans killed themselves, but apparently rabbits have faith in suicide. Over coffee we tried to make sense of the deed. “They must have known,” said Kitty. “Yes,” I said. We were sad. We felt very cheated. “Those girls were really looking forward to that meal, I mean they put in a lot of effort,” said Kitty. “Yes,” I said. In the kitchen everything was ready for the big meal that we had promised Lucy and Macy.
Thomas Walton: *Coming, Goings and Leaves*

**Fashion**

coming as it did at one time only  
in leg of mutton buttoned loosely  
what a pair of clubs you’ve brought  
how small the skull you’ve horsely chosen  
if, when frozen, the night lawn begs  
to be left in peace or else to crumble  
and your breath is asters  
dissipating like an icon painting  
as you hover over the grass  
floating away from me  
down past the oak where the creek  
is also a thief of leaves, and leaves  
only red venal roots helpless  
in the relentless current

**Funerals**

coming through with this as their plan  
a slab of stone laid flat on a grave  
they proselytize with promises  
of left fielders, leftovers  
negotiations with masked plovers  
over under versus over  
on top of, beneath, amidst  
worms or angels, you decide  
the leeside of tabla drums  
or the dregs of drainage pits
but it isn’t that it’s, it’s
less chiaroscuro than that

_Nests_

when the magpies in the spruce came
they were a sight for short tails
portals of of’s thoses rank
and covered you with dried grasses and string
what joy
what joy to be made a nest for nocturnes
a little troika of eggs in your chest

_Vultures_

ey they will wish that they might be seen to come
circling in the dry sky
degenerating in a high spiral
over the arid landscape below
and you, binoculared, await them
your bicycle and your pen ready
riding as beneath them as
the ponderosa pines scaling the slope
otherwise where rocks have burst
and bleed brickly in their wounds
you’ve found the tree, you think
where vultures come to roost
and climb it, and wait
and wait, and wait
having lost them again until tomorrow’s
new attempt at gathering beauty
Paddocks

once every day there is a coming where cows are
out in that future field
beyond the stand of garry oaks
to reach it, to pass the old flatbed
gathering rust and moss and mice
near the barn, to reach it
to walk the muddled road through
ant hills, snags, and hung girls
up the hill and through the hill
the hill gate opens to it
to the field where cows are, where cows have
rubbed the cedar trees raw up to
five feet so that they appear to hover there
uncovered where shown affection
the cedar trees, the cows laze
and coyotes ease into the swatches of scotch broom
to sleep or else imagine rabbits only

Fissures

something drapes the walls
and I must watch it
as if it were drip, or droop
the way it moves
to keep from thinking of it
aplomb in the midst of chaos
the broken sky, the fissured child
the pear trees about to blow

I am anxious for spring this year
not as I usually am
but this year to see
if it too will pull off its blossoms
and tell me no! I’m not happy
I need to go elsewhere
and whether I will protest
arguing for its worth, for its beauty
and essence there between
March and May
or if I will watch quietly
in disbelief
as it gathers its shoots
its leaflets and petals
and walks out
closing the door with a click
that is as cold and insufferable
as any winter ever was
Mark Mihelcic: untitled

the mud:

and children carving

in their own symbols –

like an owl,
a thunder heart.

and the old men,

since they were
children –

measuring the lines
to the diagram

they built
before the temple.

Dong Xi,
China,
Oct. 2, 2010
Tantra Bensko: _Elephants_

The elephant lost its life long partner. And still danced. Lightly, elegantly, to unheard music. Unheard to anyone but its life partner. Who was trumpeting inside the dance.

The life long partner danced in the after-life, unseen by anyone but the elephant on earth. Who was able to see longer distances than ever, ever before.

.
Donavon Davidson: *The Settling Dust*

The season of apples
stops beating

one heart at a time.
contrapuntal traps,
so many voices
each on their own side.
Forget nature’s subliminal
edge—instead of water
the world is three-fourths
left-over mistakes.