-γεία bluop envyone could play. trailty a series of notes on a recorder, until they dissolve into skytheir yellow leaves lifting and turning All day they bend under the wind's instruction, a short, sweet music of compliance. they rustle the sort of answers teachers likeas they are in September. All day Ot course they're beautiful, dressed

like tall girls at a high school dance. the straight of duite straight willowy, white trunks There's something antique about them-

after Gustav Klimt

the way they cluster together at edges of field,

endless after all-

used to the idea of

this big wavering life

being so damn brief.

or maybe I've just gotten

Birch Forest, 1903

a luminous calculus of possibilities. a dance of secrets, a dreaming of tugues, they gleam in darkness, the world Stripped of the sun's too-strong light, that they step out of ordinary. comes to wash landscape in absence, It's only at night, when the moon

.snoiteups blo grigniz rocked by tides

sənil (ssələling səlbod -eonesde to second

and veils that haunt almost nothing but water

uo uerves, no bones, of a cereal box. No brains,

or maybe at the bottom you'd find in Whoville

as it they're the kind of creatures -Allis spunos amen adt nava

seillet nooM

trom cathedrals of light. rippling across torever

a net of whole notes caught in a translucence of bells,

> levivius to mus ant -sutommem viloow bne

toothed tigers, pterodactyls -19des bne shuesonib to

drift over muddy graves The ghosts of their shadows

For months I've kept the universe in a box. It happens.

I get tired of infinity

staring out at me

with its sapphire eyes

from behind mirrors.

all that sea, that sky

everything immense seems a little

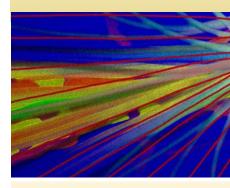
lighter, as if nature

isn't so in-your-face

But today when I slip on

The Blue Earrings

endless after all



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