

Adam Fagin

13 Views

1.

I have learned all light comes down through the motion of the observer, which is white. *It is only to the still observer that the motion of the observed form adds revelation.* To a motionless man, any leaf or branch seems the same bright shore.

2.

A first sight becomes, when white is visible, wholly outside of color. I enter the animal, sucking skylight from the leaf-like shadow of a wing. Its true outline *en masse* axis of fleshy processes—'bird' being but a uniform of its environment—pure leafy space spreads twilight with thumb and forefinger.

3.

Let me beg, orchid, the eye to follow what I've forgotten. There is no end to energy displaced by what it attends. Like a shadow in the mouth, a man is a parade through his beliefs. Each word follows the contour of a logical mind: *I notice what I have already noticed*. A wilderness like one's hands before one's eyes.

4.

white ear—I seed
seed. This canvas is
composition. A veiled
rheumatic
of night, a glance
against their origin.

Looking through a
and sift—and sift and
planted in its
music trapped in the
afterglow of landscape. Under the
machine-like utterance
throws these walls

5.

Dear northern region, dear dear one: we hold these truths to be self-evident, but they are merely exposed: White knoll in a holy privacy of thought. Meaning tumbles over green leaves. Men are raised through the eye. In a prophecy of wren instead of sky, the artist's life is spared.

6.

This is not a theory. The sky is blue and there are tree-shadows on snow. Its wings little white prayers which occupy a point further in. Here a straight line extends the gaze. It is another blackbird heard across the sky. When reversed it's turned to evidence: I open the impression—blue kite cut apart by moon-fragment—and am met by observation: a flight where matter converges with its style of conveyance.

7.

Where green trees point, a somatic grammar. Sensation is a bare ocean. Where shadows extend, a leaf I know by heart. Is there sky to express mortality? Is it blue enough? Each day is sense refined by distance. From morning to cold meadow, these birds, I have lived a rather roving life.

8.

Oft-repeated evening sky. White eiders vanish toward the light. Let us reflect: the sun makes total what it touches. But only an artist can do this in utter darkness.

9.

Blue, likely omitted sky. In this moment thought multiplies the animal it becomes. A leaf, a twig, a web of sunlight. Grass-patterns part. Having seen, we should not look.

10.

A butterfly renames the soil. *Aix sponsa* or plover passing over a learned vacuity. Detaching its velocity from hypertelic rhythms of a Redpoll, my flower eats the wing of a complex debris.

11.

Wearer, when unacknowledged, it is sky you speak through: robin's egg, green shade.

Wearer, sky is when you consent to being imagined a volume of air rendering Birds of Paradise.

12.

Yellow flower near the edge of a meadow.

Some days are violets pressed inside the pages of a letter.

13.

leaf-like

listener

of branch

diameter

I have noticed

a mouth caught

between two

virgin spruce—

containing sound sky

is thus inverted—

in speaking

it is a ghost

reversing

earthly light—

crouching in sunlight

the eye is lost—

slim leaves split

open the branches