

Marcia Arrieta

frayed dreamer

who understands

missing/found  
buttons & threads

continue to wander  
in the crosscurrents

red poppy blooming

interplay asylum

cereal boxes, soup  
Bronte, Dickens  
Dostoyevsky  
Hardy, Woolf

beyond characters

language

almost

surreptitiously

an expression

subversive

extended

a certain

wilderness

temporal

tenacious

parallel

movement

golden trout

spirit bear

unrestricted, unlimited

“the nobility of  
rhetoric”

Wallace Stevens

transcribe  
the language  
of the pine

outside  
the  
circle

within  
the  
wind

arrows  
into  
clouds

extract

outline wings on glass  
a narwhal floats by  
arctic dreams prodigies in ethereal  
the Mobius strip is made of mixed media  
the Pyrenees & subfields

on the subway

clockwise

indirect

merely these

stations  
statistics

bricks  
stones

corresponding

prisms  
nests

matters of

concrete  
perches

nets

asphalt  
swords

in the space

of

dandelions & fireflies

\*

the communication wires are crossed

across continents

or maybe ranches & farms

\*

it is a mystery where they lead

we know nothing really

splendor is a word rarely spoken

wallpaper a few years

\*

graph paper & dust  
green couch, orange chair

the books outgrow the house  
we bury the verbs

\*

quiet connections constellations & currents  
the bird's language the policeman's "pull to the right"

new characters terraced gardens the Celtic cross  
the dragon as foe the dragon as collaborator

\*

blue shutters pink walls  
hands covered in paint fugitive/poetry.

architect identity inhabitant of the roses  
lavender & olive trees goldfish in the pond



redefine the ordinary

existence in the face of the sun

the stairway leads to the river

the river equals sky

there is significance in a silver thread hidden beneath the bookcase

tomorrow we will explicate the poem

or perhaps art into small triangles

which will then float us down the river away

perimeter homespun  
or  
the art of

*The worst thing that can happen to an artist is to become a bore.  
to become complacent.*

—Dean Young

thunderstorm  
chance  
exquisite  
primitive