

RED WINGS COLLAPSING

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What do you call a field of black telephones ringing?

A problem? Sometimes I make ridiculous gestures
with my arms and legs, and call it dancing. So you see
it is not the color of your hats that has guided me here.

If I give you a red bird it means more than if I give
you a story about a blue hat. When I am not a nuance
expressed in echoes, I am quite modest and quite murky.

Once in modest and murky water, I had a very disturbing
conversation with a boat. This boat said, *I don't want to know
that much about every goddamn whale.* This boat blew me away,
as the unexpected often does. I want to know more about normal
accidents, owls misplaced in the arctic, breathing in code,
dead fish on the sidewalk, extinction in the meadow, red wings
collapsing. I don't want to know what to call a field of black
telephones ringing. Have you ever built a giant mess with tiny tools?
You are not alone when you make ridiculous gestures
with your arms and legs, and call it dancing. We all are.