

# Figures in Blue

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## DAFFODILS

A woman alone at a large open window gazes at the sky. The soft flesh of her arm folds around a basket. If she is dead, the colors may be alive.

Her soft flesh holds a premonition of her, calls its form within the form of its space in sky.

She is miming sky with her body. *Taming* its color, like a double her of color.

There is a sense of intense activity in the buildings and neighborhood, so familiar, yet her skin is not that.

Angst from the street, but what prevails is the face  
of a person waiting.

An agony of light chugs through her body.

If she could roll out her body, like make a road of  
her body, there is the sense of that being all there is.

As if her flesh were a habit, a woman stands in sky,  
catching it in the drape of her dress.

As she rests in the bare window she is dead. *I (am dead)* she says. It stands like a point of view.

A strip of death is on the woman's arm.

She wants the death eagerly, like time tucked in her arm. *On the crest you can just touch death*, she feels.

She sees an arm (the boundless ordinary nature of her arm) in a gown, in the sky, wrapped in a column of the unsaid.

Sky like sea, around a woman hugged by sea.

A man is a response (like sky and a sea wall). The  
*float* of him sinks, then appears on the horizon.

*I am exempt from sky if I empty myself toward it.*  
The flaccid man's ribs absorb the thick musculature  
of her arm.

Daffodils range, placated by time, but it is the habit  
of deep slumber.