

White Bird

Gail Sher



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A man wearing birds, *sitting* in birds, inside the birds' flow.
Together they're called *White Bird*.

White Bird grows tall. *White Bird* hugs his own legs back.
The meditation of sky streams into his heart so there's a
passage of heart into which he may relax.

White Bird relaxes back into his heart, breathing white, like
the beauty of a seed or wind in a bird's hair.

A man sits in wind wearing few clothes, but the birds
come and sit on him like clothes.

White Bird stops. Summer light swarms his shell and the blue shell breaks.

The beauty of his wing fills with sky.

A gull too drags its sky. As if it were an ear gathering in sky.

Beauty is sky. Beauty is rain in sky's past sky.

My mother's arm is pure, its curve of sky seeping into structures.

Then later someone says, *That person is a dead person.* So then I think, *The beauty of sky's color flows from her arm reminding me of her arm.*

I want to wear sky, I holler. (I am in tune with degrees of my mother hanging from death like a soft shoe.)

Her yellow armpit sags, like old newspapers would be lying fallow as they do on distant fields.

A man buys socks but it is really death lurking in sky. *I want to dust sky out so that my limbs swallow themselves.*

He looks, passing by death, as if he is new, *in sky now*, as he puts it.

O look at the birds! They're combing each other's hair! (He's watching a bird gather its gorgeousness.)

My mother is a line. Within the death-lines she is one.
But a node on her blackens and then she is not my mother.

I know a bird whose color is sky before the sky admits itself. Like the brain of a color if sky admits the bird.

A mountain is visible *inside* the bird then. Its color dies then.

A queen bird releases into sky. *There's the sky!* someone says, as if there *is* sky, the *location* sky.

That bird knows me well, I'm thinking, because the bird is mostly dead.

Here is a corner of sky, mother says, fondling a dead bird wrapped up in her pocket. (The bird had lost sky. That's why it died.)

I am the oscillations of a flower, inside, like a flower's brevity, she whispers.

A tall bird tumbles through sky. The touch of its voice is like a raw egg folded into zero.

My mother feeds me air, the tablature of air, doubling air, forcing it to become air to something.

I dream of air (a box of air) because I conflate air with my dead mother. She could taste the flavor of the box and in her mind suck out the box. (Secretly she criticized people who didn't suck.)

Her feet swell in air. The ascending foot, like you could crawl inside the foot.

Who is the end of my mother? Who is the end of my death?
(I am organizing myself backwards.)

Flowers fall, but mountains blossom in air. Born in air, I'm in air already, like a broken piece of air.