

The Tethering of Mind
To Its Five Permanent Qualities

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A gull circles a wedge of water, marking the water with her eye. The memory of her skin is limitless, like the memory of her cry, before a kill or later for the sake of others.

Wind, too, gains qualities by its forcefulness with things, its *hand*, say (a piece of sun cut off).

A crack in light, like a painting of light.

The palette of wind is gold, she mutters, the boundary of a man playing chess in light being the dead person.

A flower emits voices behind falling sun.

A flower is soft and the pain of soft reminds her of a sea of heads.

As if her life dreams its own violence. If a bird disappears, she may have asked for this to happen.

She begins to think that mountains wash out mountains. That the sea of heads form a land on which to walk, which she calls the *isthmus of larks*.

So a bird flies flat and what is it about its sleek blue mind.

Is a bird a bird or quality of place dawned by the bird? you mutter.

You look at a chirp, though it could be surreal. A tree *comes* just at the point of sky.

Phenomenology of the tree rides not so much on the stature of the tree but like the tap of a cane, where it goes after it is hidden.

A sycamore branch in late light sheds, as if sun splashes scattered shards of larks through needles of light-fall.

Time is little drops like from a spout drip-dropping the bough.

Its stem is underground, someone says, and I have a memory of a double stream flowing deep beneath the earth.

You tap on the stream to *awaken the stream* so that the leaves stop shaking their light out of it.