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LAST is dedicated to Kathleen Ruen who makes everything possible.
LAST

I.

Death

is

the “Last of

the last

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in North America

from the time

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the shell

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black

wings
2.

there has to be found

the extinct way within

loss

so that together

feathers will be served of

queenly young delight and love

iridescent
ORTHOPTERA OFFERS A SONG TO HUMANS

1.

Touching’s where sound comes from
Stridulating leg to leg
Corrugated wing to wing
Leg to wing to wing to leg
Leg-wing leg-wing
Wingwingwing
Wing-leg wing-leg
Leglegleg LEG

2.

Touching’s where sound comes in
Deci-belling below knees
Hearing without ears
Earth’s with-whir
Genuflecting a vibratory reflection
About lip-edge of thin membrane
Tympanum drum a-thrumming
Echoing in curve of the bowl ‘bov’-bowel
Sounding and resounding
Re-sounding and re-resounding
3.

Sounding to touch across distance
De-distanced to resound as touching
Touching distance courts broader collectives

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>insect</th>
<th>concrete</th>
<th>Earth</th>
<th>rail line</th>
<th>tree</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>steel beam</td>
<td>human</td>
<td>iron</td>
<td>pelt</td>
<td>glass</td>
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</table>

Distant touch by sound gathers quantum choirs

| difference | / | no difference |
| difference | / | no difference |

4.

Human larval imagination contains
Imaginal discs for embryogenesis
Chord molts to tone, tone to chord
A chordo-tonal organ develops
Envelops in a trans-species hum-pupa
For incomplete metamorphosis
One day touching-distance-sounding
May perhaps finally almost complete
THIRTY-SEVEN AUGURIES


That it was yes. No more no. Two chairs like a couple at table. Of all trees this one. Blooming. Periscopes of daffodils. Let me see: complaining about living’s better than being ten feet under. *Next stop is 125th Street – stand clear of the closing doors.*

A distillation to daffodils. Eye opening.

Kestrel on aerial. Contemplating bicycle wheel in motion. Hub, spokes, tire, blurring. A translucent spider. Falls out of an orange towel. Reports of the death of environmentalism have been greatly exaggerated. Open windows sculpt wind’s sound. My hands let go: my son pedals on his own. Self-revolutions. Chicken and waffles. Kant’s definition of genius. April Fools. Daffodils reflect lamplight. Joe Lawrence says something like: Who will anchor themselves in goodness when the shit hits the fan? His friend E. takes us around the corner. Shadow of the statue of SHINRAN SHONIN. He says the statue was in the epicenter of Hiroshima. Under the shelter of his bamboo hat.

The sun doesn’t rise. But feels like it does. Blooms: without why. physis. Remember who you are. The indoor life is the next best thing to premature burial. (Edward Abbey) EAR. ART. HEART. EARTH. Sleep never rests. For goodness sakes.

Gull cry, bus idle, drizzle. All art is influenced by the artist’s relationship to the climatic conditions in which it has been produced. (Amy Lipton) So don’t forget your umbrella. Rosie said: I didn’t get here on the wings of the tailpipe of Mother Teresa’s car. Spring snow. Wind squalls. Balloons shipwrecked in black branches. Like so many. Helping always helps. Fog. Blown away.

Conductor says: Good morning Manhattan – it’s Friday and you’re looking good so let’s keep moving!! Coming and going. And happening. And doing. And reading. And being. Human and otherwise. Trumpets of forsythia. As companionship. Of desire. Wife static. Wordless comics on the racks. Against the extirpation of wildness. Species forced almost to extinction have returned more resilient than ever. Turkey, peregrine, coyote.

My daughter Lyla said: I put all the colors on and it looked like lava so I said it was lava. Took three young women from Young Women’s Academy on their first bird walk. Toughing out the rain. Their quick eyes, spirits. A kinetic understanding of science. One in seven chance of true collaboration. In present climate. Cold, rainy. First there is need. (Reznikoff) Gray light. Lecture given to couch. On wildness. Cilia on sunflower stalk illuminated. To see it through.

To awake as a guest. With nothing but what has been given me. Sun, warmth. To travel from interstate to highway to road to dirt road. Fractal journey. From trunk to bud. Spring peepers, stars. To lie down as a guest.


Magnolia blossoms. One year older. The kids’ fingerprints in the frosting.

Every day above ground’s a good one. Steve and I savoring coffee. Bitter, sweet. Like a Sufi saying he tells me: a bridge of hair over a chasm of fire. Rather take subway. Seeking: byproduct of forgetting. Out of station. In decorative yews. Sparrows sing: tremble, tremble, tremble. You were there when.

Windows open overnight. Coolness on bare arms. Call out for. All day at work. At desk. Now free. To saunter in the woods and marshes. Of her with. To get lost. If I’m lucky.

My heart is square. But still red like a heart. Lord, smooth it, soften it. With calculus. Robin song on Houston. Sparrow song on Bleeker. Over Minetta Lane. Over the trickle of paved Minetta Brook. Unhatched eggs in nest. Instinct makes her sit past sadness. There is no way but. Waiting for something. Or someone to happen.

Saturday morning cartoons and rain at window. Neither rather than both. Sunflowers face sunset. South-westerly. Life for. Evermore. Gone to seed. S.
Like fire. I doubt. Doubt.

Long before is, was. Chinese-born contemporary visual artist through his translator said. (This is not an exact quote.) An artist speaks. For his (or her). Time. Through Roman gallery. Through Great Hall. With potted cherry blossoms. Black cloud. Pocketknife of history. Hungry for chicken gyro sandwich. On edge. Of Queens. The Rockaways. Woodcock males peenting. Woodcocks like giant hummingbirds. (Joe says). Autumn olive on air. This. More ephemeral than this. Was.


Lyla says: I want to walk this way. I want to walk to the sparkles. Sparkles = sunlight on wind-broken water. When we get close, the sparkles disappear.

Look. At. Me. Look. At. Me. The bird sings. But I can’t see it. In the brush.

Clouds are water and air, my son says. Clouds are where rain comes from. From Morningside Heights west white blanket of clouds. From 5th Avenue east perforated blanket of purplish clouds. Over apartment blue, cloudless sky. All this will change.


Petalscatter.