

## BIRD-SITTING

She woke every morning for meditation but those damned birds were always up before her, screaming at one another like angry children, hopping around, she knew them: the doves fighting the other doves for unskimpy food amounts – but even after she changed their feeding schedule, there was a problem, so she changed her meditation schedule to the hours just after work before she went to bed – propped against the mattress which is propped against the wall of a room with thick dark curtains hanging to the floor which is an intensely clean white rug. A cat dish over there. Some food in a sack over there. And then, and then, after the time change damn if those birds were not nibbling away at her quiet during the evening sit. So what are you going to do. She stopped sitting at all.

When does it happen?

Birds sing to challenge silence?

...cacophony – no.

## PULL-OVER

Although we are actually near the end of the winter month I most associate with brown-grey colors, might it not just as well be *any* time of *any* day of *any* year past or yet to come. The anyness of time. Extending this, place too can begin to lose its importance in the deal, especially if I close my eyes and imagine, say, Mount Pisgah, North Carolina on a particularly lapidated morning when I had the Minolta at the ready and my mind was sharper than the elbow of stone angel, that very fine morning when I'd had all I needed to eat, was still smoking cigarettes and so stupidly puffed one all the way up the mountain, even more stupidly tossing it out at the point where the low cloud-line broke and blue sky shifted in, suddenly visible wet rock hillsides tilting out over the car, telling me it is time to get the camera ready, and I immediately take the next scenic overlook, slam on the brakes...

February sucks  
Spiders appear but no snow  
One purple flower

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