

Seldom Seen

Toned gelatin silver prints

5.5" x 5.5"

November 2021

Response to War of the Foxes by Richard Siken

It's a thing so quiet, weightless like winter air.
The barometer readings detect an oppressive few years
Of groping, fidgeting, and clawing among brambles,
Among fog.
Or is that humidity... in this thin air?

I picked up on some words.
It wasn't easy what with all the lack of focus
And peripheral nonsense.
But when put in order,
Chronologically I suppose,
This is what it spelled:

Blurry
Everyone needs a place
Measure
Between
Measure
Between
Between
Blurriness

It must be an air current
That makes snow swirl madly off limbs
That causes seedlings to become helicopters
That disturbs a leaf so high up a tree
That carries the burden of a leaf past its prime all the way down
To the warmed earth.
Eventually to sink.
So quiet.