

## **An Admittance of Information**

*1st confession:*

I like the way the house folds around me.  
A large Mama bird; wings of wood  
wood from trees where

birds deliberate and roost  
and in this holy atmosphere we pause  
and repeat

I like the way the house creaks and sings.  
A reminder to be here, an anthology  
to swept floors where

I deliberate and root  
a curious bird in place I linger  
and repeat

I like the way the house lives life  
things being the same nothing changes  
strange birds and starlings

life and flight a continuum  
begging no explanation they hover  
and repeat

~~~~~

*2nd Confession*

*(I digress and think to paint a boy here...)*

Outside in the front yard next door. Under the tree,  
the one that robins remember every year and I

*let my brush pause to wonder  
at the pink beneath the white of the boy.  
Will he burn in the sun?  
(...if I painted him as a bird he would never burn  
or grow to be a man.) Will he remember  
this day? ... the faded woman who watched him  
her dark figure hunched, raven like, curious  
perched, just there an exact duplicate of itself duplicated  
ad infinitum; same place every day to glimpse him  
there, in the upstairs window paused  
the frame holding him boxed in perpetuity so that,  
if on a day he did not come the picture of him  
painted by me held?*

~~~~~

*3rd confession:*

There were things that happened there. Before I had thought to paint it. Crows, curious meditators, a fox, a garden of rhododendrons, a young woman, an ardent lover, the stuff of nests and weaving...a babe leaving, the mourning birds cleaving barren branches trying to make do with the consequences of their actions.

Trees, silent sentinels birthing and dying *whispered connections* of faith beneath

folding sky above and more: the man who fell asleep and did not wake so that the woman in the window with her repetitions, her mistakes, (her mistakes with the boy with the man with the notion of self: self and self time both growing older...) twists skyward in a continuum that is and begs no explanation so that I am an eye that speaks with her hands in the house next door, so that *I*.

*I like the way the house bends yellow most days, and the shadows, mostly mostly gossamer (think: transparent blue black) are mostly gone by or in transition. Paused.*