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by stephen hastings-king

On one side, when the starlings form a Klein bottle and fly through it the space they enter is not the space they leave: they spiral lower and the ceiling opens so the room can receive them; they disappear into the television monitor and bring the daylight with them.

I follow what pulls me forward.

On the other side, the birds generalize into the unstable darkness over streetlights and the day before and everything that was in it rains down like pieces of a puzzle among telephone poles and building walls overgrown with the vines on which surveillance cameras grow.

The transition from subject to object is the reversal of figure and ground.

