31 & 32

by stephen hastings-king

31.

Traces of frozen waves undulate fossilized plants and birds from the Matisse period: the songs the birds once sang; the dotted lines that map their extensions; the tiny holes that vanish into the space between here and there.

The figure gathers the elements and rolls them between his fingers until they form a ball. Many hours to make a brick: many bricks to make a curve.

32.

The sound of a small aircraft trails through the air again, a play of disappearances that spreads through the solitude of a man spinning over canyons of light, the rattle and shake of the tilt-a-whirl, the barkers and passing streams of cotton candy girls and each time Yves Klein I fall with it.

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