

THE ATRIUM

1

I apply a paper towel to a broad leaf. Each day
birds crash into these windows. They flit and then
they thud.

2

We lease these plants to control our costs. They are
of great textural interest. I clip their tips when
they get leggy.

3

Do you have individual desires? I want all of this to
be glass with fingerprints. I slap the dust off the backs
of chairs. I want everything to be touched and rubbed.

4

The beeping lines and the thudding birds encourage all
of these cyphers. See how the youth have gathered.
They are rapping to the bang.

5

That's not a sculpture. It's a video wall. The engineers
are adjusting the keystone and cursing the convergence
of straight lines.

6

Some plants decline. Subtract a plant. Add a plant.
A ficus with lights enchanting. I'm up for anything.
I wash the plants and magazines.

7

Can you hear the beeps through the percussion? The
thudding is incessant. The kid on the far right: it's as
if his style was raised by wolves!

8

Sign for these pyrenees. They are bishops purple.
Look at those birds. For their reflections they
leave new guts all plump for gulls and city rats.

9

When close approaches I scam the kids. They'll just come
back tomorrow. At five I go alive up top and shout:
tornado and snake!

10