

Sent out a scream  
- tail guarded queen-  
for cured azure air becoming  
- sending out of out -  
and carving from well determined  
atmosphere - the  
constant almost of a  
garden's dance-filled stream  
Cut clean through guarded space

life in the undecided tear of  
eye and youthful tear,  
shoots itself  
deep into the white shade hidden in the azure frame -  
in the same unfinished movement  
- and each torn from each restless flame  
framing the sun -

-THE CURTAIN FLIES  
in the sky and sun she made -  
which is illuminated by  
over-grown diagrams of innocence and experience.  
anywhere you find it  
from 6-7 thoughts at a time is how!

Sent out again at second heart break,  
The glass is more felt and more cultivated:  
The midwestern tornadoes of blood-stained sand  
and everything else  
threaten to shatter and corrupt any white space  
(with all practical colors) like seminary St.  
You get all the razzle-dazzle reflecting inside the glass,  
face to face with it all.

- Etienne Sonderstein

