



conversing in the staryard

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transition is malleable. the wall is made of an in between solid and liquid mix, aqua and effervescent. welcoming. bodies stand on one side staring in. the other side is all color, shades that roam in and out of bright spaces, becoming more vivid with each interaction. all of the colors cycle through rotation and radiate brightest at a certain point of density and heart. yellow stands on the side of light and calls out a list. reiteration is necessary when hearing your body name for the last time.

yellow must picture the eyes
up to communicate, shut
to bring in more accurate
light

the next one
in line emerges
from the gathering area
before crossing

immerses
palms face up
to soak
new energy no
more groundedness
no more
of
that nonsense

[all water all color]

cleansing

or blue
in a human life told
to have drifted
often
to the under
world realization
of arrival
is an out
breath

yellow tells blue that blue has wings. throat singing throbs almost immediately. noises through an open neck door, ornate, lined with lace. blue didn't know that vocal chords would transfer over.

blue knows where blue
is
blue
has always
had one foot
teetering
in the staryard

upon blue's arrival, blue asks yellow if birthdays still carry meaning, if days do. the space that holds weight for a heart swell when emotion becomes dim and brightens. *what has that changed to now?*

blue's human body was subtle in its smallness before movement began to discard unnecessary particles.

yellow tells blue that yellow
can teach blue to give signs

to speak words through objects
and which birds know
to guide messages
home

blue is ecstatic about new forms. learning how shape is supple and changeable according to the flicker of spirit. how colors move through each other and blend. blue is interested in clashing shades.

yellow tells blue to rest now. the different shadows of blue's blue are still settling. with rest blue will begin to emulate the ocean's reflection of skyshade.

green holds back not ready to walk
forward and discard
the familiar
substances green
once knew to be
home

still
the need to be rescued
from the color
less and liminal

green tells yellow
about last minute messages
received before departure

how the word
instantly was thrown
around
the air for comfort

green says to yellow
i'm not sure i believe in that "non-remember," that loss of name.

green speaks of the final moments without realizing they have ended.

yellow says

you are now in this perception of light.

your coordinates have changed.

you must be willing to carry yourself over to your new home.

green floats in disorientation. green doesn't want to leave the middle stage.
green wails, yearning for a metaphor and for limbs again, feet
or something to walk with
to move in any direction away
from here

air substance is unusual for new
arrivals. language is bubbles
that are fully formed
and travel between
colors carrying stories

green is fearful of dying and becoming
extinct

cognizance
of location is lacking

no location of
no body
to position and
care for

yellow is anxious. patience is challenged by colors who choose to float nearby the threshold.

yellow calls sparrows and gives directions:

watch for green. chant at the moment green decides to cross.

help blue find a forgiving womb of repose.



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