

100 untitled works in mill aluminum

by Michalle S. Gould

out in the woods  
an empty box awaits  
its trap its emptiness

the challenge – how to open  
a thing that's already open

an antelope comes  
bows its head to drink or pray?  
departs unsatiated

a stuck moth beats an etching  
of its lifting off: an echo of escape

a plane passes above  
its back faces the heavens  
a balloon's eye always upon them

a ceilinged sky thwarts all ascents  
no banging of our heads will get us in

a thing fallen to earth  
will seek to have its wings removed  
that's how to know them

A pond cages an island  
A narrow moat brims with defiant fish

strapped to an altar  
a moon slipped from the clouds  
cut into slivers

a patient box unlined with silk  
or velvet: a coffin for a ghost

a stage is empty  
an audience explains a murder  
to absent actors

the sky tenders its welcome  
to its own reflection in the water

wraps itself into  
the waiting box: presents itself  
the answer to a mystery

## Notes

This poem was inspired by Donald Judd's 100 Untitled Works in Mill Aluminum, which can be found at the Chinati Foundation in Marfa, Texas.

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\* a dust/e-chap  
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