AN INSTANT OF FLIGHT

ANNE HEIDE

produces in a place that does not belong to it."

species' nests, memory

their eggs only in other

"Like those birds that lay

- -Michel de Certeau

Sounding

An etymology:

Also called mouse-bird.

Also called snipe.

(Also our shape is pressed by flight into the window)

"In America I shoot robins and find them thrushes"

In America I shoot robins and find a dinner made.

Sounding

An etymology:

Also called magpie.

Also called snake.

"The robin grunted vigorously as I relieved him of the hook"

The robins grunted vigorously as I relived myself, the hook.

In Name

Called Robin Hood by children or Old Robin Hood.

Others would add "Hills" or "Woods" because a person

name cannot be a place name.

Speak

I'd seen the robin

An eavesdrop:

draw out of the other

boy's arm and frighten me.

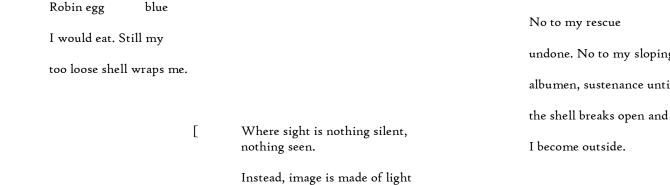
I am surprised.

An eavesdrop:

and

Flight this fact

Hatch



and loss as seen through the thin shell.

We have, at least, that.

undone. No to my sloping albumen, sustenance until Hatch

The inside of the shell is a veined yellow. How much touch is required to break it?

And I was blind-

folded back under.

Hatch

To hatch is to come outwards from a permanently breakable place. To unhinge yourself from the fragile covering that is temporarily you.

A hatch is a place from which you may enter or leave an enclosed place. This opening is freer. You may leave and then return. You may come back. Fold the shell around out. Or, enter the anonymous world.

A Tearing

There in the mad grass grown,

there in the shallows I find a robin.

Parceled out, and broken.

Pieces of the fallen nest seem like pieces of the fallen chick.

When it moves, I am startled and flee.

A Tearing

There in the hollows I find a wing.

There a separated pumpkin shell

from which it lives, eggshell called

it round enough. A carved return.

[Pumpkin shell with a face carved into it.

Pumpkin shell where a bullet carved into it.

This one's for you, you]

Dive

When I am read

the future calls me

hidden

in linen I am under the city of grass. Tied flax and robinblue.

Harvest from above.

Dive

I say that I will only be remembered if only in dark cloth folds.

There a robin's egg and flattened peach grown here.

There a shoestring under rivulet.

I have to be remembered. I gave to be remembered:

In your grave, I lay untangled.

When we all circle back into the chimney following smoke, as home, to enter, home.

Flynn

"When Errol Flynn came to town in 1959 for a week-long binge that ended with him dying in a West End apartment, his local friends propped him up at the Hotel Georgia lounge so that everyone would see him"

Robin Hood is buried with six bottles of whiskey. Perhaps Wild Turkey, but this is less likely.

Flynn Is a hero propped up in the woods

to view.

Lastly,they cry out with an open mouth, as if they out shot Robin