

**A
MOMENT
OF
FLIGHT**

ANNE HEIDE



!
!

“Like those birds that lay their eggs only in other species’ nests, memory produces in a place that does not belong to it.”

-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.

Now, sleep

Speak

An eavesdrop:

I'd seen the robin
draw out of
the other
boy's arm
and frighten me.

An eavesdrop:

Flight this fact
and
I am surprised.

Hatch

Robin egg blue

I would eat. Still my

too loose shell wraps me.

[Where sight is nothing silent,
 nothing seen.

 Instead, image is made of light
 and loss as seen through the thin shell.

 We have, at least, that.]

No to my rescue

undone. No to my sloping

albumen, sustenance until

the shell breaks open and

I become outside.

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.

As close as I can speak.

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...

* a dust/e-chap
www.dustie.org



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