

Beware the fury of the financier-  
rote fury, puffy money, bankers who bank  
on diverted attention. Divested  
power. I attend to a kestrel  
showing its shadow to the morning floor.  
My neighbor's crusty music. My daughter's  
trusty lemur doll. A train, sooty &  
passing four stories below. Power.  
This is a sentence about synthetic  
collateralized debt obligations:

a bit of what gets lost in the paper  
shuffle of profit. Doorway to a shelter.  
Roof sloped to slide rain. Bankers, bilking  
aplenty—I'm riveting my attention now.

-Kaia Sand

*materials: dropcloth (8ft 10in x 3ft 8in), yarn, twine*

This poem is part of my Happy Valley Project, an investigation of housing foreclosures & financial speculation. The project was partially funded by the Regional Arts & Culture Council.

The more I grappled with the abstract, hard-to-track financial fiasco, the more material & tactile my poetic composition became. This dropcloth, well-trodden & splattered from my mundane painting projects, helped me find my poetic form.

My grandmother & mother, who both taught me to embroider, contributed stitches to these stiches, as did my daughter, who specializes in French knots. Jules Boykoff attended to the poem's language. Thank you.

I created this broadside to celebrate the fifth & ultimate Dusie Kollektiv. I dedicate this broadside to Susana Gardner, whose Dusie is a poetic *tour de force* of social form.

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