

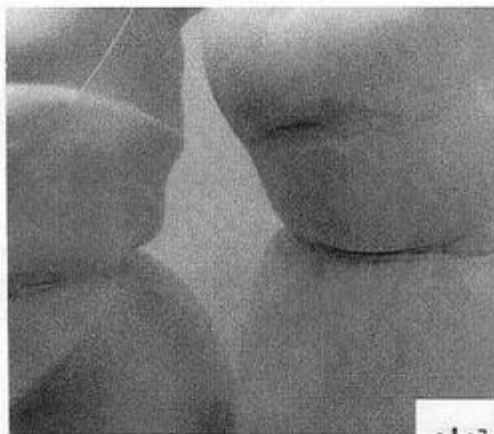
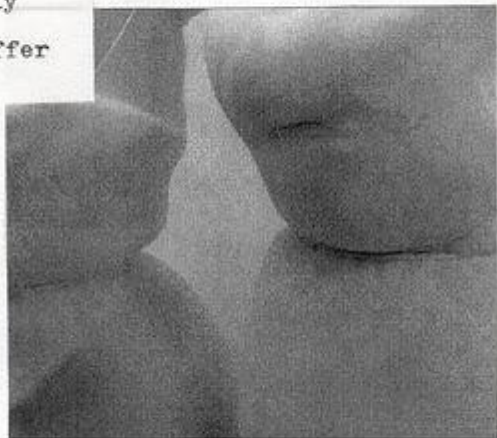
*Birds*

Molly Schaeffer

June 2011

O'clock Press

birds  
molly  
schaeffer



o'clock

# BIRDS

*Molly Schaeffer*

2011

O'clock



open a beast & look  
bell shape  
caregiver

bell shapes in light  
static molting shuttle  
air glyph—

sects of birds  
fill noise with nursing  
at the window

I open my window  
it fills the room  
with white dirt

fog veils  
hang the houses  
all clothes  
off their souls

when still  
Susan stands  
a monumental wing

sound break  
over birds  
white of the year  
she sang beyond

tireless Susan  
froze swoop of loud  
uniform bird noises  
with her camera

like a hiding picture  
to lay with  
in her grave

poise  
of the stuffed  
white wing

Dear Susan,  
we are reveling  
in a gorgeous drought



I too went out  
to meet the dust  
early in the morning

interleaf shakes dry  
faceless birthers

dreamily warring fleets

endless  
fingers

Dear Susan,  
were you  
to hesitate  
the monument  
to move

birds swarm  
in a lethal curve  
about her

huge soaring spectacle  
fast like culprit  
“whom seeing not,  
we” clasp at

air shrouds

low wind  
like a spacious bird  
unnoticed hymn

hidden spawn  
sources  
cloak-blade

monument's pale cast

none but their shadows  
crested only brief  
vibrations

sounding  
rush of birds  
attacks the statue

lens  
a homely shrine

most intangible  
adhesive thing

who hears the birds

who has found  
fairness in birds



silk throated madonnas

I was watching a monument  
and I thought of you  
fluid impure festivity  
faceless sects



thick shawled  
flock of birds  
form a gown  
in the white sky

Dear Susan,  
I'm ravenous for  
the sound of the pianoforte

mortal coil  
loud exiled air

herself and not her music  
was what we seemed to  
love—she has an air of exile

resigned their  
dim eyes  
for noise  
apparitional pleasures

Dear Susan,  
when are you casting off  
your old furs

feathered proud sounds  
of their merchandise  
dignify our faith

giant curve  
slashed still  
with dark

I cannot tell you  
how they moved  
I had rather not  
remember

Dear loving felon,

paralyzed  
with her camera  
Susan stopped them

bird pantomime  
contained  
in the word “move”

I had thought  
of your future  
with soft fear

Dear Susan,  
call back the winter  
white drought

Susan dreamed the birds  
were made of cloth  
projecting themselves  
onto her she collapsed  
with stress

I cannot name  
my enemies  
only shadows



the moors transformed  
into a giant turbine

clucking

a single bird is calm  
sits in a room  
with a white gown



circle  
til they assume  
a violent  
spectral air

the landing flock of birds

Susan viciously passed  
watching a monument

the seeing pain  
one can't relieve  
makes a demon of one

faces stalled  
given names  
by the camera

hold your beaks  
in strong hallowed  
remembrance  
before they bind again

faint progeny

your strange fruit  
dizzied thrush  
revolves around  
the statue's breath

heavy  
deafening silence

the unmentioned mourners

loud brown dress  
with cape

bending bow-clash  
they had a tunnel  
of clouds struck  
through them



my sphere is doubtless calicoes

I was herself  
her music was shore

apparitional sound

descend upon  
the breathing monument

my family  
of apparitions  
is select  
though dim

hours between  
birds and darkness

*Credits*

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*Undergarments & Armor*

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