

OF DAYS

there are none, only walking. the green puntos de desencuentro skid away on the wind. paint if
the grass you wish. carve 2 birds from what stone bush then drop them over the fence.
mountain fold valley fold reverse fold aerial receivers recollecting origami radios. pour wax
over a pair of echoed bats drunk on pollen's memory. letter the light. Q: high blinding window.
I: building façade deep shade. C: under rainy season clouds oblique sun. the ladies walk their
lions in the mall and tourists drive their tigers to the sea.

EPIDAUROS BOX

Will they return next year in supplication to our
tzitzikas tzitzikas tzitzikas? Our first burrowed
nymph surfaced from deep time before their
gods scraped them up from mud, callow and
curing. They call us by our sound, not daring to
speak our name: Tettix tzitzikas Cicada tzitzikas
Minminzemi tzitzikas Cigarra tzitzikas We
buckle our tymbals to sing for a broken cord,
take flight for a wingless soul. When Callas
called in the firemen to rain us out: tzitzikas
tzitzikas tzitzikas tzitzikas tzitzikas
Their Orestia striving for the familial fever pitch:
tzitzikas tzitzikas tzitzikas tzitzikas tzitzikas
tzitzikas Their Athena ex machina no match for
instars rising from dirt-filled years to shed
exuvia, become imago, take flight and sing.

BIRDS OF THE PARAMO OF CENTRAL ECUADOR
The Auk: a Quarterly Journal of Ornithology, April 1912

Take flight and sing.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

Look closely at us in our paramos.

¹ A sturdy Finch, bluish slate color, another, brownish and streaked. Both are shot, and as the brown one was apparently singing, they are thought to be quite distinct, but later experience shows them to be male and female.

² Nothing can be more tiresome than the "Wu, weeo, weeou" song of this constantly invisible bird.

³ Only a sort of low, troubled, warning note escaping them when more sorely pressed by our pursuit.

⁴ The general absence of song, or even of voice, among the really abundant bird-life of this sublime region gives one a sort of awesome feeling as he goes popping about the slopes with a puny cane-gun. What are all these birds doing here? They don't seem to be breeding or mating or migrating; just living, shiftless, without any object in life.

⁵ We secured several specimens and were disappointed to find nearly every one in shabby, moulting plumage, female Hill-Stars are one of the plainest of their sex in the family.

⁶ Thorn-bill in the hand displays ruby fire on the lower throat; the chin metallic green; the tail of a peacock blue.

⁷ The handsome Vulturine Hawk shot by Mr. Lemmon on the very crater brink of Pichincha.

⁸ White ruffed Condors. When one of the great birds bore down upon me, at the report of my gun, I was quite impressed.