

SOULS OF SUICIDES AS BIRDS

Because of his fierce red-orange hair,
which he hated and threatened to dye,
and did, on more than one occasion,
leaving the half look of his head
strangely mottled, as if he had survived
scarlet fever, which, in his embarrassment,
he sometimes claimed he had, and because
he spoke and acted with a certain insect
abruptness yet showiness in spite of his
childish size, more diminutive each year,
and because Timothy is a grass, Tim the
diminution, he's become an American Redstart,
demonstrative at the tiptop of branches,
che-wee, che-wee, che-wee. Linda Mannus,
whose intelligent high-wire crisis voice
peaked everyone's angst, even at twelve,
is a Chipping Sparrow, heard as well in
the backyard as among the orchard cages.
She took poison, then a razor, then ran--
Timothy Cotrell used all twenty gauges
of his gun. The farmer Elifritz drove
his tractor through a worn out wall
of his barn, thereby piercing his throat
with old wood, and therefore is a warbler,
Black-throated Blue, who loves the swampy
interior, the dense scrub undergrowth.
Jack Butz, whose Vietnam wound was total,
like a lightning scar, lived for as long
as is possible in Piqua, Ohio, and be alive;
and Jerry Hart, star athlete, died of Aids:
one is a Purple, one a Boat-tailed Grackle.
And when Raymond Baker flew with his Ford
Fairlane through the barrels and signs of
detour, planing his head through the wind-
shield, he became a Swift, able to dive
down chimneys and vector a straight line
of the invisible air like an arrow aimed
at silence. And the two sisters, Alma and
Kay, each impregnated by their father,
transpired for a while as Whippoorwills,

con't

then Doves, but found real joy as Thrushes,
hermetic, unadorned, but adored at evening.
Kay found Alma hanging and followed...
These friends from school--and there are more,
doubtless, I don't know about and others,
almost subtle, who crafted deaths too natural,
none of whom made it out of their thirties
or forties, none of them murdered, none
of them victims of streetfire or planes,
sticks and stones or drugs, none of them missing
persons, all of them Starlings or the Siren
noise high in the Tulip Poplars...

SOULS OF SUICIDES AS BIRDS

The afterlife may or may not be an aviary

Because of his fierce red-orange hair, which he hated and threatened to dye, and did, on more than one occasion, leaving the whole look of his head strangely mottled, as if he had survived scarlet fever, which, in his embarrassment, he sometimes ~~implied~~ ^{claimed} he had, and because he spoke and acted with a certain insect abruptness yet showiness in spite of his size, as diminutive as a girl, and because Timothy is a grass and Tim the diminution, he's become an American Redstart, dramatic and handsome at the tops of the trees, che-wee, che-wee, che-wee. Linda Mannus, whose intelligent high-wire crisis voice peaked everyone's angst, even at twelve, is a Chipping Sparrow, heard ^{as well} in the back yard as the tangle of the orchard. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

She took poison, then a razor, then ran-- Timothy Cotrell used all twenty gauges of a gun. The farmer Elifritz drove his tractor through ^{worn-out} a wall of his barn, thereby piercing his throat with wood, and therefore is a warbler, Black-throated Blue, who loves the swampy interior, the dense scrub undergrowth. Jack Butz, whose Vietnam wound was total, like a lightning scar, lived for as long as possible in Piqua, Ohio, and be alive; and Jerry Hart, star athlete, died of Aids: one is a Purple, one a Boat-tailed Grackle. And when Raymond Baker flew with his Ford Fairlane through the barrels and signs of detour planing his head through the windshield he became a Swift, able to dive down chimneys and vector a straight line of the invisible air like an arrow aimed at silence. ^{And} The two sisters, Alma and Kay, each impregnated by their father, transpired for a while as Whippoorwills, then Doves, but found real joy as Thrushes, hermetic, unadorned, but adored at evening. Kay found Alma hanging and followed-- These friends of my youth in school, and there are more, doubtless, I don't know about and others who were subtle

classmate
recycle
dove hands
in appeal
for birdy
with
never a
hand
Ray Baker
May +
Mar
April 3

half
(omit)
fierce
red-winged
bird class

child
Steve Lemons' native
(as well)
as average
actual copy

all

from school - ad
new are
was

and crafted their deaths to look natural,
 none of whom made it out of their thirties
 or forties, none of them murdered by other
 means than their own, none of them victims
 of streetfire or planes falling or drugs,
 which are still relatively new next to
 depression and the ferris-sized wheels
 of misfortune and the forces of gravity
 pulling on the brain down through
 the visera and soles of the feet to
 the center of the earth. No wonder, then,
 they are birds

and the voices heard in the head like
 traffic or water or whistling like birdsong.

12/20/15
 all
 burning
 toward
 falling
 moving or
 jump
 possibly
 (evil)
 and the voices
 from the caves

Summers
 Fayer
 Wheel
 ① Clotho, Lachesis,
 and Atropos
 ② of Fortunat
 wheel
 ③ or the mother of depression
 (or the spirit of evil)
 ④ or the voice in the head
 ritual voice perform deconstruction

2. ③ or parent or who had
 parents & childhoods
 also

STYBAM OVI

12/20/15

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Fritz A
my 4/1/78

Because of his fierce red^{-orange} hair, which he hated,
and threatened to dye, and did

on more than one occasion,
leaving the whole look of his head strangely
mottled, as if he had survived scarlett fever,
which, in his embarrassment, he claimed he had,
and because he spoke and acted with abruptness
yet with a certain

insect grace--
water-wings, butter-wings, we'll see him, Timothy
Cottrell, in the afterlife as a bright
American Redstart, who blew his burning
head off with a shotgun. Linda Manus, plain
at twelve, and plainer later on,

who took poison,
then a razor, then ran, was caged--she'll be
our Chipping Sparrow, named for a song
heard greatly from the tangle of the orchard,
with its neat protective rows.

More details
about
individuals

Nelson Fritz,
or Elifritz, depending, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ his ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ drove his tractor through a wall
of a barn, and because his throat was pierced
crosswise with wood we'll hear him
as a warbler, whereas Jack Butz, brutal in love
and Vietnam, shot several before he turned

the gun

(Fritz)

