

air as structure

he was not even looking
that is to say searching

the buildings insisted upon
forced in on his contemplation
became an abstraction

no not the buildings
not even the bumpety street
(though he knew without thinking
how desperately the frost-flowers
beneath heaved and buckled
to break from their albino trap)

strange he felt that this
day should be chosen
that he should be chosen
to see the air
not blue

as in sky or cloudy
but solidly insinuating
between things
dividing
and isolating
concentrating
on the shapes it made
and playing
with light and shadow

suddenly he felt happy

as a swimming goldfish
he eased his shoulders through
the sculptures formed
in spite of the nothing—
buildings

o point of balance
o bodies
leaves o tipping

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