

redwind daylong daylong

Gail Sher



NIGHT CRANE PRESS

2004

Copyright 2004, Gail Sher

All rights reserved.

Night Crane Press, 1500 Park Avenue, Suite 435

Emeryville, California 94608

www.gailsher.com

Cover art: Gail Sher

No part of this publication may be reproduced
or transmitted in any form or by any means
electronic or mechanical, including
photocopy, recording, or any information storage
and retrieval system, without permission in writing
from the copyright owner and the publisher.

ISBN: 0-9726115-2-5

The Painter's oils were flat

The painter's oils were flat. Single-toned except for the dribble down the linen's periphery. Sometimes it soaked in. Or left wedges of naked cloth. Sometimes little globs of color piled up in one spot. Within the canvas, the crosshatch of opaque/transparent sections, like windows on clay or brownstone yellow.

Caressing the color or the movement of the color, framed or gathered up.

A woman will emerge at the edge of a skirt. Not the woman but her emergence is what the brush captures.



A gust of chirp. First light flickered through the trees and onto the drenched pavement. "It must have rained during the night," she'd thought, surprised, tiptoeing over the courtyard's shallow puddles.

Her pleasant dream resurged. Woodwinds, pianos,
violas, bassoons – in what had once been a rather large,
shabby room with Formica tables and linoleum floors.

Reaching toward the dream . . . slipping back . . .
toward the color of hay. Her urge toward this color,
its precise, crisp (nay brittle) mix of yellow, brown
and green.

What did it hold, she wondered.

Black sky and whirling flares

Black sky and whirling flares tailgated her – some place. Should she stop here? There was nowhere else, but “here” seemed like it was still road. She slowed down. Her hands trembled in the spinning lights.

New sun oozed its way over slimy land-fill water. Mount Tam yawned like a cat behind the Golden Gate.

The previous day, as she’d gotten out of her car, a sable cat, comfortably curled on a neighboring hood, had stared her down. “What’s he doing here?” she’d found herself wondering. She imagined some scenario where the owners had run back to their apartment for a moment, but when she’d thought about it, it made no sense. They would have left it inside the car. Still, the cat seemed settled, not about to budge.

Slowly the tears formed.