

Aaron Shurin / FOUR VIEWS OUT OF PARIS

I.

A FEW FORWARD

A summer is reduced to glass and holds the light.

His city — the open space in front — (liquid pyramids between your shoulderblades) — where the cat sleeps guarding his window has on its embankment a towel and a pair of socks. Each of us carries childhood to the next man.

That in summer another's presence has tucked away the dome whose symmetry, between columns, is visual perception. When I come where I am the mind of the stroller is figured as a mechanism of the inner world, except that everything brushed by my hands took a few paces forward. Now turning my face I could gaze between the waving leaves to a tenderness crashing above my head, and memories rose there.

A narrow staircase used a red carpet to climb.

II.

STILL LIFE

That was a shadowy resemblance to me — expanses of wall that know they've been struck. The city is given over to fog, the illusionist. A ruin in a thin mist cast pinkness. From the open hall theatrical air flattened the animals as a small boy stood gazing. The regulator — from the seventeenth century a bead of water attended pure silence. Arches of the bridges tossed a few coins into the bowl.

He shredded the fabric calmly on his way to a more dormant landscape — crossroads in the early evening spattered with sun — almost outside but consisting of patches sewn together, a medieval attention sleeping on four wheels, in which a white dog with dark spots dreamed of the rumble of the boulevard. A jug in a niche on the landing was incapable of moving.

Just past there, shaded by streetlamps or trees, puffs of steam are a contemporary afternoon. In his immense protruded detail this motionless mass was held — which would be youthful, irresistible, and sparkling with crystal. That ripple of notes is one corner, where you hear two click steps coming...

Another illusion is that the street is falling or flaring. In glass cases we bear silence. The bones have the views, leaning over its galleries.

Spirit is forever in love with someone taking wing.

III. FOLLOW

Burning houses shot palaces — the posers — where they desert history who posed for the statue of the underground lake.

At the foot of the bed the leaning face of a young man with madrigals as weapons.

We're looking like postage stamps as ironwork sunbeams proportion space between the height of the windows and the blue exterior tubes.

The rain of the distances in one of the paintings behind me.

Great walks, great cloaks, trees in parallel lines.

The fleeing surface is my space or your century.

Fireworks that believed in revolutions throw down from the upstream sieges sea turtles and sleek green stones.

Through them, swallowing them, like the others, as if intensified...

IV. THE INGREDIENTS

I return to the passage, for example, without the time and the weather being fixed, to see for a second the opaque body that gave the plain little phrase its secret longing.

And the woman — golden ears of solitude — displaying with each gesture one flap off her shoulder, nocturnal, offered to them the veined air of connotation. A city is different from what we see or say on a person's face, though observation might be judged a likeness. The trees in their invisible places are scrupulous, formulas of serenity in which a sky made shadows with great white clouds. They and all the other words stood up on hind legs to be the king of nature.

For above the mineral opera stream parallel eagle is it attic abstract evening lacquers a city capable of the future. The organizers of the beaters of space now getting rid of the inventory.

And after each way to them or trees or all the things in curiosity materials and other limitless materials...