Jill Osier

Left to Itself the Heart Considers Its Length of String

Tomorrow I will rescue the green table from the rain.

A green table is useful and not a deception.

At a green table I can think of red kites, not trying.

We forget our need for another earth is nothing like the hydrangeas’.

The tree and the lake—how they happen to be right in front of us—are not deceptions? Birds know this. They never miss or think,

Why am I trying. Somewhere basil flowers

near a sign, “Help yourself,” and pink clouds slip
down the sky, enough. It is no use

to punish a table. We are not red kites.

I am at the height of hydrangeas, and the hydrangeas are at their height.
Brief Study of Parades

1) There must be lifting.

2) There must be so many kinds of shoes.

3) Acknowledge this! Acknowledge this with music!

4) We clap, we speak in waves, we remember the curb.

5) We are a terrible speed.

6) We are the only people we’ve been trying to be.