**Spiderweb**

From other angles, the fibers loik fragile, but not from the spider’s, always hauling coarse ropes, hitching “lines to the best posts possible. It’s heavy work everyplace, fighting sag, winching up give. It isn’t ever delicate to live.

**Flamingo Watching**

Wherever the flamingo goes, she brings a city’s worth of furbelows. She seems unnatural by nature — too vivid and peculiar a structure to be pretty, and flexible to the point of oddity. Perched on those legs, anything she does seems like an act. Descending on her egg or draping her head along her back, she’s too exact and sinuous to convince an audience she’s serious. The natural elect, they think, would be less pink, less able to relax their necks, less flamboyant in general. They privately expect that it’s some poorly jointed bland grey animal with mitts for hands whom God protects.

**Leaving Spaces**

It takes a courageous person to leave spaces empty. Certainly any artist in the Middle Ages felt this timor, and quickly covered space over with griffins, sea serpents, herbs and brilliant carpets of flowers — things pleasant or unpleasant, no matter. Of course they were cowards and patronized by cowards who liked their swords as filled with birds as leaves. All of them believed in sudden edges and completely barren patches in the mind, and they didn’t want to think about them all the time.

**Green Hills**

Their green flanks and swells are not flesh in any sense matching ours, we tell ourselves. Nor their green breast nor their green shoulder nor the languor of their rolling over.

**Spring**

Winter, like a set opinion, is routed. What gets it out? The imposition of some external season or some internal doubt? I see the yellow maculations spread across bleak hills of what I said I’d always think; a stippling of white upon the grey; a pink the shade of what I said I’d never say.

**Periphery**

Unlike igneous crystal-studded porphyry, famous since the Egyptian basin business, periphery is no one substance, but the edges of anything. Fountains, for instance, have a periphery at some distance from the spray. On nice days idle people circle all the way around the central spout. They do not get wet. They do not get hot. If they bring a bottle they get kicked out, but generally things are mild and tolerant at peripheries. People bring bread the pigeons eat greedily.

**Why We Must Struggle**

If we have not struggled as hard as we can at our strongest how will we sense the shape of our losses or know what sustains us longest or name what change costs us, saying how strange it is that one sector of the self can step in for another in trouble, how loss activates a latent double, how we can feed as upon nectar upon need?