EMITTING A SOUND

Based on the sculpture, journals, and letters of Christine Wölfle, 1959–1986
Sections in italics are from Wölfle’s journal or are titles of works.

Aluminum sends whirring spiral shreds
into my hair, into my mouth, and onto the floor.
I looked up to catch the chance of seeing my daughter,
all the available spaces of her.

Turning from the pine cubes
I open into an unpainted fan,
my spinal column bursting from its shell.
Day passes through me
setting off my gold-leaf curves,
and my rice-paper canopies filter the sunlight
of this plywood summer.

Notice the young pine, my ash-blond hair.

As a child, I ran to hidden places in the woods,
rearranging them
before impending storms.

These rooms, with their emptiness,
their rushing wood floors
will disassemble me.
The body stays claylike, embracing itself.

This weekend the sun was blowing and pushing
as I walked over the sea rocks.
The ceiling of the cathedral is like the spinal cord,
the arches large, leaping waves.

Don’t let my stillness fool you.
With my plexiglas skin
I take over the room you’ve left
and turn into crystal flames.

I felt the sound of every bruised sea urchin
even though I was looking at the debris
of cracked light collecting itself
on the surfaced underside of the water.

Nothing is more weightless than my house.
Besides a garden,
it reminds me of an Egyptian barge
floating down the Nile, rigged with trellises.

*Light drawing on the wall, Persian letters, signatures* are silent constructions.

*Everything becomes fluid*
even this *Frozen Spring*
*I am air* dressed in silks and brass jewels,
color that seems to linger too long.