She Took Off Her Wings And Shoes
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CONVERSATION WITH ANNE TRUITT
Based on Anne Truitt’s sculpture and journals

Where are you walking?
A woman is lost in the desert.

Who follows you?
A white rattlesnake, pale as milk. Once it bit me high on the ankle. I came to know that it intended to stay with me.

Which color are you?
I will myself be ultramarine—from beyond the sea.

Where is your home?
I wish I could live in a lower key in a place like the mobile-home court through which I walked during a windy desert-smelling twilight. She feels my work, as I do, to be a kind of home.

Who stands in the doorway?
She is opening her gown with her hand so that she may more distinctly detect the first pangs of her labor.

What are you listening to?
I seem to hear them now before they become color, as if sound required color to become visible.

What have you done with the color?
The color is set free into three dimensions.

Are you wounded?
As china is crazed with tiny fissures. It is no wonder that for a year I have been like a lake of ice under a pale sky. I let the color, which must have been gathering within me somewhere, stream down the columns on its own terms.

What is this last turn like?
Behind me the ramparts of blue-black slate rise straight into air that is only air, not sky, and is itself a blue-black slate. I returned home, my house alight. This time, I hear the silence the waves interrupt.