

AMOS JASPER WRIGHT

Pigeon House and Barn, 1827

Already, we are like the pigeons.  
The man behind the lens,  
and the man who made the lens  
are ground down into original dust.  
A moment has been stilled,  
eight hours of sun writing.  
The view from the window,  
this is what we've become, all view,  
passengers on a windowless ride,  
smears on a silver plate,  
beggars of blurry light.

Who needs a house,  
when bootblack light shines bright  
on both sides of the barn,  
as if two suns warred for the night.