

GOLDEN IN THE MORNING CRANE OUR NECKS (2018)

by CA Conrad

IN A PAST LIFE I WAS
A LITTLE FISH WHO
CLEANED THE
SHELLS OF
TURTLES
A DREAM
HELPED ME
REMEMBER THEIR
DEEP VOICE OF THANKS
MANY NIGHTS I HEARD SHARKS WAITING
FOR THE TIDE TO DRAW ME NEAR
WHEN THE CALENDAR RUNS OUT
IT FEELS LUCKY ANOTHER AWAITS
ALL I HAVE EVER WANTED WAS TO
FORGE THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE INTO
A SPEAR AND DRIVE IT INTO MY HEART
BETWEEN LEAPING AND BEING SHOVED
NO LONELIER PLACE TO PUT MY FAITH FOR THE
SWINGING MOTION INSIDE THE DANCE WE SHARE
DON THE EXTRAORDINARY SUIT FOR THIS ORDINARY DAY
TAKE OUR TIME STUDYING TREES TO IMAGINE THE
NESTS WE WOULD BUILD IF WE WERE BIRDS

I ASK ALL
YOU TALENTED
PEOPLE SPENDING
MANY CREATIVE HOURS
PERFECTING KILLER DRONES
GUNS AND BOMBS TO PLEASE
KNOW WE ARE WAITING FOR
YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF ART IN THE NO
KILL ZONE

I GO

WHITE NOISE

TWO ROLES: READER AND LISTENER, IN
PERPENDICULAR RELATION. L FINDS A
SEATED POSITION WITH THE R'S HEAD
LAYING IN LAP. L PLACES HANDS ON THE
VOCAL CHORDS OF THE R. HEAD STILL IN
LAP, R READS ALOUD THE TEXT. REPEAT
AND REPEAT. OXYCOTTON NOISING
FROM THE WINGS. ALTERNATING ROLES
IS ASKED, BUT NOT INSISTED.

TWICING

CLAD TEXT WITH ITS DOUBLE AT THE
DISTANCE OF A LINE. THAT IS WHILE
READING, SPEAK TWICE EACH LINE. IN
GROUPS, ONE READER EACH HER
PARAGRAPH.

IF I DIE ON THE ROAD

IF ON THE ROAD I DIE. READING OUT
LOUD AND UNTOGETHERLY.

STROBE

TEXT WITHDRAWS (COYLY). READING
OUT LOUD AND TOGETHER. WITH
CONTESTING DILATION & QUIVERPUPILS.

for

BACK TO BACK

SITTING BACK AGAINST BACK (NOT
NECESSARILY SOLITUDE) AND READING
IN ONE'S HEAD; IN THE STRANGE THICK
OF READING BY ONE'S SELF. PLEASE,
PLEASE, LEAVE AS YOU PLEASE.

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