mark so

[reader(s)

reading aloud through the text fragments below, in a normal, unhurried manner, pausing generously at spaces finding one's way intuitively and without forethought, somehow covering all material (whatever incidental repetition, doubling, or overlap taking place along the way)

It is better this year.

And the clothes they wear

In the gray unweeded sky of our earth

There is no possibility of change

Because all of the true fragments are here.

So I was glad of the fog's

We have learned not to be tired

Taking me to you

Undetermined summer thing eaten

Of grief and passage—where

you stay.

The wheel is ready to turn again.

The shadow of the spokes to

drown

When you have gone it will light up,

Your departure where the summer knells

There is after all a kind of promise

Speak to grown dawn.

To the affair of the waiting weather.

Among the lanterns of this year of sleep

But someone pays—no transparency

Has ever

hardened us before

To long piers of silence, and hedges Of understanding, difficult passing

From one lesson to

the next and the coldness

Of the atmosphere, but at that high

Valley's point disbanded

Clouds that rocks smote newly

Parading

The person or persons involved

1:1

slowly through the sunlit fields

Not only as though the danger did not exist

But as though the birds were in on the secret.

- John Ashbery, "If the Birds Knew"