

BOUNDARIES

Do fancy windows make the view more or less beautiful

The shock can come just by looking

Braids in motion

Stunning stupidity

I am trying to be an artist people want to have fun with

The groove is in the heart

The bird is in the hand

Funny how the night moves

You go through a hard time

You emerge into life

Nothing comes clean

You came silent

With your hand in my hair

It makes me happy to know

What your motion says

I have never been in love the way I think I have

PILSEN

Some people have beautiful things
to make any sentiment valid

I have an inarticulable feeling
riding at the edge

Beauty isn't the thing about it per se
As the cloud crosses your window

You flatten yourself
against the pane to show me

How I can't believe you don't know
A message's meaning is timing

Stranger pulling on your shirt
touching it around the hem

As I watch only what I love so much
that the love disappears is possible

There is no one else with me
on the dun-color sidewalk

My particular feeling has nothing to do with you
It is more about the window

It is like the frame of the window
I can see you through

11/8

black cat
black cat

NEW MONDAY

Is everything natural useful

The cool hawk dies away

Life is about handling slow separation

Mild shadows where the springtime knows

The people on the road are love

They act like it's no big deal

I hang on at the edges of them by my vision

I offer my body as an excuse

When I get dressed I think about

1. me
2. one other handsome person

Every day it is almost another day

HISTORIC WINDS

Speed is the mood of time
When the forest is burning
We say *The flames are fast*
Fanned by the wind while the sun rises
Imagine how a tree feels speed
Now imagine being the tree next to the last tree
that that wildfire licks

11/11

Sky looks painted
Because I know the word for it

When I feel thinking about you
Is what the sky looks like
Something I don't know
Without the word for

The way things connect is they fall

Lights are tiny mimetic suns
Moths act like blown-on paper

Once in awhile winter
Living becomes an art

We're all really lived-in people
Here in America

2017-2020

Everything I saw was an image I could write
Everything I thought I could see

We continue because we get what we deserve

If it's a cartoon watch
does it tell cartoon time?

Someone dressed beautifully whispers around a corner

The new year happens in our bleakest month
yet I fear the unknown
and crawl up to it and lift my arms before it

COLLEEN LOUISE BARRY

Colleen Louise Barry is an artist and writer. She runs the interdisciplinary projects *Mount Analogue* < <http://www.mount-analogue.com/>> and *Angel Tears* < <https://www.angeltearsforever.com/>>.