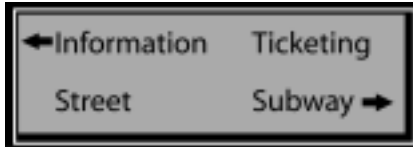


port authority

Under a fluorescent-lit sky
two birds flew *↗ ↘*
from portes #308 & #309



Outside #314 passengers paced
a pigeon landed *↘*

pamela
gay

136

No-1 noticed except the woman
with the Cleopatra cut & the UNIQUE tee
who watched the pigeon pace #314, #312
where it stopped to peck Pop Corn.
Like Chicken Little, she thought,
on a white linoleumed barnyard floor:
The Sky has fallen, the Sky has fallen.

**To analyze such measures as these
through CAE techniques is fairly easy,
especially through the use of a
programming language like
S N O W B L O 4,
the line she read at random said
from another passenger's printed matter.**

She smiled, thinking John Cage would be
pleased, & he was right/he was
SO right: No-1 pays attention.
No one takes time,
replied Georgia O'Keeffe.
To see takes time, she returned to say,
hanging up Part IV of Jack-in-the-Pulpit,
like to have a friend takes time.

It was time.
Unplugging the voices,
the woman in the UNIQUE tee
got in line,
re-facing herself
in the chrome door,
Brancusi's mirror,
unfaced by the others who 1 x 1
boarded the carrier
taking them out to see.



She saw herself in a black & white photograph,
a face she couldn't see out,
could barely recognize,
the Sleeping Muse run away from the MET,
captured by Alfred Stieglitz
who discovered O'Keeffe,
made her some-1.

About this-1, a postcard said:
While still a recognizable head,
it also has as valid an existence
as just a bronze oval.
This effect is heightened by the closing of the eyes,
erasing the face's individuality,
suggesting the condition of sleep.