sequence

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Recommended Citation
Swensen, Cole. "sequence." Green Humanities: A Journal of Ecological Thought in Literature, Philosophy & the Arts, vol. 4, 2024 . DOI: 10.25779/ym2q-0w96

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CROW IN THE RAIN

Through a screen of rain, a single crow seen, a stain on the green of the tree she’s sheltering within, which darkens as the downpour increases, as does the sheet of rain, now almost solid, or so it seems, as black as the crow, who feels more and more at home.

OWL

Talon outward is darkness now pointed, articulated, double-jointed, flipping the night inside-out, revealing its lining of tarnished silver, the backside of a mirror in which everything is again reversed, the owl, too, fully inverted, and shocked by the sight of the daylight inside her.

AN EGRET IN ATTENDANCE

is endless. Time sinks into the bright white wings, distilled to an absolute stasis, and ticks. You can’t hear it, and neither can the egret, so it can accumulate there beyond all measure. This doesn’t make an egret a time-bomb, but it doesn’t make it not one, either.

MORE CROWS
Crows, as their numbers increase, change not just quantitively but also qualitatively, taking on as a group a new fluidity that increases their collective gravity, and so dramatically that it becomes a singularity, a black hole through which they pass, going on to bloom, equally blackly, straight out of the sky, but a different one.

SEAGULLS FAR FROM THE SEA

come up the river over a hundred miles—their converse, strident, in that it striates the sky, shreds it in streaks, all those miles of it, ripped-open, and now above our courtyard, their shrieks reel with that odd echo-effect by which thunder makes the sky so much larger—rolling thunder—except that roiling seagulls manage to make it both larger and closer.