

FrameWork 5/24

Blair Swann on Derek Sullivan

Drapery of seeds, furniture of husks,
the layers of knots – a library –
gathered at the pace of our walking.

This feeling – of being scattered –
holding a brittle fossil still of bark or bone –
a yet-upturned rock, waiting, sacred.

The field works on me –
coming to a halt on a weathered foot of concrete,
forgetting time bares branches.

This feeling of being scattered – a dandelion.