

JOHN TAGGART

ANGELS NO. 1 / KITAJ

Big wings lots of colors

red blue green yellow a pale purple
iris within the colors
raised “fall” of the iris which is saying it with one flower

saying
she angel

splotches/stains on her she angel body
choppy waves around/behind her body terrene and marine
angel with
one flower eyes

fruit/grapefruit + berry breasts on not level table dreaming

parts of her dream being split open unrolled
bulbs neon candle-like red thing
two-in-one thing candle-like and the lit up hectic on her cheek

bird in flight in her dream.

Also big also lots

red blue green no yellow and mottled “with mottles
rare” mottled
with black

shapes one of the shapes of power big black snake him not
slim

angel
he angel with an orange ball-peen hammer
head there’s some power for you

one strider leg
also splotches/stains but lighter but ochre kind of pink on his
angel
leg under the table

he is leaning over her from the other side of the table he is
leaning over her dream

eye-patched eye he is listening to “the music” he is
listening to bird in flight the song of
that bird.

She angel dreaming

he angel leaning over her dream

lutes being old

Fender electric bass slight

sustain

on duuum on single duuum duuums

starts up goes down then up again slightly higher than the start

slightly sustained does this twice goes on doing it

cloud phases scanty pedal steel underlinings along the way

bird in flight music

the music and the words to the music

the words are imploring words imploring where my love might

be is there

someone waiting where and is

there the words go on they don't/won't stop

imploring if you like adjectives it's "wonderful" and "crazy"

and "sad" finally

let's face it "American"

dreaming

leaning over her dream.

In the realm/region of the
possible of possibility and anxiety because
of possibility

hand
in his he angel hand

realm/region of snow in which huddled cattle freeze in
which two travellers may get lost may
lose one another call and call to one another

hand bones connected to arm bones arm in arm one long arm
bone
ochre kind of pink all suffused

of feedback
crackles grainy buzz/fuzz
feedback after there is silence and there is silence

she is dreaming he is leaning/listening she and he who are one arm
are ochre kind of pink exploit in the snow.