

Catherine Theis

Anamnesis: Final Notes at Maurizio's Exhibition

To bring an idea up to the sky as if recollecting it.
Always underfoot, in my way, the space beneath
my feet must be cleared. We cannot afford the bad press.
Our lines must be straight—critics often just catch
these winds once, then ostrich-like they sleep.
Recall that I once asked for this presentation of reeds.
Recall that I once felt for wind to slipcover my eyes
to white cloud, now whisked clean of waterlost,
each one of us a fever that skates around the blurred
perimeter. But will we be light? Fall into the loveliness,
let me save the things of worth, remember,
growth is a place made quickly.
Understand I might give up reason for sequence.
Why sometimes is not worth asking.
Which is to say nothing worth the trouble
of remembering. To bring an idea up to the sky.