

::MADE::IN::HEIGHTS::

Presents

WINTER PIGEONS

Songs to raise your dead spirits

Skylark Interabang ?!

All The Places

Hors d'oeuvres

and especially

OMG, A Hip-Hoppity Christmas!!

KEEPIN TRACK OF THE TIME AND THE SCENERY

SHIFTING GEARS IN MY MIND LIKE MACHINERY

The sky is a vast violet across the downtown. A slow and steady tapping from the drip of the bathroom faucet has put me in a state of sentimental meditation. My feet are bare beside remnants of mud and clovers on the carpet where I made a map of everything I could remember. Everything before the suspension/confusion. as blank as my mind sits these days I am fascinated with the details of this new place... the pigeon I brought home sits in a bag by the door.... Deciding what to do with it I suppose. just couldn't leave it on the parking lot with it's rosy feet curled and salty wings caving in as people passed by the windows of the donut shop... ::Δ::

In the apartment across from me a small girl is dressed in a leotard and holding a music box. there is a vase by the door with wilting roses of pink and orange. she watches the ballerina spin around inside. I watch her spin in mirror image. Her legs are not very long but she stretches them, forcefully pointing her toes. I feel myself breathe in her direction. Her face angelic. I point my toes and pause.

In my pockets are the notes from the junkyard today... looking for any pieces I might have missed before. A blue skylark was parked by the entrance with a Washington state licence plate. Somehow I knew I had been inside that car, but I couldn't remember when or why. Looking inside the window I saw a silver lipstick case on the dash with an old Christmas card of a couple in red. Under their faces in flourishing green typed *seasons greetings!* Stuck to the windshield were the notes, pressed under the wipers. They were folded and familiar. I opened them to read:

THIS PLACE REMINDS ME OF ME

HOW WOULD YOU KNOW WHAT THAT FEELS LIKE

MY ΔRMS HURT. ΔND I ΔM STILL NOT USED TO THE SIRENS

HOW COULD YOU KNOW

::ΔΔΔ::

On the way back there was a barren tree with a red hat hanging from a branch like a strange bird. There is an old story about a red fruit on a tree in a beautiful garden, and a woman who was not yet aware of herself who took the fruit and the world collapsed. I wondered if someone knew this same story that I knew. Kids swerved passed me on bicycles singing songs in unison, one of them was wearing the same red hat. I figured it must belong to one of his brothers. Whatever the case, I could not reach it. It was just high enough.