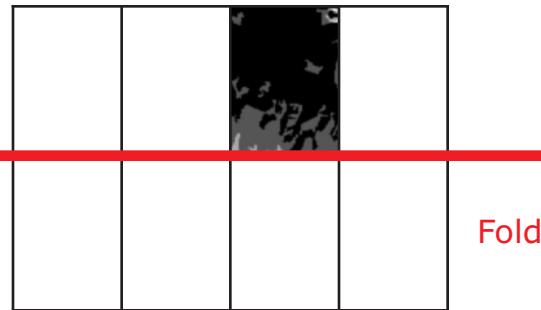
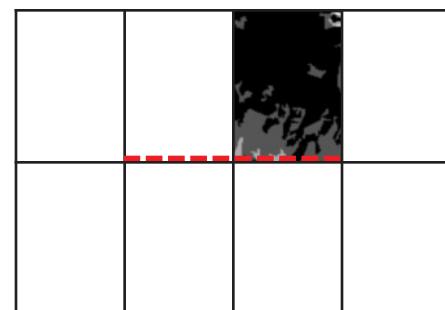


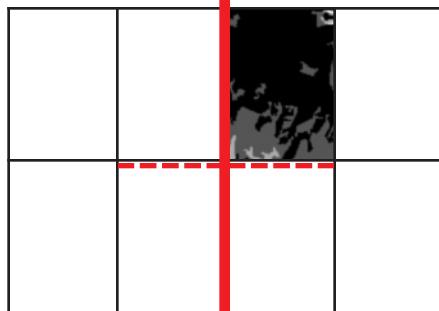
FOLDING INSTRUCTIONS: Pieces of the Sky by Greg Fuchs



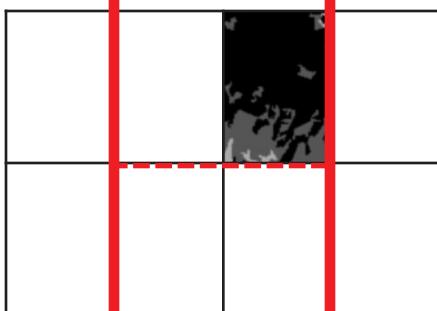
Fold



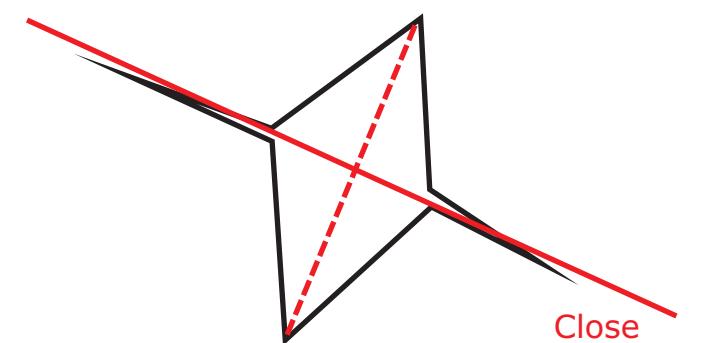
Cut



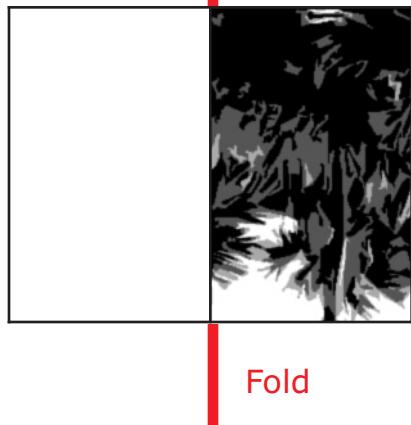
Fold



Fold



Close
Opening
& Flatten



Fold



Stitch or
Staple

In the American Grain
Memory of Indians across the plain
In the sandy watershed
Land torn from paradise to lost
Expanse for dreams and destiny
Tomorrow never knows all its parties

In the American Grain

Pieces of the Sky
The wind, the water
Washed my home,
My people wash far
Away my home.
Pieces of the sky.
Took my home
The wind, the water
Home so fleeting
The pieces of the sky.
Into the lake.
The lake came to visit
The river. The lake
Came to my house.
The wind and the water
Came to my house.
So fleeting,
The wind and the water
Came to my house.

Pieces of the Sky



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Bob Kaufman
I weave the winds
and kiss the rains,
all for love



dusie.org

Alameda

Don't even know where you are
Well not exactly
You are in the East Bay
Crisp clean American dream
During suburban existentialism
So perfectly depicted by Bob
Through automobiles & windows
Lawns, streets, cocktails,
& the punctum
Like the Hoover left in the frame
Or your aunt's pearls
I could tell by your paintings
That you would leave your wife
Well at least you married Whitney
And here comes the foreign car
Next to plastic
Garbage cans in the oughts.

The New Century Haiku

Come all ye

this is your orange
revolution

be in the streets

Atlanta

Disaster of total war
Turns into New South
New disaster of development
Although the High Museum is there
We got high on whippets
With the novelist's son
& fell out of love
Sure you became a doctor lawyer
Or married one like your dad
The Majestic Diner was
Filled with freaks
Like you liked on paper
But not in real time
Which is why you dumped me
In Chuck Taylors notebooks
Back on the train
Cut through kudzu in
& out of battlefields towns

Hurricane

Here comes the water,
The water comes
Little garden in birdy-like precision
Against imperialist lack of empathy
Crape myrtles bloom, trumpets cry