

little ones

or

birds against squirrels



Create inspiration, Create an idea.
Create a community, Create support.
Create an ecosystem, Create growth.
Create media, Create communication.
Create standards,
Create integrity. Create a skill,
Create excellence. Create film,
Create an audience. Create new
media. Create an interface. Create
iterate. Create a story
news, Create opinion. Create

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dust

the mirrored image this morning mirrors in all its flaws my image,
the closet, the cat on a rug. the table i painted, the music's dissonance
not a reflection of a mood, a guitar perhaps broken perhaps rusted.

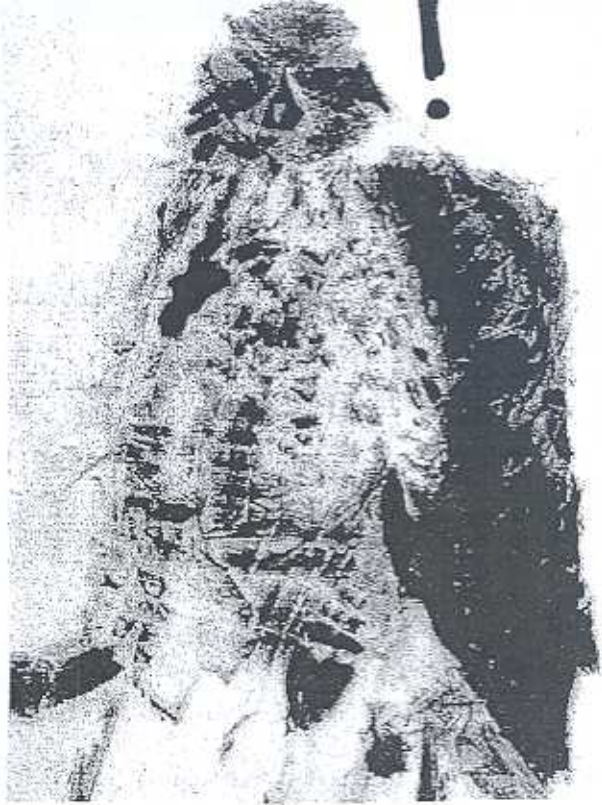
the singer said, on this day i've lost faith. the lover said, we have
forever to be friends. the morning whistles through the windows
and i can tell by the way the trees bend outside, that it is cold.



i meet your ghost on the way to the bathroom, it begins to r
the cat crawls into the corner, frightened by your passing.

the road, my head against the glass. push
thumb to forefinger to watch the water
move under the skin. clouds lumber over
the buildings of baltimore as if we were
motionless, static, sitting on silent tires.
water moves from one end to the other.
the fingertip is a level that makes sure
the sky is hung straight, a picture above
the couch, a couple walking on the beach
holding hands--'virginia is for lovers'--
what do i love? the women in the car:
one, asleep in the back seat, chin to
chest, arms folded, legs tucked under
her--a feline statue; the other, both hands
gripping the wheel, reading billboards
between radio stations and static. what is
best? tucking the sheets under the
mattress so tightly i have to sit on my

pillow and slide under. my father³ used to
say 'snug as a bug in a rug'... my father
used to say so many things. tucked tight
under the sheet, my breath constricted,
so tight and thin i won't have to feel--a
photograph under plastic in an album,
kept silent until the time when someone
feels like reliving old memories. thumb
to forefinger. resisting the urge to rip the
skin and let the water out is torture--it
would be as easy as tearing plastic.
instead, i turn to coffee and a catalogue.
the road is moving us farther and the
landscape turns from green to grey in an
instant, after a toll and a bridge. nature
cedes to industrial and it begins to rain
and smells like rain. in the car, we don't





he was once too big for his age and he worried he would die a virgin. he wouldn't join the others on the corner to yell at the girls in their uniforms, he was afraid of the dark hairs on their arms, what secrets those arms held, what words might come out between the cars. or perhaps he was afraid of the boys with their lean steps toward him and the long shadows their bodies made in the muted sun of the city.

he wonders if he'll ever get out of that minneapolis office, to swim again in the ocean, the water on his skin, breath gurgling foam through his frustration. even while he is in this southern place, with the trees yawning sweet over his head with the weight of sleeping birds, he wonders.

it is too bad, he says, and insists on ordering a light beer at the bar, insists on getting change back. it is too bad that the sky is citrus and unfolding into the sea as he wraps his arms around his body, trying to make himself smaller, in order to finally fit.



consider this

at the edge of the block, the city rises from the river, buildings coated with lights and bank insignias. the real estate agent calls this spectacle a vista, a sight to be had during holiday evening cocktail parties, a sight from which to judge the position of the sun or the state of our progress. from our slowly disintegrating front porches, we watch the breath leave our faces as we pry apart the bushes to retrieve the morning paper. down the block the condo is having an open house with starbucks coffee and 30-day closing incentives. for just a bit of money, you can have all of this. at the edge of the river, a group of men pack up their bedrolls and start the walk through our neighborhood to the labor center. they nudge each other, stomp at the cold, shrugging deep into jackets and sweatshirts. the war is on the radio, interrupted by psa's for the food bank, local news, today's weather forecast. the real estate agent hurries down the bricks, coatless, to her car, which starts on the first turn, moving it down the block so passers-by can see the sign.

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Controlling Nuisance Squirrels



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