

Kathleen Fraser

## **TEXT FOR W A R**

rolling against the wall in massive wAVEs so that he should not be one of those

had never – in actuality – been required to know who he was and to die as  
who he had not been

Siege in our own cities can begin to imagine more deeply, one leg ahead

in language under erosion our trust in corrosive repetition

The airplane entered and entered every wall The airplane entered the wall

Up against sure-footedness  
or an aspiration Wanting to rush into silence

I am not ready nor will I be ready to enter the wall of anything that recommends  
itself now.

The lens hovers. The lens goes out of focus. Now I am back inside time

All day we sit inside of WAR to the other end

Finally rising with jaw aching refusing to go forward into someone's  
willingness

“I was in school when a voice cracked over the loud-speaker.”

The depth of the situation and our on-going willingness not to know

They are trading bomb tonnage statistics, their voices leaking excitement under  
the door She dreams upright from one end of space that the narrator cut  
and fit

fit the historical record to keener dramatic purpose

“I like the feeling of really being frightened,” Graves said, with a dreamy look.  
It will always be there and it will be collapsing.

The children's red-knitted shirts seem to hold them upright, something like flags

Collision. “Not a terrorist action.” Meanwhile, I've . . . .

Weighted with news of still being here  
been

and to die as who he had not yet

Evidence of breathing he dreams upright and focused behind her shut door

Running from one end of space to the other end of space

Running from the building, leg in air  
and we were running, one behind the other, down the same set of stairs

“We had become like wild animals. We didn’t care about anyone other . . .”

“ . . . but after the next attack, I will help an old man push his basket at the super-market. He will say ‘Thank you, Sir,’ and I will say ‘You’re very welcome, Sir,’ and we’ll just go on talking.”

It is always in our peripheral vision.

I will always be there and it will be collapsing.

[Written in collaboration with **WAR** / triptych series by Spanish painter, Gonzalo Tena, for Maeght Gallery show, 2001-2002, Barcelona]