



WHERE SHADOWS WILL

**City**  
**Lights**



CITY LIGHTS SPOTLIGHT NO. 1

# NORMA COLE

WHERE  
SHADOWS  
WILL

SELECTED  
POEMS

1988-2008

CITY LIGHTS  
SAN FRANCISCO



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Lights

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CITY LIGHTS SPOTLIGHT

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## WE ADDRESS

*... a lead pencil held between thumb and forefinger  
of each hand forms a bridge upon which  
two struggling figures, "blood all around" ...*

I was born in a city between colored wrappers

I was born in a city the color of steam, between two pillars, between pillars and curtains, it was up to me to pull the splinters out of the child's feet

I want to wake up and see you sea green and leaf green, the problem of ripeness. On Monday I wrote it out, grayed out. In that case spirit was terminology

In that case meant all we could do. Very slowly, brighter, difficult and darker. Very bright and slowly. Quietly lions or tigers on a black ground, here the sea is ice, wine is ice

I am in your state now. They compared white with red. So they hung the numbers and colors from upthrusting branches. The problem was light

Our friend arrived unexpectedly dressed in black and taller than we remembered. In the same sky ribbons and scales of bright balance

The problem and its history. Today a rose-colored sky. Greens vary from yellow to brown. Brighter than ink, the supposition tells the omission of an entire color

Which didn't have a musical equivalent. In those days the earth was blue, something to play. A person yearned to be stone

Clearly a lion or sphinx-like shape. The repetition of gesture is reiterated in the movement of ambient light on the windows, curtains, and on the facing wall, the problem

and its green ribbons. The hands almost always meet. Turquoise adrenaline illusions adjacent to memory, to mind. We address

memory, the senses, or pages on a double sheet, classical frontal framing. I want you to wake up now

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## HE DREAMS OF ME

as Don Quixote who has many beautiful daughters. In love with fear itself. Design problems move. Survival means in each case not to resist the movement or where one is in it. “It’s the world we make.” It’s similarity just in name. There is a word for this representation of an unswept floor.

A little of life simply escapes from a shallow dish, a secret gift. It often begins on a small island which eventually attaches itself to the mainland. Up and up—the challenge of masking boundaries. See that high water mark? It’s white paint or what music expects from polyhymnea.

A new season. Flesh and power, not a thought. The letters were erased from their skin, the name folded, the single word “will” encircled. The internal quality of the smoke that dances, the hard external body, many painters painting time, the cabin in the mind. Magic resonance imaging put folds in the page.

Amber in silver. Calculate the strength of the dead. Becoming an extension of that pattern in the iron curtain already forgotten, she has

lost a lot of ink. There are bumps in the air, collisions with obstructions revealed only by the shapes around them, actions such as watering or reading, repeating or arriving. “Half my days” and then the other half, etc. High water mark, red quartzite, red osier, sumac, fire opals seen at dusk. Fear of strange places as the fear of not being able to find the way out.

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## UNCLE HARRY'S ANTIBODIES

*how people use each other* like serotonin  
linked by formaldehyde to protein  
the antibodies will find you

if you hear hoof-beats  
they must be zebras. Ils sont très sensibles à  
la motion – it's motion they notice

his license plate said For  
your information I am very  
creative I am a voyeur  
I like to watch women piss

motion moving moves  
water and a line of type

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While they invite you into the  
books in their titled cages tumble

Out you were being scrutinized or they  
do no interest here who measure

The proverbial or the inevitable  
fly still in her hair, the suggestion

Of movement: pulled the glass of milk  
toward herself by a string

She had tied around it, what  
is singular, milk running into

The gutter, the speaker is still  
and lit. Sail on, she said

Arresting song, she wrote into the dark  
light proves as eerie as real life

FOR CECILIA VICUÑA