

Josephine wears her writing on her sleeve

Memory, a metal
colander that clips the dusty
road if she waits
or the Pacific sarong
knotted at her waist
that time in the Northland gum fields,
drifting sunburnt from one dank
stump to the next.

Josephine sits in Central Park eating ginger
ice cream. There are lands of milk
and honey like little time warps or hallucinations
that roll away just out of reach, when a group of bird
watchers stops immediately
in front of her as though she is a rare species—
a misplaced southern gull or a godwit off course—
but they have spotted a Connecticut warbler.
Thirty binoculars to the eye.

The New York Times

she says The New York Times smells of fighting kites with glass-coated strings that soar over Brooklyn bringing to mind The Sopranos *she says The New York Times* smells of a DJ's morning coffee and his daily call home because the line to his mother remains strong *she says The New York Times* smells of a bear suit shared at an apartment party on a Saturday night (was this the only costume?) *she says The New York Times* smells of strings sized for young Mozarts with mothers and fathers seated in the stalls *she says The New York Times* smells of a woman in a Marchesa chiffon dress *she says The New York Times* smells of missed connections (you know, better to have loved and lost) *she says The New York Times* smells of trending Twitter topics such as relayed elevator conversations and school-library makeovers *she says The New York Times* smells of crime and punishment (the hardest thing of all, the judge said, is picking the sentence) *she says The New York Times* smells of white wood asters red maples and scarlet oaks because it is leaf-fall autumn

Josephine joins The New York School for an afternoon

Josephine puts her ear to the underground
as though she can still hear the pulsating rhythm
of John Ashbery—he's part crystal pool
and part locked door—a sleepy greasy hollow
where she slips and trips over her feet
and lands on the pavement and looks
up at the sky. From this angle it seems
to be broken and she can't make sense of the ducks
flying out of formation or the steaming hills
that might be clouds. It is not as though she feels pain.
It's draughty and she has goose bumps so she starts to count
bits of sky until she reaches a hundred. She grabs hold
of things hanging in the air in fits and starts—violins, chestnuts,
a field of clovers, black-and-white tiles, exotic colours that
fade and scatter, a deep blue that whispers impractical poems.

Listening to Frank O'Hara

Josephine is a tourist and wants to do things spontaneously like go into Jackson McNally and buy Laura Solomon or *Short Talks* or listen to Frank O'Hara read why he's not a painter on YouTube, but all she finds is a heartbreaking rendition of 'Having a Coke with You,' read cigarette in hand, in that melodic voice, American accent dipping and pausing until he asks indirectly, what good is art when all he sees is paint just paint, and his lover all movement, ah such movement and the face, hot beyond portraiture. You need the right person beside the right tree in the right light in the right city and this is love. She hears that and reads of his death.

Josephine likes lyric poetry

Josephine likes the way a poet will pull in a bird or a ladder or an old coat and the bird and the ladder and the old coat will tremble and shiver and ebb and flow just like the sea so you will fall upon the fullness of each and it will make you shift on your chair and almost stop breathing.

Josephine reads about the mystery of size at the Museum of Natural History

You probably recognise many
of the big ideas shown here, but chances
are their small relatives are unfamiliar.
There's a reason for that, they say. Ideas that
are big grab our attention, amaze us,
even scare us; small ideas are easy to miss.

But big ideas are actually quite rare.
Keep that in mind as you begin to explore
the bone structure of the biggest ideas that
ever walked the earth.