

SAMPLER

Line to Curve

ALSO BY ANNA RECKIN

Broder (artist's book)

Spill (chapbook)

Three Reds

SAMPLER

Anna Reckin

Line to Curve

SAMPLE

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I

Making

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Couture

Make a fall
and calculate
its break,
its swing, its
outwards roll –

shell or a skim, stretch
gather
fold, see

how contour pulls at edges:

from line to curve

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arch of a wave's back
arabesque of trailing foam

thread : cloth : clothe

Her glass-green beads –

sharp as daisies

apples, tinfoil, cans of

cling-wrapped

fish

meat

real & simulated voices

scanning fruit

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lightbulbs

milk

making morning out of

plate-glass

evening

– her yellow, sunshine dress

Sounds here like sea air

are held in suspension. Flap, drop, a laugh. Quietly, footsteps. Something dragged, and voices – ‘How long you staying?’ ‘Twenty past, now’ – rise clear to the surface, are re-absorbed. Clean-swept, footsteps, a radio three stalls down. Sun brightens, and the noises sharpen, pick up pace. Teaspoons & china, chair-scrape, ‘Hey!’ Open and shut, footsteps. Breeze catches some, turns some away. Murmurs, laughter, a gentle swell, between the rows – and beyond. ‘About 40 years ago.’ The calm of inconsequence.

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Making Maia, Ash Wednesday afternoon

Vermelho for the scarf, so what about the ribbon for the waist? Clock ticks, the soft-soft whirr of the sewing machine; something falls in the hearth (clever sticks, no grate). Even so, the logs keep their shape. Over straight-straight arms and tied at the back, skirts ballooning. Over across & across again. Good Friday wrappings. He'll be more than life-size on the night, high up, leaning outwards. Blue-and-white china on the dresser, shelves edged with lace. *Hoje*, don't eat meat. Start on a new one – hidden, near the join, under white muslin underthings, two tiny bumps. 'Look,' slyly, 'She has breasts!' Needle needs filling again. Hand around – who sees the best?

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Queijo

heart's squeeze

um pouco

little pans, on a table

This one

is made of wood:

round edges, grained

'tilting slightly'

for shaping

cord, card, curdle

a pile of purple filaments

winter's chill

a focus

by hand

Adufe

held so one corner

points

down

like the back
of a shawl

∨

juggle (rest)

one side

beat

one side

on the other

palm of the hand

a flap of the fingers

make the seeds / stones jump

between

∨

Do you first see the fields?

or the paths (stone-cobbled,
between stone walls)?

It's at the cross-roads, in darkness

Our Lady meets

O Nosso Senhor

∨

mesh

angles

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Larga

Technically, a square

but sometimes, especially in the villages – where roads leave off their making-strait, rest awhile, swill outwards

t
s a
r

on an anyhows slope. Rainwater run-off, possibly a view

And a monument. Slender pillar, more or less centred. A globe, a cross, weather-eaten, on a pedestal

stone focus

against
which

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