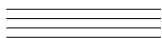


F O R P A P E R M O N E Y



K A T E M O N A G H A N

Isn't it odd isn't it
all odd

cold on my neck

here on the brink of clouds

would it be too far
to say I had earned
my space?

The full leaves
of my little tree
propped by the gray
window

Leaves on the tree
large like
features of a child

We are extravagant
ash,
hoarding forms

A landscape – is it
inexpensive?

architecture for

when are we less?
when are we more?