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Spring is the Time of Plans and Projects

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SPRING IS THE TIME OF PLANS AND PROJECTS

I am looking into the eye of the buffalo and fainting, I said. This was my way of being direct, way up high, that afternoon. It failed. The story was called "The Buffalo." I was the woman loving, and wanting to hate, drowning in the buffalo's eye. I was alone at the zoo. Nothing then worked. The eye of the buffalo was all around me. The city was blinking stupidly, all neutrality, all fountains and sun. My revulsion grew. I stumbled towards a church. Outside, children flitted. Amidst them, a ball. From a bench in the shade I watched the day hold them. I wanted to murder that light. I wanted to join in its not-thinking. The river behind me was so much water.