

Fall 1997

## Improvisation on Sunday

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### Recommended Citation

Estreich, George (1997) "Improvisation on Sunday," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 48 , Article 21.

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## IMPROVISATION ON SUNDAY

The day was sparkling and endless  
like depression in Heaven,  
the water sparkled  
and the land shelved down beneath the water;

portrait booths were humming everywhere,  
people stood idly outside them  
and stared, trying to dispel  
the glowing coin of blindness  
laid on everything from the flash;

the day like an abandoned factory,  
the day like a strawberry  
bitten through to the white center;

the portrait booth spooling out citizens  
and razoring one from the next—  
with their faces in their hands  
they stare down at the damp white curl of paper,  
like a priest's collar removed—  
they get their wallets out  
to look at their loved ones, and add themselves in.

The sun like twenty kites,  
the sun broken by gulls,  
the sun like writing  
on the papery skin of the old.