

The Messenger

Volume 2001
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2001

Article 29

2001

Angles and Reflections

DB Ross

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



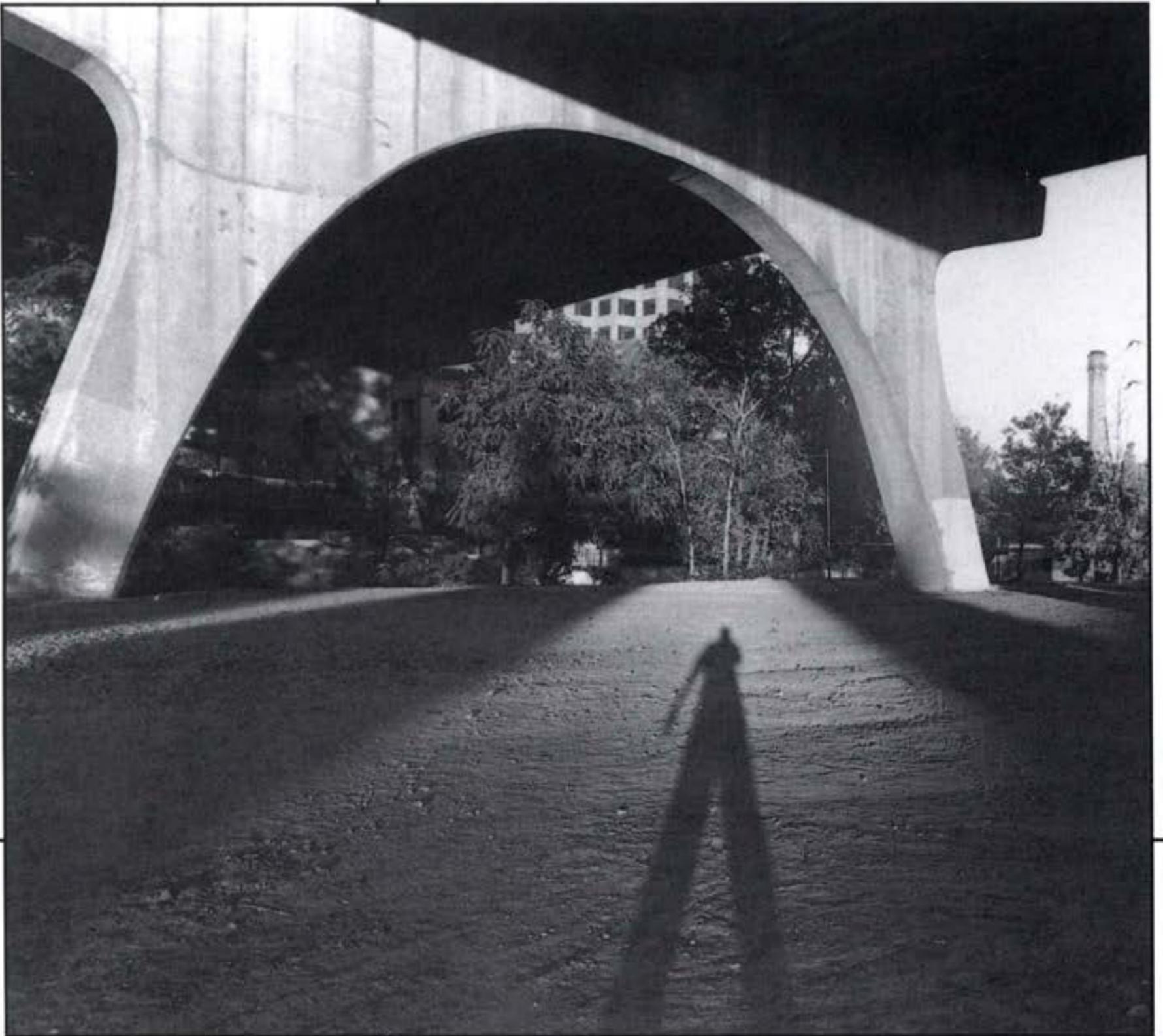
Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Ross, DB (2001) "Angles and Reflections," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2001: Iss. 1, Article 29.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2001/iss1/29>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

Angles and Reflections: an
exhibition of Lewis Wickes
Hine photographs and one
female student



| *Scott Bennett*

1.
If silence is like the flat face
of a cerulean glacier lake

and the still plane of an azure
glacier lake is like an unruffled

field of docile wheat stalks
and so on and so on then benches

are built to stumble upon, coffins
as humidors for smoking macanudos,

photography for elongated curves
geography meant for the dead.

2.
*Untitled (skilled men and women
with machinery)*. The threads—

cotton or wool or nylon,
acrylic or some other fabric

treading through the loom
move like light streams out

a reflective prism forming
a tapestry in the foreground.

3.
She is all angles and planes
having lines to distinguish

pressed calf muscles.
Glossed pale legs crossed

trace the defined curves
of the gallery bench

on which she sits, and longs
to pose, or match a pout.

A notebook on the lap
provides a perpendicular

and her arms the correct
geometric reflection.

4.

Untitled (skilled men and women with machinery). Movement

is a light bulb attached by a wire
to a fixed point on an iron girder

loosely dangling, revolving,
if you care to think of it that way.

He is wearing a pinstripe
jumpsuit. I see him bending

over the loom, with greased
gray hair, wrinkled face, a tie,

and diligence. I see him straightening
after the flash has phosphored out.

6.

She is all silk and starch,
black trousers and white blouse.

All stillness and perch,
like a dappled pear

or a shined apple
on a round kitchen table.

Circumference is important,
360° inevitable, flat lines

5.

Untitled (skilled men and women with machinery). Loaded gears

and gasping valves turn over
and over precision lathes, creating

a rickety sound or a moving rhythm,
metal jimmying against concrete.

A completed carpet hangs
behind, on the wall,

clandestine in black shadows.
The swinging light designs its own patterns.

only run in one direction.
North is north, south south,

the west for the sun's descent
the east for its rise. Maps to mark

position while benches
become islands and walls

the white curve of atmosphere.
Her blue eyes do nothing, but stare.





7.

Untitled (skilled men and women with machinery). His face is parched

from concentration or the heated
air burnt by pistons and his rumped

and frayed shirt matches the pale soot
filled pigment of his skin, the absence

of color makes difference indiscernible.
The absence of color weaves its own similarities.

8.

If silence is the cherry ochre stained
smoothness of wooden floorboards

symmetrically laid, and enameled
three inch thick wood floor panels

are glossy black and white photographs
and shapes are only passing shadows

then there is nothing to distinguish
or hold or make still, or make whole.

There are hammers that must hit nails; flashes
that must flicker. There is only nothing

to collide, or there is nothing at all.
No beams to take account and make level,

no seams of plaster to make seamless.
There are white walls with small hooks

to hang frames from. There is only
the frozen gate or the stunned eye.



| *DB Ross*