



Firecat with Bird by John Elkerr
11" x 14"
Ink on paper

FIRECAT WITH BIRD

do you know what the firecat payed for this hard prize, nested in the shivery fuse-works of the kill? a cardinal unfixed from cardinal points—east now as good as west or south or north—spun into a failed ellipse, the trajectory of a bird embraced by a fireball. bitumen of the bird's throat and chin and lore now indistinguishable from the firecat's claws. bird and firecat merged in tremolo as if the taut release of a single string by a single player upon a single harp. a bird now sharing her axis mundi of blinding vertigo with a hunter who can hear no clattering, discern no luminaries swerving left or right. a bird and hunter spun into a province without provenance, already drained of color, shredded or powerless within a dimensionless field of cadmium white. and is this white hot or cold, plasma or ice, or is it all temperatures rendered into the sublime evasion of a curtain: a curtain in an amphitheater without walls or doors, without a ceiling or floor where the firecat's savage charge is to eat itself / to save itself.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry