

CAMERA ARTISTS

TERRI  
WEIFENBACH  
Centers of  
Gravity

with a text by  
Matthew Dickman

onestar press

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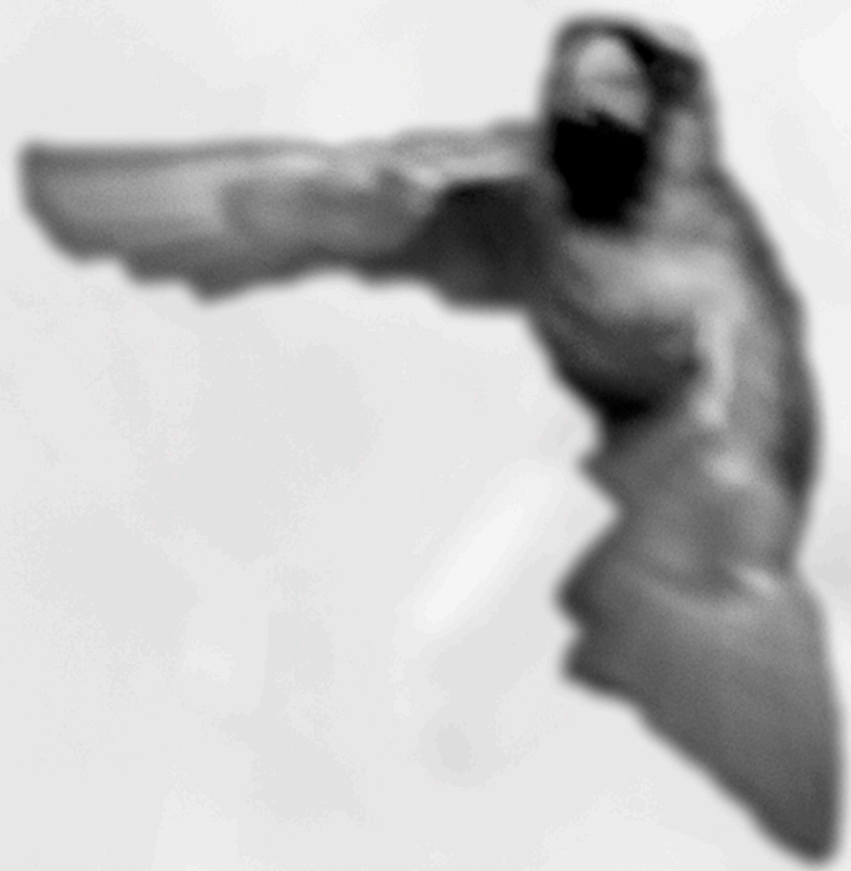




















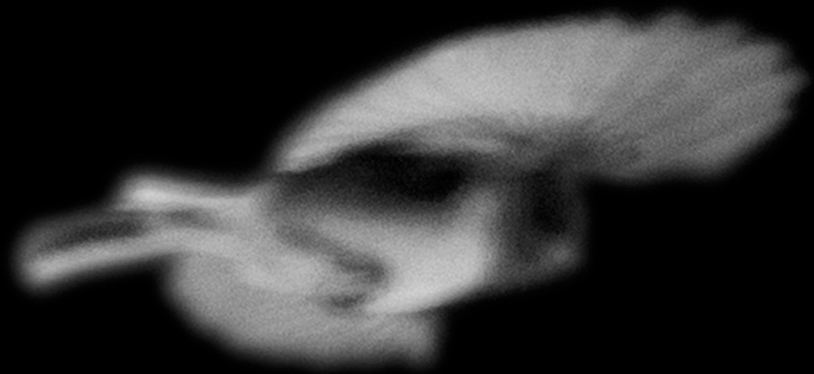


## Matthew Dickman

“Like a wolf, wasn’t it? Or a Dove that will never die.” - *Gerald Stern*

A NOTE ON BEING ALONE AND THE BEATING OF WINGS  
Sitting in the backyard at night is not like sitting in a government office waiting to see if you will receive the papers you need to join your family or sitting in a small room with neon lights while an TSA officer looks at your passport and asks what your name is and what your mother and father’s names are and asks if this man is your cousin or if *this* man is your cousin while other people walk around the airport free and upset at the long lines in front of the Starbucks. Loneliness knows if you are missing someone or feeling a little lost with how the night is acting *or* if your life is in danger, loneliness knows if you are being deported *or* just not wanting to go back inside and watch television. Back when the dark had some wind inside it I felt very alone. Back when we were just starting to learn to love each other within our new anger I would walk out to the backyard and sit and smoke cigarettes and wish you would come find me, come sit next to me. I like the sounds in the yard I can’t hear. The sound of a wing. Of just part of the wing lifted in the air or resting against the feathery sides of a bird. I don’t know the names of any birds but one: the one named shadows-shadows-shadows-shadows-across-the-cool-dark-grass. That one! Oh, don’t you want to be sitting alone in your backyard right now? Aren’t you like me? Don’t you want to be standing in the dark grass looking up into the sound of the sky and the dark small bodies flying over you? I am sitting alone right now. I’m punishing myself but also wondering about joy. Who’s going to sit next to me? I can hear the beating of wings all around my shoulders. It sounds like an ocean. It sounds like the beginning and the end of everything.













































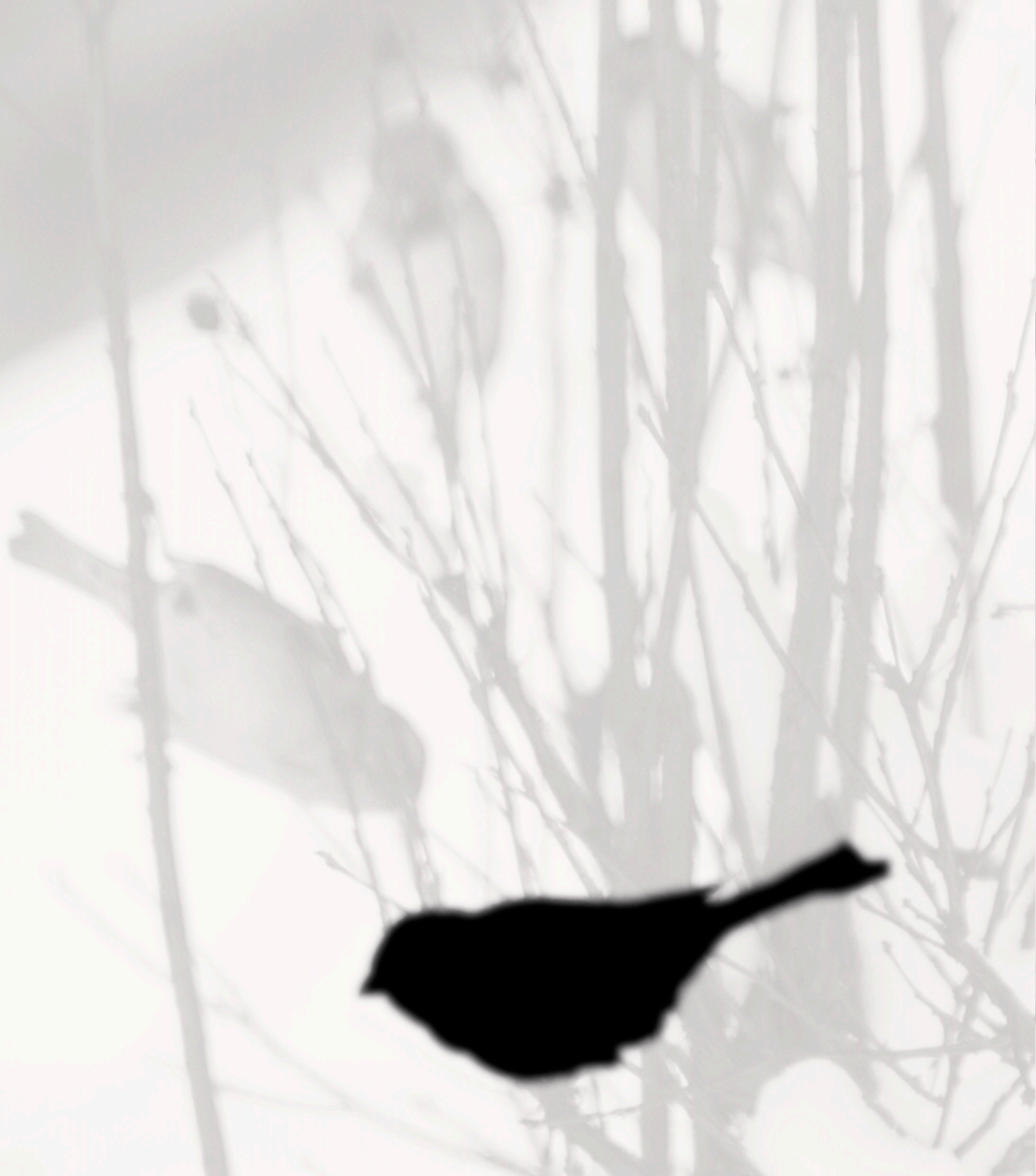




































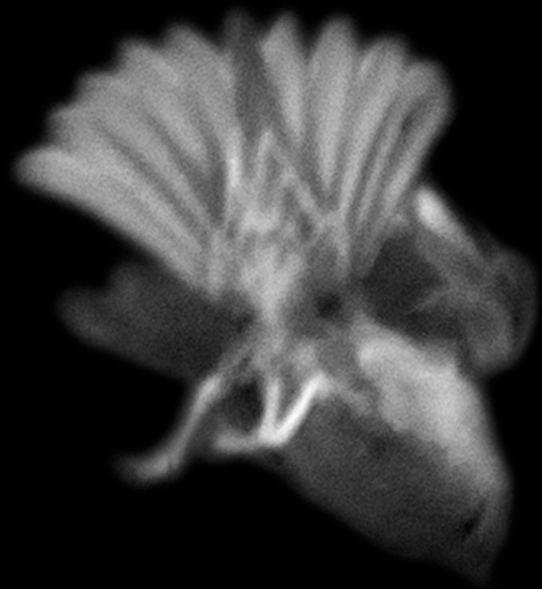






















The sparrow, the common house Sparrow, who covers most continents and stays near us for food and life, is thought to be a courier of souls. Some believe the sparrow brings the soul to the newborn child and others believe it delivers the souls of the recent dead to heaven. T.W.

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Text by Matthew Dickman

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