

a text written towards the paintings of

The Way Home

by Rita Bullwinkel

The moon is out. The window is open. The bird flew in. The bird flew out. The barn is dry. The window is open. The sun is down. The sky is up. The ocean is blue. The door is open. The chair is red. The room is tall. The house is floating. The clouds are wiggling. The birds are diving. The trees are split like water parting. The pink is bright. The moon is high. The mountains are waving. The waves are splashing. The water is rushing. The horizon is dark. The clock is stuck. The ceiling is purple. It is ten past eleven. The clock is big. The chimes are long. A tree peaks through. A branch reaches. A candle is lit. The wax drips. The ceiling curves. The candle is tall. The moon is shining. The curtains are drawn. The night is black. The moon is blue. The fire is burning. The smoke is rising. The cliff is green. The ocean is pink. The clouds are wavy. The moon is full. The sky is lightening. The moon is slivered. The moon is filling. The door is cracked. The stars are falling. The tree tops are low. The flock is flying. The horizon is dimming. The night is long. The leaves are falling. The shadows are not showing. The bird looks back. The headstone is blank. The trees are waving. The daisies are swaying. The curtains are sheer. The stars are bright. The tulips are wilting. The cloud is centered. The canvas is large. The glass is clear. The bush is cloud-like. The clouds are wave-like. The roof is white. The chair is tall. The house is sinking. The horizon is disappearing. The ocean is blue. The grass is green. The birds are diving. The moon is pink. The light is leaving. The moon is rising. The waves are large. The leaves are turning. Time is passing. The gardener is coming. The candle is lit. No time is passing. The moon is stagnant. The moon is a circle. The moon is white. The fire is burning. The ocean is pink. The ground is curving. The moon is waxing. The water is rising. The tide is falling. The door is opening. The door is closed. The knob is turning. The lock is clicking. The light is dimming. The stars can only be seen when you are outside. The flock is leaving. The mountains are squiggling. Time is pulled forward. Time is rolled back. The door is closing. The window is open. The season has ended. The moon is a circle. The moon is gone. The moon is back.