

# 13 Ways of Looking as a Blackbird

a workshop production of a play inspired by the poem *Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird* by Wallace Stevens

written by **KIMBERLY BURKE** directed by **DAN RIGAZZI**

performed by **CHRIS ALONZO, MONIQUE CINTRON, CATHERINE MUELLER & WILL O'HARE**

**FRI 11/30/01 & SAT 12/1/01 8pm & 10pm**

**XO<sup>3</sup> @ THE OLD AMERICAN CAN FACTORY 230 Third St corner Third Av Gowanus Brooklyn**

**\$10 / discussion following performances reservations & information 718 237 4335**



Among twenty  
snowy mountains,  
The only  
moving thing  
Was the eye of the  
blackbird.



I was of three minds,  
Like a tree  
In which there are three  
blackbirds.



The blackbird whistled  
in the autumn winds.  
It was a small part  
of the pantomime.



A man and a woman  
Are one.  
A man and a woman  
and a blackbird  
Are one.



I do not know  
which to prefer,  
The beauty of  
inflections  
Or the beauty of  
innuendoes,  
The blackbird whistling  
Or just after.



Iceless filled the  
long window  
With barbaric glass.  
The shadow  
of the blackbird  
Crossed it, to and fro.  
The mood  
Traced in the shadow  
An indecipherable  
cause.



O thin men  
of Haddam,  
Why do you imagine  
golden birds?  
Do you not see how the  
blackbird  
Walks around the feet  
Of the women  
about you?



I know noble accents  
And lucid, inescapable  
rhythms,  
But I know, too,  
That the blackbird  
is involved  
In what I know.



When the blackbird flew  
out of sight,  
It marked the edge  
Of one of  
many circles.



At the sight  
of blackbirds  
Flying in a green light,  
Even the hawks  
of euphony  
Would cry  
out sharply.



He rode over  
Connecticut  
In a glass coach.  
Once, a fear  
pierced him,  
In that he mistook  
The shadow of  
his equipage  
For blackbirds.



The river is moving,  
The blackbird  
must be flying.



It was evening  
all afternoon.  
It was snowing  
And it was going  
to snow.  
The blackbird sat  
In the cedar-limbs.