

FIRESTICKS

a portfolio of photographs

& broadsides

JAMES BAKER HALL

LARKSPUR PRESS

Firesticks: A Portfolio of Photographs & Broadside

A portfolio honoring rural Kentucky, *Firesticks* includes four broadsides of James Baker Hall's poems, printed by Larkspur Press, and three of Hall's photographs.

Poems:

Dividing Ridge from *Stopping on the Edge to Wave* (1988)

Pulse from *Stopping on the Edge to Wave* (1988)

The Relinquishments from *Stopping on the Edge to Wave* (1988)

With Deer from *The Mother on the Other Side of the World* (1999)

Photographs:

Cave Horse

Red Sky Cows

Horse Head Torque

Portfolio dimensions: 20.75" x 17" x 1.25"

Broadside dimensions: 14" x 11"

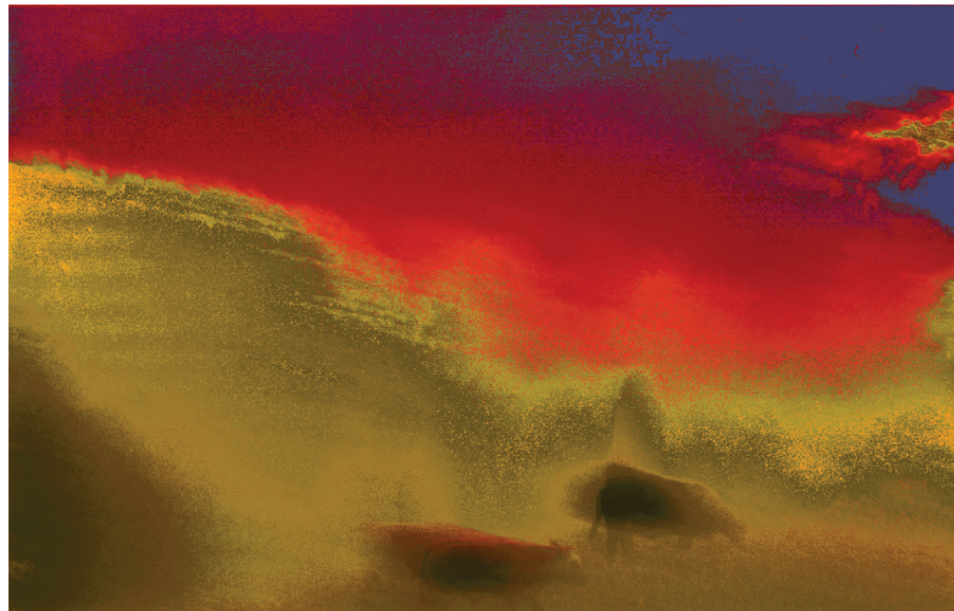
Photo dimensions: 20" x 16"

Limited edition of 26, signed and numbered.



Published by
Larkspur Press
340 Sawdridge Creek West
Monterey, Kentucky 40359

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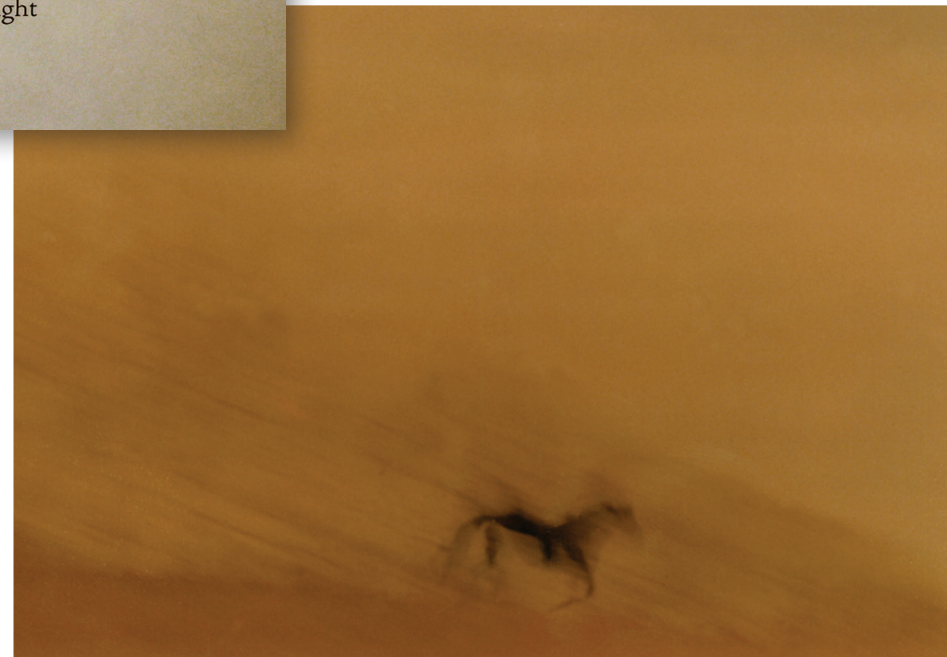
Red Sky Cows

DIVIDING RIDGE

It takes all day but finally the last two things
strike together, if not for the last time.
A clear silence appears

and deepens. In an intimate downhill fold of the land
a small windless pond backs light
at sunset, absolutely,
a glacial plain;

Cave Horse



THE RELINQUISHMENTS

After quarreling with everything in sight the heat hovers
around the edge of the pond and then subsides,
an audible vapor over the surface.

We enter a change of light, or is it

wind—a buzzard, overhead, storm clouds behind him, tightens
his circle on the subdued sun. For several minutes

rain pocks the steaming surface of the water,
anticipation builds. The sun, when it breaks, shatters

and roils—



Horse Head Torque

PULSE

A pond, fringed around by bullrushes, and swimming in it,
in yet another circle, a black dog, snapping every third breath
at insects. The inner ring of algae parts, swirls, re-forms,
even the wind seems green. The bullrushes sway.

The arrow-shaped cedar isolated on the hillside above the pond,
reflected in the clear middle, upside down, rippling—
it's as though the Indians are still here, at the moment
watching, black rocking with blue green.
It is pointing to the spot

water,
layered
At son
a leech
I watc
Unde

the su
of wat
had co

More on James Baker Hall may be found
at www.jamesbakerhall.com

More on Larkspur Press may be found
at www.larkspurpress.com

ORPHANS
&
ELEGIES

JAMES BAKER HALL

A Manuscript of Poems & Photographs

Orphans & Elegies

Orphans & Elegies renders trauma and resolve through four broadsides of James Baker Hall's poems, printed by Larkspur Press, and eight of Hall's photographs.

Poems:

Traveling from *Stopping on the Edge to Wave* (1988)

Organdy Curtains, Window, South Bank of the Ohio

from *Stopping on the Edge to Wave* (1988)

It Felt So Good But Many Times I Cried

from *The Mother on the Other Side of the World* (1999)

That First Kite

from *The Mother on the Other Side of the World* (1999)

Photographs:

Orphans & Elegies

Boy Face Halfed

Young Anne

Jimmy Red Dot

Bride

Egyptian Woman Elegy

Dancing Child

Matthew in Doorway

Portfolio dimensions: 20.75" x 17" x 1.25"

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Jimmy Red Dot

THAT FIRST KITE

in memory of Ralph Eugene Meatyard

That first kite was made of newspaper and strung
with fish line. I was lying next to it, alone. Sunlight
in the bright shape of a window, X-ed once
with the shadow of the sash, moved

slowly across the floor toward
me. A way had to be found

to make it work. We were trying. All this
took place in the attic where the cat brought
the birds.

Orphans & Elegies



ORGANDY
CURTAINS,
WINDOW,
SOUTH BANK
OF THE
OHIO

I lived the whole time with my hands cupped to the open eye,
the light advancing like a flock of turkeys.
If the shadow of the catalpa touched

the sun wall of the house at 3:30
I waited several minutes
and entered behind it,
branching out slowly,

respectful of such a broad expanse of white, of silence,
the one small window, a mother's hand, that once,
at the curtain. I knew when to look head on,
when to squint. Things happened, beginning with her,

the way things happen on a clothesline, flashes
of this or that against the sky,
colors, faces, lips moving, snatches of faces—



Matthew in Doorway



Young Anne

IT FELT SO GOOD BUT MANY TIMES I CRIED

depending on how brave I was	we got down into our own little place
I would leave the cedar closet door open	just the two of us between coats sometimes
sometimes only a crack	my blue eyes its yellow
as little as possible	among the dresses
I would have to stop halfway in	I took off my clothes
waiting for my eyes to adjust	I rubbed the red fox
once I took off my pajamas	and its missing body
at that juncture usually I waited	into mine this limb then that
in order to touch the fox	it felt so good but often I cried
first you had to go into its face and ask permission	I kissed its nose its eyes
then you had to take its yellow eyes to the door	I may even have stuck my tongue inside its mouth
to the crack only when it knew where it was	rubbing fur back and forth across my face



Egyptian Woman Elegy



More on James Baker Hall may be found
at www.jamesbakerhall.com

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