

brother, cut and
edited what
was to make it
as he wanted it

JOSEPH CORNELL: 2

he hunted objects,
collected clippings,
photographs from
junk shops,
cut out cats,
searched for old
marbles, fans,
feathers and
kept them in files
with notes he'd
update and slide
into boxes
deep in his
cellar to hold
memories to
let someone in
front of the
glass feel what
he was feeling

JOSEPH CORNELL: 3

he photographed
brides frozen in
windows, a wheel
of cheese with a
sun on it, liked
to juxtapose what
didn't go together,
birds and dice,
lace, leaves the
barrenness of
benches Coney
Island in snow

JOSEPH CORNELL: 4

he loved watching
children, wanted
to be like a child.

How can I, he asked,
express the inner
joy of stepping
into the backyard,
the light, the leaves.
The spires of Manhattan
seem beautiful
to me as Chartres,
the ceiling of
Grand Central
Station, heavenly

THE BLIND BASKET MAKER

pulling reeds
into what can
hold peat and

linen in a
cottage with
stone floors

the sea from
his window he
hasn't seen it

since he was 5
weaves willows
into baskets

knows the color
by the thickness
of the reeds

he says in the
wind they have
separate voices

that they sound
as different as
different women