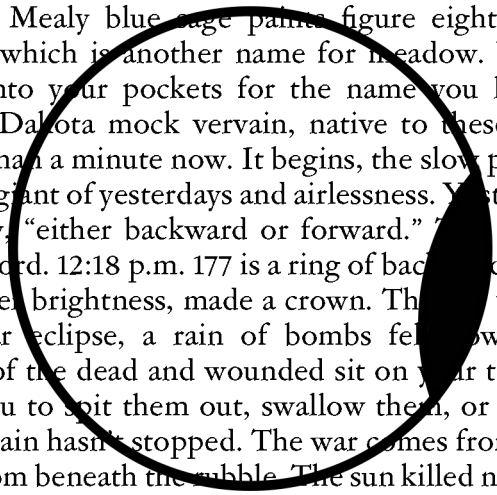
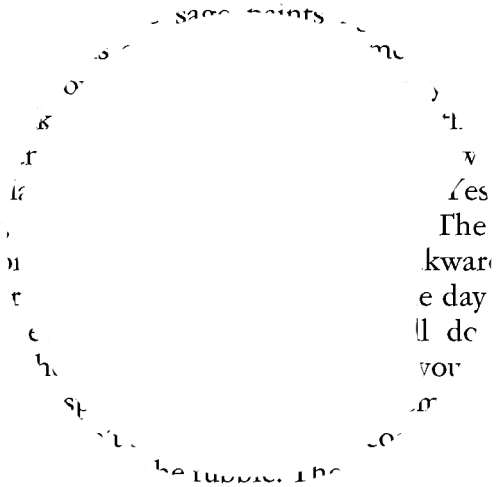
EYE OF GOD | BRENT ARMENDINGER | *DIAGRAM* 25.3

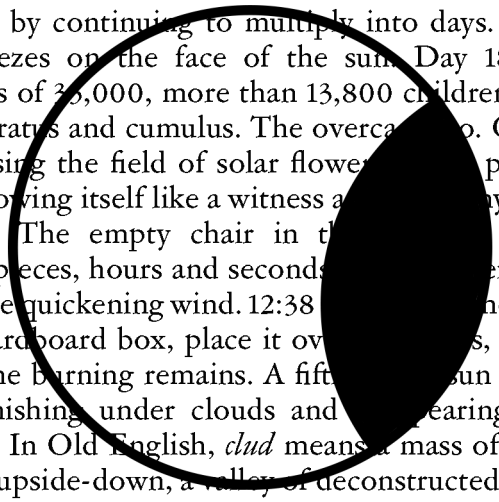
April 8, 2024, Fredericksburg, Texas

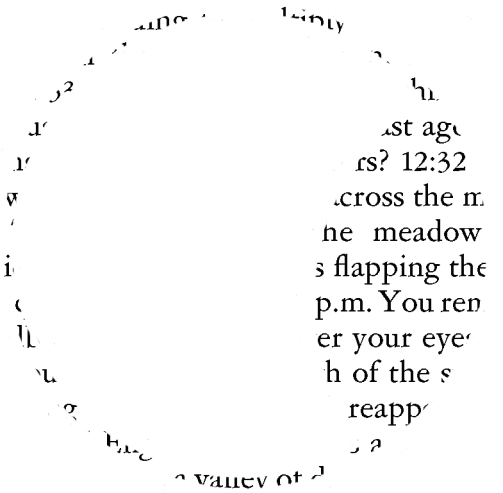


12:10 p.m. Mealy blue sage palms figure eights across the gathering, which is another name for meadow. You appear, reaching into your pockets for the name you learned only yesterday. Dakota mock vervain, native to these hills. 12:14 p.m. Less than a minute now. It begins, the slow procession of the moon, giant of yesterdays and airlessness. Yesterday comes from today, "either backward or forward." The word comes from the word. 12:18 p.m. 177 is a ring of backwards todays. An ago slid over brightness, made a crown. That day you watched the annular eclipse, a rain of bombs fell down on Gaza. Numbers of the dead and wounded sit on your tongue. They wait for you to spit them out, swallow them, or choke. 12:23 p.m. The rain hasn't stopped. The war comes from the war. It screams from beneath the rubble. The sun killed no one except

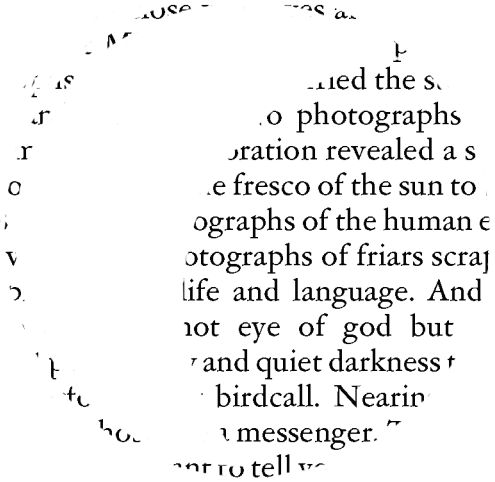


12:26 p.m. by continuing to multiply into days. The moon's breath freezes on the face of the sun. Day 185: the final exhalations of 35,000, more than 13,800 children, circle each other in strata and cumulus. The overcast grows. Can you hear them crossing the field of solar flowers at 4:00 p.m. A lonely rock is throwing itself like a witness at the myth of time, a semicircle. The empty chair in the corner collects the bitten-off pieces, hours and seconds, their fiery paper wings in the quickening wind. 12:38 p.m. Remove the night from its cardboard box, place it over the ashes, register how much of the burning remains. A fifth of the sun is gone. The rest is vanishing under clouds and disappearing in frenetic pirouettes. In Old English, *clud* means a mass of rock or hill. The sky is upside-down, a valley of deconstructed light, muted





12:49 p.m. fire. You close your eyes and a child is standing in the passageway at Mission Concepción, posing for a picture. No photographs of those who quarried the stone, who carried and shaped and scraped it. No [redacted] of limestone's volcanic memory. Until restoration, the second eye and mustache, some believed the [redacted] be the "Eye of God." 12:58 p.m. No photo[redacted]engine behind enforced divinity. No pho[redacted]ping away the Pajalat people's way of [redacted] now the sun retreats into crescent, [redacted] child of child revolving. 1:01 p.m. A slow [redacted] tumbles down. A silver ghost perforated by [redacted]g totality, a hawk glides under that ghost like a [redacted] These brief apertures in gauze-like audience want to [redacted] you something in a language



other than brightness. 1:14 [redacted] calls to you and not to you
and not to its audie[redacted]7 p.m. Gauze, a cloud
that was born in[redacted]d by a wound the
size of hell. Wh[redacted]face of genocide?
1:22 p.m. A b[redacted]pted from that
steam. 1:25 p[redacted]th of night. Its
fire is fadin[redacted]ardinal or the
whooping [redacted] the way. It
sharpens no[redacted]es. The sun is
streaming in[redacted]pronouns, and
you try to wr[redacted]the wake of the
corona. 1:36 p.m[redacted]and day spills out
from a sickle on th[redacted]created by your eye,
still wet with some [redacted]may never understand.

..14 p.m. It c..
.ence but to gauze. 1:1/
.1 Gaza, a bandage swallowe.
nat sliver of survival spits in the f.
)utterfly cast from actual light, scul
).m. The sun is walking into the mou
g but not the song of the northern c.
and howling of the humans across
)w. Metallic sky penetrates your bon
to a world without you, without
ite in darkness, a single star in
n. Now the cardinal wakes
he other side, a fiction
truth you