

Collage

The wind will edit him soon enough.
—Charles Wright

only flies and raindrops
yesterday the shadow of a hawk
the sky swims by
in a stream of wind

there is a woman trying to paste things up
the soulless color of mountains
the trees like a subtext in a will
here a thumbprint

and always the bold strokes saying
you cannot make meaning

in the lit window
she stands and stirs her coffee
these hours will be put down
as large canvasses of mauve

~

a life is too much, and not enough
she understands that

today she tries the particulars
but they are edged aside, obscured by wider images:
a birth, a residence, a death

then linen, gessoed and waiting
for another's loaded brush

~

and what else? the hornets
will bore on through the ages,
rust or drought trouble the native rose

but the moon's white bead
necklacing the earth

**is worth something
even to an unbeliever**