

WHERE SHALL I LOOK FOR HER?

I thought she was "Amazing Grace", the way
Judy Collins sang, but then I heard her
done right by a black mama bustin' out

of a white dress and I thought - there's ample
gifts in plain melody. Another time
I felt her reason with me, orbitals

sashay in mirror planes' control. I got drunk
on likenesses, reeling in one structure
after another; in my calculus

of similarity I made iron
tetracarbonyl like a proton, like
a methyl cation. Exceptions? Oh

too many, like stripes on the tiger. So —
wherever beauty be, she'll perch
precariously at that edge where sym-

metry and asymmetry contend. Then
the summer rains came, and washed all words
away, what's left is how sweet thy name,

and through a screen dappled by the wind's
old way with leaves, you, raking grass. If beauty
ever age, she'll have your straight gray hair.