

TOUCHING THE SURFACE

The concrete lies in reeds, green
wart head just above water.

What makes it lie still may be the abstract,
a hypothesis of a thousand enzyme

factories churning bonds, pieces
of a good meal, or just the notion

of satiety. It watches, this barely
breathing concrete, at eye-water

level still other parts of its extended
self...mosquito larvae pushing

their snouts through thick skin water,
whirligigs' random skim. The abstract

weaves theories around this scene:
it notes the absence of shadows

towards night, surface tension,
the possibility (the abstract

is hardly ever sure) of a chemical
repellant excreted by these flitting

beetles; how nice it might be to tie
a fly joining essences of larva

and whirligig, the food search
pattern in that skim, species

altruism, why so many eggs laid
by a mosquito. The abstract

watches; the mind, easily distracted,
blinks, and the bullfrog, reaching

for what one must be one with, leaps.