AUTUMN ENTELECHIES

 1

The fever is past

but I feel fragile.

Like the Egyptian glass bottle of iridescent green,

 pasted together, but showing the cracks.

Like the Nabatean beads, peeling away sharp,

 onion-like, but corroded layers.

Like the old Coptic textile fragment, tattered

 and fading in all but its yellow and red.

I feel fragile.

My pieces are all there,

but they are held by weak ties.

My head feels the draft.

Mount me in the same museum case.

 Protect me from the wind.

 Arrange me and I will come to life again.

 2

These are the days when the clouds

descend on our town. You see

them coming from our side.

The town is processed

by their passage, piecemeal

fabricated, pressed into existence.

Tree trunks made to be lost in the camouflage

of fall now just before the fog.

That yellow house wasn't there before!

The glen's cleft protrudes.

A two dimensional curtain

focuses a plane

by obliterating the background.

Then, against your mind's

ever-conservative

wish

to freeze

that scene,

while you scan

it changes.

 3

Things have such difficulty

in becoming...The restless

blackbirds in the trees there,

what makes them so?

Too easy for the toolmaker

in me to zoom in, dissect, and

in the end (or at least

where I choose to stop)

adduce — neat molecules,

restive, stochastically

colliding to fabricate

the biochemical tinkerer's

tool kit, with it to assemble,

in sublime bondage

to the anarchy that drives,

things — as simply

laid out as microscopic

barbs on feathers, even

what is built into the chatter

of obscured birds.

 But that

will not do. A purpose must be

externally organized; here

the hunter's gun, shot scattering,

reverberations — afeared,

in cawing disarray, they assail

the space newly cleared by the leaves,

are strewn to the sky...

only, in sweet time

to wheel into the flock

that we demand them to be.