Nothing But

*Alice B. Fogel*

RATIONS

every time our predilection for thinking 

it would stay the same one thing is 

how much it doesn’t or we don’t then things 

looking or seeming productive phase into undoing 

thieving ravens in the heat rilling off 

with our nest in its claws everything created 

recreates the inviolable 

dismantles to the else a testament 

to the wild 

stroke of genius a decision made 

from a distance disinterested 

in the duel the thing thought 

an unprepared predator until 

then feathers everywhere
from cell to forest

what we’re made of that isn’t manifest

and then is is a ladder without climb

an aversion to scale so we can’t parse seedling from tree

ontogeny from philogeny but to worry about it

would be vanity it’s not translation but an assemblage

we could see if our eyes didn’t use us how deft

how seemly and cold between the inky designs is the negative space

of the thinking or is the thinking the design

or we could force our hand pull away from the things into their abstractions and gather

that even if we can’t tell if we are out of the woods yet

all this light is coming from we don’t know where
There from Here

but does it go anywhere else oh if only
you hadn’t told us but whatever the road we took
to get here it’s gone now dehisced
like a surgical wound in the otherwise
lovely flesh we wanted so much
to forget about this to break
it instead to you in a zeno’s paradox
always halving the distance no matter
the never getting there no matter
what where we can never go back
it’s the future we most miss
we wish we hadn’t read the report
or the name that we could just go on living
in the brightened silence that islands vernal
into the instant between
knowing what’s coming down the road
and the coming of it once what was once
a lifetime away the initial destiny carved seemingly
into bark is here now
a broken window become first a fountain
of glass next second a shrine soon the light
after rain and then
what we dread all of a sudden
it could be happening all
in one mind we’re not sure which one
or one mind could happen to it or you
either way