

# Serendipity Poem

*Tim Earley*

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In our mind the one we shared  
we quoted Vicissitudes 6:8:  
*It is possible to scare the fishes out the water  
when breath is broken and broken.*  
In our mind we shared too with our clavicle  
we lived in one country divided  
by a bicycle and a stair.  
We cried and held scarab shells  
to our cheeks.  
There had to be a point.  
Of entry. Of exit.  
We ferreted through mountains,  
we released our munitions to the sea.  
There had to be a next. To do. To say.  
Our arm, green thing, tucked around an arm in the sky,  
brisk and not brisk, on fire and very redemptive. Finally:  
*take us Lord to that star or bake us Lord that pie.*  
Over and under grackles still flew, our body white and damp.  
In the diner where everyone knew each other  
by the smells on their necks,  
what good was a love of thinking,  
what good was dying in a hat or box?  
Still, there was much tuneful descanting inside this pocket of dusk.  
We scoured the rose garden with our ears.  
We put the amen before the amen.  
We felt a feeling had to come.  
When it did, it was eternal—  
undulate light, split-tongued ascension.  
And then the rain, immoderate rain,  
for days a misery upon the land.  
We did not notice.  
Pacing the common, we had become small letters and exceedingly rare.