

FALLING INTO THE COSMOS

Falling into the cosmos—
or into the Scotch impatiens,
(Ygdrasil I salvaged from St. George—mistake--
which seeds all yards, bird-facient, magenta),
I, having knocked my propping sticks,
“tomato cages” and bamboo poles
into a sort of deer bed, (mat
into which these vigorous annuals will re-sort
and thrust themselves, if bent, again—
and the cosmos were bent already, wind
having inclined them to recline) I,

shedding my fate-knicked scissors and
unsnagging my slacks from the World’s sweet
rose,
(mundi, not Zeusday, a mundane, rich perfume,
and striped, to show no Truths are plain)
find that the horse tail (dinosaur
equivalent, seedless, vascular, profuse
and bully), with the buttercup and the
tough knuckled violet have shoved
across the lilies, strewn
their fists against the seedlings that
I started in late winter in the house. They

have not thrived. Earth, perhaps, too fierce?
Or the gardener too clumsy? You might ask
the same thing of the general world—
and of the general Deity (where has
She left Her secateurs?) How much
of what I’ve broken should I cut? Angelic,
smashed, recuperative - if not each plant
then, most of them -- and, now that I’m down
here
on my knees I might as well thin poppies—

Which? I get too bored, pinch out abstractly,
then replant, in what for a moment seems a
bare
or bare enough eventual space, what I
shouldn’t have
just pulled up, both root and stem.
I say to myself, there are other worlds!
Such a glorious, flowering universe,
I think, in staggering to my feet.

I’ve broken a stem of dahlia—two inches,
surely not enough
to kill it entirely? Mine
is a rather battered, muddy earth;
mine though, I’m what’s to become of it.

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