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SOME POEMS COME

Some poems come
like agates
found
rockheap rubblerough
one cool brown egg
to fit the fist
one slice to bare its core
 The lapidary uses carborundum
 three grades of grit
 to polish mirrored halves.
 She sorts and prices;
 this much art suffices.



Some poems come
like ikebana:
take water in a lacquered bowl
 two snaking wands of curly willow
 one iris
arrange to be still
allow many poems to
 happen and unhappen
let the iris wither
 changing all the spaces
substitute a spiked branch of quince
set this moment on a tray; when
 the blossoms drop
 the poem
 waits
 a thornprint
 in the
 breath