

*Always pleasing this quarter sun*

Trains follow trails as hands do, on a rail, in the dark.  
Or an eagle poised to hunt dogs, its eye distilled to a  
point cresting the hill. A man carrying a sack is reaching  
for a grape.

What kind of day is this? What moment? Pane shows clover  
rushing, so fast the rushing is still. Pane is cool against cheek.

A pebble a romantic a shovel a branch a trough before a rose  
a line in a box. Tan, peat, a wood scarred fauve. Fronds.  
They take note of the passing.

Greenness a carpet grows is pressed as a rose or a sweet pea.

All attention is here where bursting is good, is good.  
Choosing fast in foam and ash. The bright souvenir  
expanding, a moment disinterred –