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Coming Attractions

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Coming Attractions · *Theodore Weiss*

You know to take directions
from the rain. It is a telling
landmark.

In their rainbow-throat-
swelled cooing powder-pigeons
also cue.

And any fire you
may crouch by instantly exposes
landscape to the core,

the spirit
all things else would flesh,
a ghost thereafter.

Do not try
to cling to what you are: at once
it changes.

Rest assured steady
drifting is good will enough
to mollify a sea.

This field
too, leaned on its elbow, a straw
stuck in its mouth

as it enjoys
its weed work, bees wreathed
round its head,

takes you,
trying it on with every sense,
wherever you want to go.

Standing
here, a lamp for someone else,
you rout up a mouse

or two;
from ruffling wings crows shake
out crackled dark

that trees grow
dense. Yet when the evening,
till now stored,
 one multi-
pleated screen, inside the light,
unfolds,
 the moon bursts forth,
the guttering lamp of some
body else,
 body else of her,
the sky, the future, in her look.
By lights like these
 how choice
your errors, all crumbling
things.
 An impulse, brooding
in the air, readies its surprises.