

1990

# Dove

Stanley Plumly

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## Two Poems · *Stanley Plumly*

### DOVE

Shapes as a series of edges, each edge  
a wave exhausted yet extended just  
enough until the shoulder is complete,  
or the leaf or the chair, which is flying,  
which, if we weren't flying too, we could see—  
it is a beautiful shoulder, either  
elegant or useful, like a calla  
lily or cello or a mountain road,  
it is a big, flat-handed, star-point oak,  
and a rocker, elder, utterly still.  
Shapes as the sunlight serial in light,  
the sadness of the blur in the picture,  
bend of the wing, the white wing-bars, white  
edges that at any distance become  
integral to the losses of objects  
wasting into the air like grain above  
the harvest, like the close-up once I saw  
of the type hitting the paper like a  
hammer, exploding on the high desert  
proving-ground of the page in such a way  
that dust along the outline of the ink  
rose in a shadow of fine dead powder.  
The way touching would be fingerprinted  
if the flesh could somehow hold the fracture.  
Waves of heat, waves of the river rising  
from the river, the rainbow edges like  
those lines in earth drawn with sticks that will be  
straight but not in this life, love, nor money.