

1977

Divining

Dennis Schmitz

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for hours like someone dreaming.
The two halves filled a half bushel
and he sewed the sixteen pods to his hat.
Years later he'd imagine spiders
falling from the sky like snowflakes,
and mad dogs and angels in storms,
and once in a nightmare he shot
by mistake Jesus as he came
through the east in Rapture light.

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small world, the intricate
root protruding: imagination that makes
orchard trees
so close they knit

inevitable distortion.
what then is the sky but delayed shadow
the eye a failing

source of light?
after memory what leaf
won't seem faulty? witness poor Van Gogh
at Arles sketching real
orchards until "ideas were the eyes
of the eyes" & the dark of the mouth,

damaged night. overhead on my work-
shed the gross acacia
crawls the metal
roof though I thin
it—the West is angular & cerulean
in the limbs where the bowsaw
still hangs teeth
up.