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.