BEING SPECIFIC

The beginning subject is narrowed first to the yellow toe-claw on the left front seven-segmented leg of this one specific, totally bright yellow spider misplaced, a small spectacle moving across the damp, grey gravel of the forest path.

Yet the subject, more specifically, is the cellular tremble of pulse in this particular toe-claw belonging to this very spider I see, lost from its yellow-orange flowerfield--goldenrod, daisy, jessamine.

Still, to be more exact, the sole subject here is one colorless shiver of molecule inside the one-chambered heart of this quite shiny, yellow-eyed, golden pea-orb pausing on rock at my feet.

But the focus, to designate further, must be on one atom-to-atom link inside this arachnid heart this afternoon, and further, within this spider-atom, one electron, and beyond that, one subparticle, and further beyond that, the last and finest specification possible, which is naturally the only
underlying, indivisible universal
that thus possesses like the void
and exhibits like the boundless
and holds distance like the night
and serves like the sun and inhabits
like the stars and therefore exists
as this split-moment’s revelation
inside the mind meeting itself
in the recognition of its own
most specific composition.
CORRESPONDENCES

Wasn’t it true once that I spoke with the nocturnal expressions of the blind snake emerging on a craggy mountain slope at night, its cylindrical body a silver motion in the rain among the rocks?

Didn’t I describe the virtues of the moon jellyfish with the same rising and descending measures of its flaring blue circle of silk beneath the sea?

What I said of the bristlecone pine—*split and garbled, a crone cracked dry, bent and scarped*—I said not to the tree but by the crippled fractures of the tree. And because they and they alone implied it, I said of field grasses in the wind: *the rolling light of their fading brown and wine winter hues*

Didn’t I repeat the stalking air of the forest in the cadence of the lynx tracking through snow? And in recounting the draw of the barren uplands, how could I avoid the sway of the plover’s low, soft moans of courtship?

The black centerpoint of the cat’s eye widens with concentration until it fills its space fully, just as the attentive night widens the moment to the edges of its full horizon.
If the *see-you* song of the yellow-toned vireo is the lilt of the leafy brush where it perches, if the green current of the sandy pond bottom is the song of the sunfish holding above its nest, then can the notes of nothing by itself ever be known?

Any prayer of the evening sky—swift, transparent, passing by blue—possesses all the vacant and wordless features of that to which such a prayer may be offered.
OBSERVING THE QUESTIONS OF A GREY SKY

What we observe is not nature itself but nature exposed to our method of questioning.
—Werner Heisenberg

Who would suppose that one sky by itself
Could contain so many colors called grey—
Blue grey, beige grey, toad grey, and broken grey,
Birch grey, severe grey, and barely perceived,
Sable grey at mid-heart, and never perceived but postulated,
The lavender grey of flowers found in winter moss
Beneath juniper trees? To the north a lateral column
Of soldier grey rises like smoke, forced without wind
To its own statuesque devices. Low in the south
An illusion of grey covers the sun.

And the sky above possesses the same multiple greys
As the sky in the lake below. Which sky is it then
That moves backward through the flight of five black birds
Skimming the tundra grey surfaces? And which sky holds
The five black shadows with wings in its clouds?
If the birds should soar, in which direction
Would they fall? If the birds should dive,
Into which clouds would they disappear?

Does the grey body of the wooden shed beside the lake
Find an aspect of itself in the slivered grey
Of the eleventh layer of cloud above? Does the loon
Learn something new of its breast matched perfectly
In color with the knife grey edge of the sky
Against which it poses? Does the meadow vole
Become forever related to cumulus vapor
By being its identical brother in grey this afternoon?
What if the brown grey grasses of the field
Are simply the limited vision of the sky making seeds?
Where is the grey parting of the sky
Made by the bow of the boat moving across the lake?
And in this wide expanse, who can find the grey shoulder
Of father’s coat or the grey separation of your footsteps
On the path or the grey ring of the rock thrown in anger
Into the sky? Must the entire history of grey descend
Forever beyond the bottom of the lake or can it disappear
Diagonally into the dark line of the circular horizon?
Remember how the motion of grey can come suddenly like rain
Breaking the sky into overlapping circles in the lake below.

Any question occasioned by the grey sky this evening
Must be part of the sky and a metallic grey itself,
Easily observed in the mirror of grey
Found in a reflective eye.
THE DREAM OF THE MARSH WREN: RECIPROCAL CREATION

The marsh wren, furtive and tail-tipped, by the rapid brown blurs of his movements makes sense of the complexities of sticks and rushes. He makes slashes and complicated lines of his own in mid-air above the marsh by his flight and the rattles of his incessant calling. He exists exactly as if he were a product of the pond and the sky and the blades of light among the reeds and grasses, as if he were deliberately willed into being by the empty spaces he eventually inhabits.

And at night, inside each three-second shudder of his sporadic sleep, understand how he creates the vision of the sun blanched and barred by the diagonal jutttings of the weeds, and then the sun as heavy cattail crossed and tangled and rooted deep in the rocking of its own gold water, and then the sun as suns in flat explosions at the bases of the tule. Inside the blink of his eyelids, understand how he composes the tule dripping sun slowly in gold rain off its black edges, and how he composes gold circles widening on the blue surface of the sun's pond, and the sharp black slicing of his wing rising against the sun, and that same black edge skimming the thin corridor of gold between sky and pond.

Imagine the marsh wren making himself inside his own dream. Imagine the wren, created by the marsh, inside the marsh of his own creation, unaware of his being
inside this dream of mine where I imagine
he dreams within the boundaries of his own
fixed black eye around which this particular
network of glistening weeds and knotted
grasses and slow-dripping gold mist
and seeded winds shifting in waves of sun
turns and tangles and turns itself completely
inside out again here composing me
in the stationary silence of its only existence.