

Free-Floating Clouds

for Sam Francis

Or else what? The dripping of thirty faucets
banters of irregular hours (muddled
measure of a muddled idea), perplexing,
slowly, our clamor.

...if you catch my drift, but, arriving too late,
after snow has piled up and life lies buried
underneath the glistening cold, well, *no*, I
never do catch it,

rather find myself in the thaw, unclenching
my stiff legs and piecing myself together –
badly. Pardon me. I'm still learning how to
retrofit data.

Now the crows have settled, like homes erected
on misgiving ground, in the trees. They've started
cawing, densely now, now in isolation,
certain of something

which, I will admit, is most likely true, but
which I find I can't disentangle from that
which most likely isn't. For instance, this caw,
which is – both? neither?

Wait. I'm told my methods all lack sufficient
rigor, told my efforts to date are voided,
having been engorged by the sinkhole that I
should've seen coming.

Nothing happens, nothing is settled – nothing,
though at least we get a few metaphoric
insights, maybe. Maybe all this will make sense
later, I promise.