

Patterns of Darker Brown

"And its pattern of darker brown . . ."

ELIZABETH BISHOP

Words crossed out,
new words scrawled upon
the cold-drill of November: we
are still a primitive people as far
as the process is concerned, moving towards
Nirvana in a battered dusty pickup where
the seasons come and go.
It's about loss, buried treasure, cycles, involuntary
work across the county line. The greatest
of these is life, the green of the grass
and the bedlam of the wasteland, the evening of seasons
and a new heart-shaped one for the rapture.
For there are always surreal circles,
a remote hand directing traffic, the voice
of God demanding things in their places,
the hickory hollows of Earth
filled with echoes of footfall and falling leaves
and an expectant soil fermenting
underneath it all.

ERROL MILLER