

THE EXPECTED

Indifference does not happen to the garden
or obliqueness to locusts
everything tunes to the incidence of light
these words blooming
into a book with similar urgencies

 Yesterday fog clouded over the ghosts
or they blinded
couldn't find us without blood or modifiers
then night the manta
that hangs out its vast exaggeration of fear

 Weather had again rubbed things smooth
smooth and raw
at the same time with the same velvet and saw blades
a paradoxical world
where the expected is the once unexpected

 we're used to
and dedicated to those acceptances with emphasis
like a string of very's

- The Paris Review