

String Theory

by Jefferson Holdridge

Random bursts against
 The balance of
 Allure: the dawn chorus
 Against the strings
 Of the ensemble,
 Lost in the forest.

On a red-brick wall
 A spider sits
 Outside the shade
 All morning, while I move
 Boxes upstairs
 The first day of fall.

By noon, it hits the edge
 Of dark and light
 As though it weighed
 Air and sunshine to prove
 Their immensity
 Could hold in flight

All earthly things. By evening
 It has crawled
 To the highest corner
 Where light still glows, where bees
 Circle their hive
 And seek the warmth,

Like homeless people gleaning
 Trash for food
 Or building camps
 Just to survive: the spider,
 Caught, is carried
 To the trees.

The order of gravity
 Against the chaos
 Of atoms: the pull
 Of night against the shapes
 Of hill and branch.
 The tide is full.