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Pattiann Rogers

THE MAKING OF THE WORLD

First and second violins and violas
in steady crescendo make themselves
possible in straight, brass seams
of early morning sun coming through
a welter of sumac and sassafras hedge.

The orange-scarlet of rose moss,
the iris of purple, the white garden
moth captured and pinned to the board
become in reality this minor treble
chord when played in arpeggio, the last
note held to stillness.

This cord in bass, whenever struck
thrice and ringing in all its tones,
means murder.

The sound of bagpipes, organ
pipes, pan pipes, and wooden
whistles takes its form from the rush
of stone stalactites in multiple
spears across a cavern ceiling. No,
rather it is a thematic wind
through dry thistles, nettles,
thorny grass blades and sparrow
shafts that is the soul born
spontaneously with bagpipes, organ
pipes, pan pipes and whistles of wood.

The flicking swaggle of the racing
Sonoran lizard, the swelter of horseshoe
crabs mating in a rampage of ocean
salt and semen are, within what they are,

the event of melody played rapidly
in counterpoint by masters
of guitar, oboe and horn.

This comes closer: glass chimes
and one cymbal with soft brush
create the night sky quietly
restless with stars, just as
the still surface of a pond
restless in slow rain creates
glass chimes and one cymbal
with soft brush.

To simplify—you and I side
by side in bed on the blue-
checked quilt mean: place fingers
on these strings, hold bow
at this angle, draw easily.

THE STARS BENEATH MY FEET

Not the burrowing star-nosed
mole nor the earth roots of the star-
thistle nor the yellow star flowers
of stargrass, not the fallen webs
and empty egg sacs of star-bellied
spiders, not blood stars nor winged
sea stars tight on their tidal rock
bottoms, and I don't mean either
the lighted star-tips of the lantern
fish and angler fish drifting
miles deep at the ocean's end
of their forever good night.

I mean those actual stars filling
the skies directly below me with ignited