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Dove

Stanley Plumly

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Two Poems · *Stanley Plumly*

DOVE

Shapes as a series of edges, each edge
a wave exhausted yet extended just
enough until the shoulder is complete,
or the leaf or the chair, which is flying,
which, if we weren't flying too, we could see—
it is a beautiful shoulder, either
elegant or useful, like a calla
lily or cello or a mountain road,
it is a big, flat-handed, star-point oak,
and a rocker, elder, utterly still.
Shapes as the sunlight serial in light,
the sadness of the blur in the picture,
bend of the wing, the white wing-bars, white
edges that at any distance become
integral to the losses of objects
wasting into the air like grain above
the harvest, like the close-up once I saw
of the type hitting the paper like a
hammer, exploding on the high desert
proving-ground of the page in such a way
that dust along the outline of the ink
rose in a shadow of fine dead powder.
The way touching would be fingerprinted
if the flesh could somehow hold the fracture.
Waves of heat, waves of the river rising
from the river, the rainbow edges like
those lines in earth drawn with sticks that will be
straight but not in this life, love, nor money.