Masthead Logo

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Continuing

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that before I went to sleep I looked out my window. Under the bright sky I saw the trees begin to shake.

POETRY / AMMONS, McPHERSON, LUX, McCORD, NELSON, ORLEN, TALARICO

Continuing / A. R. Ammons

Considering the show, some prize-winning leaves broad and firm, a good year, I checked the ground for the accumulation of fifty seasons: last year was prominent to notice, whole leaves curled, some still with color: and, underneath, the year before, though paler, had structure, partial, airier than linen: but under that, sand or rocksoil already mixed with the meal or grist: is this, I said to the mountain, what becomes of things: well, the mountain said, one mourns the dead but who can mourn those the dead mourned; back a way they sift in a tearless place: but, I said, it's so quick, don't you think, quick: most time, the mountain said, lies in the thinnest layer: who could bear to hear of it: I scooped up the sand which flowed away, all but a cone in the palm: the mountain said, it will do for another year.