

# The Oval

---

Volume 1 | Issue 1

Article 14

---

2008

## Nature of Things

Chelsea Rayfield

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

---

### Recommended Citation

Rayfield, Chelsea (2008) "Nature of Things," *The Oval*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 14.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol1/iss1/14>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Oval by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mso.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

# Nature of Things

1

Who's this? Small hands on large face.  
Another hurricane concludes.  
Will the tide ever ebb? A dandelion blooms.

Stifle me beyond these city walls. Is there another option?  
Tense, the mountains tower. A catfish sifts in muck.  
These leaves tear.

Shrivel me, petals. Desert takes root in this life. Peering,  
yellow eyes from trunks. Whisper, reveal yourself.  
This cannot be the end of things, this haunting of wolves.

In one moment of suspension, delicate lives are birthed.  
The fire-ants march, restless.  
Mother, return from your sleep.

Talons skim the surface. Ripples, how you destroy perfection.  
The wake subsides. Do not linger, faint sky.  
The wind is stale.

2

The puddles persist  
deep as a wrist  
and drown the tulips  
as you say,  
*My heart's left ventricle.*

I see round feet flattening soil, level soles smashing earth.  
They rearrange like shovels or knives or chainsaws.  
Bouncing off bruised shins, a ferocious theory.  
My fingers trace you. Yesterday I crept beneath  
dinner tables and kitchen counters, severing sound waves.  
The fireflies abandoned me  
as the forest remnants collapsed.

27

c  
h  
e  
l  
s  
e  
a  
.  
r  
a  
y  
f  
i  
e  
l  
d

A brown bush intrudes,  
    corners contained.  
Pigeons roost in the gutter.  
    Sagging on the hillside, sunflowers.  
A long arm extends.  
    The whale's call fails us.

28

c  
h  
e  
l  
s  
e  
a  
.  
r  
a  
y  
f  
i  
e  
l  
d