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Dice

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DICE

One throw and wheat or goldleaf appears,
or horseback riding. Mudbrick or chiaroscuro.

Throw again and the genes of Velazquez or Attila
fly in the face of the simplicities, our muses.

Everything must be learned, even wonder—
First hand in snow, in thighs.

Even love. A person, world enough,
cannot center a world,

yet the leafy tears argue
the case on necessity.

And the tongue, tired of wagging
before the deaf of stone

clouds, says yes, the weapons
are there, under the floorbeams,

under the house memory
said it was building from experience.

When the roof crashes, the tongue
names the corpses by where they lie.

Memory rigs the dice to tell the truth.
Loyal dog can always smell its way to light.