Of Doubt and Lineament

Jocelyn Emerson
OF DOUBT AND LINEAMENT

A sudden rain pursues its wreckage.

All along, water stored up in the wind’s labor
finds duration there
(rain fast along the metalloid night)
(rain slow along the architectural day)
each giving way to the other
within the impervious air.

And then an invention between them gleams—
a repose between them summoning its own expression—
all rough transcription of the spirit.

§

And where light had settled.
And where dark is settling.

§

Leaves collect in the yard’s north comer, gathering up
at the sagging fence (a few blowing back across: twos, threes).

Then rain distributes its way again along the houses—
along the barn—
glinting at the point of absorption.

§
Hours later,
frost attests to the rain's concealment
   (to one abstraction and its subsequent designs).

§

For now, all designs.

§

Circling crows, cut the arc and descend.
    Quick *drifts* and again the cut—
a resting on the pattern—
    on the occasional resolute updraft

of blue-black birds lighting a jagged current
    they're making between two newly outlined elms.