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## *from* The Ideograms

Matthew Rohrer

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# Matthew Rohrer

## *from* The Ideograms

When I listen, really listen  
to the creek it gets quieter.  
It ceases its own ceremony.  
In the night the rain destroys the enchanted mountain.  
In the morning I am newly formed to my terrain.  
The creek is swimming up to tell us  
that the Pavillion of Probability is under attack.

Bank the coals against the anguishes of night.  
In the afternoon the mountain laurel is awake.  
It wakes me up.  
The wild mountain orchid droops on the path  
in the clouds now. The sun folds.  
We march and descend. One man is arrested on a ramp.  
The men at the campfire pretend to color the rain clouds.  
At night this is what scares me.  
Having to piss in the forest blackness.  
Seeing a faint glow.  
Knowing it is two elk working together  
to balance a birthday cake on their antlers.

I almost understand you.

Then I come upon you as upon a tree  
bristling with spent arrows.

I've come too late.

You kiss me goodbye sometimes  
and I feel you transfer everything.

Sometimes you destroy crystal snowballs.

Sometimes I call you three times in one hour.

The pond that separates us during the day is being drained.

You kiss my hand and I see the folly in my plan.

Let the products sell themselves.

You leave the apartment.  
You bring home the bacon.  
Once you walked all the way home eating  
jalapeños from a jar.  
All day I think about words  
and how words can topple and humiliate my enemies.  
I walk for hours this way with my son  
in a small carriage through the humid beech trees.  
We cross rivulets and cricket grounds.  
Huge groups of kids get in trouble.  
We rest on a bridge.  
We wait for a crocodile to pass before we cross the river.