Winter 2009

Theory of Everything, Almost

Ashley Seitz Kramer
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Hapless birds, the aerial view
School of sorrow and skill of joy
What I arrange and avoid
Disregarding any history of error
I stare down
No I disbelieve
The brightest stars and their best angles
I record my findings
But I give them back or I plan to
Your mother stands on that broken toe again
Rising the bread in silence a prayer
Near the gossamer curtains
My own mother darns
Two days it takes her nose to the needle
Considering the clouds themselves
What they can manage
I follow the trail (I follow you)
To see the lights
But I never do see
Each detail misleading
With or without the relentless heat
And the orange groves neon oranges
The river in which my sister carries me
On her shoulders
Above the mackerel and above the blue