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Greylock

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GREYLOCK

*These mountains, somehow, they play at hide-and-peek,
and all before one's eyes.*

— Herman Melville

1.

Still life with rocks that write.

Acorns laying into an aluminum shed.

I saw the yellows first to turn—
hickory, ferns, drought-addled birch.

A tacit concession,

measuring a door in winter
only to find it swollen in summer.

“The challenge of drawing an ellipse is that it must be done with enough speed
to engage the natural
'roundingness' of our reflexes.”

Poetry to silence
as bouldering is to tether.

2.

Roadsides littered with empties.

A hornet under the clapboards of a house
about to trill.

The author who treated sentences like chapters
sat at the north window,

while the author who treated chapters like clauses
wrote looking past him

at the mountain.

3.

The things that take me back the most hologram.

Blue eyes
in a charcoal portrait.

Passport photos when
travelers were asked to simply describe themselves.

Imagine the prodigal son,
at odds with whom he thought he was.

Faint calling of an auction
down the street.

Willowware decorated with story.