It's something people say
as an excuse to stop searching.
They forget that I still go
to the barn, ready to catch
the slightest glint of a silver line.
The day it fell away,
I held its eye up to mine
and finessed a thread to stream straight through,
as sunlight did in the hayloft wall,
the shadowed wood so pinned
with beetle holes, I saw a starry night
from where I sat. It dropped
and made no sound except
a dread of dropping, echoed in
each thing I found, digging down:
a chessboard's cobalt castle,
a fountain pen that wrote like cursive
hay-streaks through my hair,
a vine with red blossoms
the stack's own sediments had sewn.
To clapboards, swallows, mice,
I prayed with Latinate
datives: bring it me, bring
it me. The walls engraved
themselves in calyces
and spirals, and I would wake with earwigs
at my neck and knees and elbows.
I watched hydrangea petals
petrify come autumn, rustle
like hungry dogs in the wind