

MARK IRWIN

About

About the passing and arrival of things nothing's sure
but the immensity of the present going on since
the beginning, becoming smaller through every moment
as the silence lessens through which you can feel it sometimes
moving, or through the animals, blinking, patient, hungry. The lynx
tensing its ears, the cows glassy-eyed and chewing, or when
the tin sky of rain collapses all about you and the skin of air opens,
breathing, and you feel prescient and dumb at once, for nothing
matters in this province of the senses, all of them greedy
for instants. Now you live without pretense. Now the past
floats up, big and new as if just occurring. Now you hunger
no longer, for the green is all fingers, and the fence
of the body sleeps, forgetful of all words in evening's
violet distance where you go on *changing, changing, changing.*