

THEODORE WOROZBYT

Identifications

A spiderweb woven over moss,
the web of water that it holds.
The blank silver tendrils filled.
The forever stamp, the rolls
and rolls interred in my vault.
Good bye to autumn as goodbye.
Prose, says the sun, setting.
The crawdad's backing swiftness,
the smudge of mustard on the red
winged blackbird's wing.
The blackberries in the ditch
that stop the bulldozer's mouth.
A piece of lead in the knee-skin.
A sliver of beard in the index
finger's first joint. At the anthem's
end, the rippling flag,
and then snow. The 19th century:
Melville, Hawthorne, and O.