

STEVEN CRAMER

From Clangings

My notion of heaven? Um, plumb garden,
symmetrically, what wanting rings about.
By the fifth or eleventh prayer—right?—
it'll come to some soul of an equation,

the aqueous solution at the equinox.
Dickey tells me it's a very big number,
a numb digit; particulate, therefore
it ducks the riddle grain put to the fox.

Forks can't solve it any more than a kettle.
Forks and kettles are found in the gospel
where they go horn to horn with the devil.
Look, here's his hide, bristling in a bottle.

How come certain hydras upset me?
How many earthworms fit in a home?
When did the cool of a garden go warm?
I think it stems from how He made a body

out of fish He couldn't school to swim.
Like a surgeon, with His slice to inside,
He overshadows the light he divided.
He created swine to swindle them.