

STILL 14

or three oranges in an Elmwood bowl, the edge
of morning sun an enigma and indicative
of our documentary decline[↓]

how else this blighted language might
make a touch of things, a relic or rind pre-
peel yet wounded a battered telos

so the dimpled dart of this
& that keeps time — each teleological fold
manifest as leftover

pillow on the cheek;
and much impressed, I brew coffee, digress
into newsprint, do let the ink cling

[↓] *We can act only if we feel [moments] convey and protect us. When they abandon us [...] Defenseless, with no hold on things, we then face a peculiar misfortune: that of not being entitled to time.*