Dust

the dust
    that covers us
    a moral thing
    like levers and wheels
don’t pretend
Two ravens came
don’t pretend
They wanted a poem
about a telephone pole
with lines and wires
to be eaten away
    by mystics
    or insects
    and understood by the magpie media

the tap-tapping
like a signal
black
    with soft
    iridescent feathers
    and well known
    in numbers
that circle
like a vision
or a circus
and whole
    are jazz
ravens are always jazz

dust covers everything
you see
as it happens
a song
and then is blown away
from the surface
    of the world
or the floor
    yellow pollen
for the dieing
don’t be afraid
or for the
newly ordained
a stain
upon the poet’s mind
ordained