

## 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