

Carol Ann Davis

Letter w. Plato's Extrinsic Finality

What else is there to say but the day's made to bloom
a word I'm fond of using room I enter
but I'm not naked I haven't tested the leaden bell
and what are my children made of
who shriek to wake themselves

too cold a question for so hot a day
field trip cancelled due to heat the sign reads
on the door and Luke needs
one more kiss to go into the room bubble day
replacing water day the heat again

so we dream of lake houses of ruins
with our names on them frontage on a river
or acres of woods and the book
with the picture I need isn't here
the detail of birds from the 14th century

one for each tree they are made
driven even as we are driven and made
as we are made neat as a teleology
the school-desk hour I learned that word
from a man I loved longer than necessary

if necessity comes into it at all
the earth a vortex the heavens
a wide lid dear one
while this hour though lost

still breathes as prayers summon
their makers I would summon you
yet while you live