

Days Nothing Comes

Days come when nothing comes. Sunrise
mechanical, a motion ascribed, just as
Copernicus built it. The wind comes, yes,
but just the wind, no voice with prophecy
swirled in, nothing at which to turn up
a collar. Some days the woman in the sundress
doesn't float down the street apparently
in search of you; she just walks by, disinterested,
going for milk, or nothing. On these days, it's
neither goddess nor witch who comes to instill
in you the way to garden with intent, it's only
the lady next door who once was something
beheld, but not today. Today she's passionless
as you, nothing more mythic to do than
stand at your flank, follow your gaze down
the short path to the gardenbed, wait for something
to grow, or mean, or die, or be. Wait for the rest of it
to radiate out from inside everything that's here,
make it all inexplicable again.

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