

Things in Themselves

A. Jay Adler

A chair on a porch, unrocked
beneath the eaves, the uncollected
leaves in flat November light—
a car parked keyless beside the road.

The windless world blows, a clock tick stuck.
Still, the guttered ball waits. The absent shingle
recalls the roof, never falling but always
fell. What sound?

Middle of a lot, a stone that dropped, or was:
some young or murderous hand in flight
yesterday or when a hominid loped from view.
It lies among the weeds, mirthless, unbloodied

but so presented to the chair, so equal
to the leaves, far relative to the car.
Then a bud pushes relentless petals against the tock
And a shadow passes over the clock.