AT FIRST
LAURENCE MUSGROVE

Some are rocks. They’ve rolled in hard and arrogant, satisfied in the heft and glare of their silence. Afraid, really, and sinking, petrified in the garden.

Some I thought rock are snail, hard and wary, burdened, yet determined, paths of ache trailing behind. So glad to have passed untouched one more day.

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Some have given up slugging away,
and dive down
into the damp dry dirt.
Wrigglers in the dark,
they roam unseen,
happily private, making the most they can
of themselves themselves.

Some emerge more dexterous,
their hunger pulling them
up this flower,
that weed,
devouring green.
They know change is the self
they live to die to learn.
And one or two will wing.

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INVENTION

LAURENCE MUSGROVE

The essential problem is always the poet's,
not the theory's.

—Larry Levis

There is a world of readers,
a library room filled with long flat heavy tables.

There is a world of readers,
lounging on soft couches, feet up, the cat curled on a pillow.

There is a world of readers,
bookstores of candy and glowing laptops and the nose full of coffee.
There is a world of readers,
Sunday morning reviews and children on the wide wings of storytime.

There is a world of readers,
and all I want to do is cry, a cello lost on the path to myself.