

The Oikonology

As Lucretius and Ovid,
Long ago foretold
Our flailing and flourishing,
Is the earthly becoming.
The in-end-having,
Of new life from old.

Hesiod's ineluctable descent,
From gold to silver
Bronze to lead,
Begot this little leaf
Jittering in the wind
Clinging to its twig.

Sprouted from gnarled bough,
And botched bark trunk
It sips the soil's manna
Pulled from the ooze
The muck, through
forked lightning roots.

~

I am because I am part,
Part of a whole,
A greater whole
A figure in a ground
a greater ground,
A one amongst many.

I am because I am part,
Part of the world,
The world of the other,
As they are part
Part of the world
The world of mine.

I am because I am a scion
Of chains of events,
Great chains reflecting
in facing mirrors.
Curving and dwindling
into the primordial chasm.

~

Knotting and unknotting
The threads and the skeins
Are spilling from the rhythm,
The rhythm and the clatter,
The swinging of the levers
The levers of the loom.

The making and unmaking
The buckle and the twist
The judder and the click
Murmur of the bobbin,
The warp and the weft,
Fabric of the world

Spooling and unspooling.
The tap and the knock,
The rattle and the clatter,
The whistle and the hum,
The song of the work.
The Loom's ceaseless singing.

~

Making and unmaking
A more-than-human art
Ripples from the nooks
Swells from the crannies
Resumes its rightful mantle
The Anima Mundi