

*from* Against Creation

what I say I say in place

of development  
grass grows through

the paper at my feet  
a residue of having

lived & living through

the idea that made us

awake before intelligibility

the actual world  
evident & invisible

a vacancy whose center  
somehow churns

tightly the sun is turning  
inside the apple

a bearing affixed to fall

not belief but doubt that confirms

where the actual light is  
a description of light

two or three dragonflies  
easy in zeal dart

hallucinatory arcs

as low as looking is

what grammars the world