

## A Looming Dependence on Weather

*Provability is a weaker notion than truth.*  
—Douglas Hofstadter

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One knows of  
stockpiled liver spots,  
catalogs and creeper  
practically  
wrapped around the newel post

the stand of ash  
in the wind  
the floor is  
green and flickering

An early gray gathers as it goes,  
means the body that made the work,  
later turns to gold,  
things filtered by leaves:  
air, light, chewed pen cap  
through the bitten window  
new mown hay is growing.

## Scene from a Yard of Toile

a gold ground with a red impression—

The woman tends to washing linens brook- side roughly pounds them against a  
board not stirring up silt against another reflex deadened by disuse.  
Mobcap cladding to be slapped clean on the morrow clotheslined on the rickety  
paling.

A boy sows seeds.

A second leans  
against a leafy tree

bent

to the sound of his music

straining

and so forth.

Lady Lovelace is at the harmonium  
 weaving leitmotifs  
 of colored leaves  
 that fall and amass  
 in a masterpiece of counterpoint.

But there are variations;  
 precipitates fall and take form  
 as haystacks  
 of fretted gold thread unbinding the code

there's a hole  
 where  
 she doesn't know

a lashing picture window  
 gathers  
 shadow on the wickerwork

Untoward sharps and flats  
 settle in the spaces of her staving.

At the same time she is wresting.

The rests denote a floating.

A gathering  
 dusk  
 dust falls  
 phragmites in the corner.