

Making Arrangements

It turns out the first lesson of painting
with perspective is mastering
an understanding of the ways
in which perspective disappears.
Somewhere in the distance,
a college president dreams
in architecture he can name for the rich.
Right up front there's a boy
refusing to go to the beach
now that he's learned about cremains.
Sometimes, soap in your eyes,
you have to reach for the towel bar,
you have to pick up every pear
as if you're a lunar rover.
It's too easy to mistake the angels for insects,
to go through an entire summer
without walking a dog.
There's a dependlessness to our thoughts,
and at some point there's a moment
when we're sure we understand
the great drift, the sum of all tendencies
with a new intimacy, but it always turns out
to be less than reassuring, to witness life
being written directly into its final draft.
Victory is going to require the imagination.
It's going to have to be conjured from air.
And now that the snow is as everywhere
as it will get, and the world has frozen
itself back into place, we can see we have
all the tools we'll ever need.
Point to anything and name it,
it's not our fault, even if the entirety feels
unmistakable from responsibility.
According to the experts, true security
will require both one thing you possess

and one thing only you know.
If you can make it to the headwaters,
you can cross the river
using only four stones.