

## POLLUTION

The earth is so white under this tree  
You'd think a divine leprosy  
Had set in. But it's nothing mysterious at all.  
Generations of crows have let their droppings fall  
Here. If you look up you can see  
The crossed twigs of the rookery.  
But down here is the thing men and crows have in common.  
What we know of men is their garbage dumps,  
A few fallen columns, perhaps, but mostly the mounds  
Of broken pots, orts, the throwaways of life.

What would you expect? Life itself arose as the wife  
Of pollution. Stars broke, unclean magmas poured  
From fissures, foul methane and ammonia bleared  
The sacred emptiness. Nor can life at all  
Abide that purity in which the spectral particles  
Of matter coast. In space our blood would boil  
Away in a pink vapor trail  
Fading in colorless cold. Vacuum would suck  
Eyes from sockets and reset the atoms by blind luck.

Well, man, keep your house clean—if you can. But  
Remember the god you must worship is the crow's God.