

## Mist · Jorie Graham

This quick intelligence that only knows  
distracted, blind,  
poking like a nose,  
forever trying to finger the distinctions: *the rose*  
*that opens in the rose,*  
*that opens in*  
*the mist,*  
its geography

much quicker than  
its history.  
I live in it, it lives in me, whore to, heir to,  
I am the one it does unto. . . .  
And this is its shoreline: the edge of the continent, of the whole  
idea, the ragged rocks  
becoming foam,

where the sky drops this low each day to fish for us.  
*It should burn off*, they say,  
yet see it eat  
the bony rocks,  
its fog-flesh making everything  
part of itself until

I am the fish that ate the fish that ate the littlest,  
in thought,  
in afterthought;  
swimming the one world deaf, waving, goodbye for motor,  
fish that can't hear  
itself swim, its hum  
in the water;

swimming this other as  
the rose inside the rose that keeps on opening; and then  
this other still  
wherein it is a perfect rose  
*because* I snap it  
from the sky,

because I want it,

another, thicker, kind of sight.