

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.