

## Coming Attractions · *Theodore Weiss*

You know to take directions  
from the rain. It is a telling  
landmark.

In their rainbow-throat-  
swelled cooing powder-pigeons  
also cue.

And any fire you  
may crouch by instantly exposes  
landscape to the core,

the spirit  
all things else would flesh,  
a ghost thereafter.

Do not try  
to cling to what you are: at once  
it changes.

Rest assured steady  
drifting is good will enough  
to mollify a sea.

This field  
too, leaned on its elbow, a straw  
stuck in its mouth

as it enjoys  
its weed work, bees wreathed  
round its head,

takes you,  
trying it on with every sense,  
wherever you want to go.

Standing  
here, a lamp for someone else,  
you rout up a mouse

or two;  
from ruffling wings crows shake  
out crackled dark

that trees grow  
dense. Yet when the evening,  
till now stored,  
    one multi-  
pleated screen, inside the light,  
unfolds,  
    the moon bursts forth,  
the guttering lamp of some  
body else,  
    body else of her,  
the sky, the future, in her look.  
By lights like these  
    how choice  
your errors, all crumbling  
things.  
    An impulse, brooding  
in the air, readies its surprises.