

TINKERING

It's a smug knowledge, to feel
your crescent wrench congruent
with a nut, the nut go *yes*.
That certainty—we remember it
like something we've deserved.
I understand exactly why
psychiatrists prescribe such
things for those recovering from
the grief of a great passion. Sweet
leverage—there is a logic
you can grab and trust, weigh
right in your arms, help it
gang up against a bolt
to make your bicycle, let's say,
recite its ABCs; you can know
how at least a few facts hold
themselves together, and it's sweet
the way the bike reciprocates
when you coast, to accept
the gift such easy distance is,
your front tire adrift,
tinkering along, moving
for nothing, explaining gravity.