

that before I went to sleep I looked out my window. Under the bright sky  
I saw the trees begin to shake.

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POETRY / AMMONS, McPHERSON, LUX,  
McCORD, NELSON, ORLEN, TALARICO

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### Continuing / A. R. Ammons

Considering the show, some prize-winning  
leaves broad and firm, a good year,  
I checked the ground  
for the accumulation of  
fifty seasons: last year was  
prominent to notice, whole leaves  
curled, some still with color:  
and, underneath, the year  
before, though paler, had structure,  
partial, airier than linen:  
but under that,  
sand or rocksoil already mixed  
with the meal or grist:  
is this, I said to the mountain,  
what becomes of things:  
well, the mountain said, one  
mourns the dead but who  
can mourn those the dead mourned;  
back a way  
they sift in a tearless  
place: but, I said,  
it's so quick, don't you think,  
quick: most time, the mountain said, lies  
in the thinnest layer: who  
could bear to hear of it:  
I scooped up the sand which flowed  
away, all but a cone in the palm:  
the mountain said, it  
will do for another year.