

ARDELL STAUFFER

## ARITHMETIC

In the arithmetic of the dead it's one day.  
Forty thousand cars passing catch light  
like the windowed glint of dragonfly wings.  
Yellow sulfurs flutter their complement,  
moving among the hillside's purple vetch.

Quiet in earth, the dead watch the sun  
hush across the single sky, warm and slow,  
moving through unbroken blue  
like all things swing steady through time  
and motion toward the one silence.