

APPRENTICE

If antlers make half
a candelabrum, who will wax
and wire the bone to light?

Ideas gorge and bloat
on clover, never to become a lamp,
never to bless a cairn in the orchard

corner, three days after and your
callus still holding stone. Do you love
the materials? Indigo must be more

than grown, and straw comes apart
in sheaves. Will you stack, stack,
then unstack until all lines set right?

Your wrist will betray you.
Betray you and repeat.
A joint undone takes twice

the rejoining, and adhesion is often
fleet. You want to read in the light
of the forest, the light a dun buck

left near your head. Gather tallow,
sandpaper, and patience. You will
make out the words with your hand.