

## Object Sign Interpretant

Day after day, torrents of rain beat down. Stuck indoors,  
I am irritable. Gardeners say the flowers and the trees  
Are happy, but they have no inner life except  
Molecular exchanges of chemicals put in motion  
By hydrostatic pressure. The inner life of corpses must be  
Something similar. Pools of water speed up rot,  
And if motion is a form of happiness,  
Then the dead must all be smiling in a way  
Only those who have come to rest can understand.

I feel trapped at home, at rest, but resisting. I need motion,  
And all I can do is pace through a few small rooms.  
My cat is restless too. She sits at the window watching for birds.  
She wants out! She wants flesh In motion between her teeth.  
Every season brings lessons that ancient poets formulated in drawing  
Their pictures of the gods. I use words like *molecular, hydrostatic, motion*.

God sits among the dead. He moves with them, He shares  
Their contentment as they turn from flesh into soil.  
The dreams that sparking synapses sounded have gone  
The way of the sound of the church bells down the block calling  
The faithful, of the heat rippling out from the wood crackling  
In my fireplace, of the dancing I and my wife enjoyed last night,  
Of the moments when love seizes us and we comply.  
I can no more complain about the position of my dreams  
In the divine design than a daub of burnt sienna  
About its place in the Sistine Chapel, or the word *mercurial*  
Complain about its place in a Shakespeare sonnet. Form reveals.

If the Law-giver is the same as the Form-giver, does a form  
Imply a law? At one pole the conjugation. Night and fog.  
Running dogs. Eyes whose movements are a form of prayer

At the last possible moment that patterns find completion.  
Forms that escape and replenish the world as they evaporate.  
A return. At the other pole pure signs—

“morning cup of coffee,”

“I love you,”

“all complex zeroes of the Zeta-function have real part one-half.”

Flesh-word, object-image, appear-disappear. Sounds in the throat  
Teeth clicking, tongue licking, figures flying out, shooting away,  
A feeling left behind not unlike the scent of an animal.