

## What Existence

It has its places, in the grains of frigid gray  
dust on the moon, in the descent of a barb  
of feather lost from a jay, in a shiver of leaf  
released by the sky and sinking to winter.  
Distinctly present in a stone hand lying open

on rubble, in a clear glass marble for an eye,  
in the shorn hair of women taken for wigs,  
it is itself and actual across the tense and silent  
hillsides after long thunder has ceased, in hollow,  
in cavity, in null, on the surface of the lake

where the heron's wavering reflection lay before  
the heron rose and disappeared. It is there  
in the workings of wind around isolated spires  
of rock, through abandoned trestles, the rotted  
beams of condemned bridges, among dry

tares and tarweeds, in any shard of buried  
pottery, any crust of insect hull, any fragment  
of crushed shell spilled on the sand, in the haunt  
of the east at dusk. And in the feeling it evokes  
it exists here now, replicated and in fact.

-Pattiann Rogers