Necessary Light

Fargnoli, Patricia

Published by Utah State University Press

Fargnoli, Patricia.

Necessary Light.


Project MUSE. muse.jhu.edu/book/9335.
HOW THIS POET THINKS

I don’t think
like lawyers, quick in the mind,
rapid as a rat-a-tat-tat,
or academics, who pile logic up
like wood to get them through the winter.

I think the way someone listens
in a still place for the sound of quiet—
or the way my body sways
at the transition zone, back and forth
between field and woods—a witching stick—
or as though I were inhabiting the seasons
between winter and spring,
between summer and fall—
finding those in-between places
that need me to name them.

When I think, sometimes it is
like objects rushing through a tunnel,
and sometimes
it is like water in a well with dirt sides,
where the wetness is completely absorbed
and the ground rings with dampness,
becomes a changed thing.

Other times
it is the way sea fog rises off
the swelling green of the ocean
and covers everything but illuminates itself.

I think with my skin open like the frog
who takes in the rain by osmosis.
I delve into the groundhog holes
where no words follow.
Slow, so slow I think, and cannot hold
the thoughts except when they come down
hard on the paper where they are malleable,
can be shifted, worked at like clay.
I think like this: with my brain stem,
and with the site of emotions
the way I imagine the fox thinks,
trapped in his present need
but moving freely—his eyes quick
toward the day's desire—
and the way, beneath the surface
of the water, the swimmer's legs hang down
above the tendrils of the jelly fish
which wave in the filtered light.
I think in tortoise-time,
dream-time, limbic-time,
like a waterfall, a moth's wing,
like snow—that soundless, that white.