A Crossing

From them the dust and from them the storm,
and the smoke in the sky, and a rumble in the ground;
and from them the very sky seeming, from afar, parabolic;
from the curve or girth beyond the eye’s reach;

from/across/ & through—

a beautifull level and fertile plain—
with soggy bottoms of slender allium
or nodding onion the size of a musket ball,
white, crisp, well-flavored; from the high grass stretching

into tomorrow

the welcoming committee assembles & gathers—
each dark visage a massive escarpment
that stares out of bewilderment;
—from their river crossing, and from somewhere

inside the huff, hieratic ohm—

the beck-and-echo, returning call
of calves mothering-up; from the dark script
of the herd, frequently approaching more nearly
to discover what we are,

with/across/ & to

the cataract of time:

this steady, animal regard,
this gaze of theirs, the size and scale of it,
so amassed,
arrests the men, who look them back

as they must /& do/ & will—

from a bookcase, from a window sill.