

## SOMETIMES AN ORDER

Heat from the furnace casts shadows  
Moving shadows on the floor  
Someone is dropping windowpanes  
Into a dumpster, one at a time,  
On the street out front  
At times, a sense of order seems lost  
Sun light pours through the windows  
One seagull hovers above the roofs  
Coffee pot creaks  
Somewhere outback someone  
Hammers wood  
Car alarm  
A singular fly zigzags back and fourth  
Above the living room floor  
Big dog barking  
Windowpanes crashing  
Heat wave shadows moving west  
On the hardwood floor  
The order of singular seagulls hovering  
Unstoppable sun  
Slippery sense  
Coffee pot repeatable like a  
Reliable canoe on a dark river shaping  
In the deep woods  
Headed home  
Parkside Avenue littered in light  
Traced in shadow, snowcapped  
For every window there is a line  
For every line there is a measure  
The outback hammering weathers  
The weather, the wood knocks  
Lift then disappear in an instant  
A canoe in a deep coffee pot creek  
A creek headed home into

A heat wave river  
On a hardwood floor  
As the day is long  
Dark and moving toward home  
Into an open ocean of thought  
And of weather, for every line  
There is a measure  
Blue sky hammering continues  
Long after it's ceased  
Sun holds close to its own inscription  
Reaching out, piece by piece,  
Illuminated  
Icy edges of rooftops  
At times a sense of order  
Dog barked back into itself  
Much like an ocean  
Remembered in a dream  
Headed home  
Etched in shadow  
Littered in light  
Snowcapped  
Parkside Avenue moves like a window  
Slippery notions of measured  
Speed, or the time it takes  
The mustache cloud to pass over  
The rooftops and out of sight  
A slight floating in a blue sky molding  
Heat wave river on the floor no more  
As ever before ever after  
The measure of what's remembered  
At times the lines seem lost  
A sense of order, made to order,  
Delivered in piecemeal fashion  
Fashionably on time  
Clearly understood, like battered  
Bedroom slippers encased in light  
Standing in a river of daytime

Beginning, snowcapped, and slightly  
Floating, edgy roofs unremarkable melt  
The people in the furnace are squeaking  
Again, tiny night-calls reaching into day  
Littered in the hammered knocking,  
Dog bark lifting  
For every window there is a canoe  
For every canoe there is a measure  
Sometimes the absent rivers never go away  
Sometimes the seagull shadows are nearly missed  
Replaced by worn-out slippers encased  
In rectangles of light  
Consecutive crashes of breaking glass order  
Carved in shadow  
Etched on the avenue  
Still life of remembered barking  
Littered in blue sky  
Slippery sense  
For every river there is a line  
For every line a certain measure  
Sometimes the windows sing  
Sometimes a sense of order.

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