

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.

Jamey Jones