

Field Vision

by Jesse Mountjoy

If not quite from nowhere then from
 Somewhere in that Kentucky field,
 With the beginning of its winter stubble,
 As an impression left by
 The telling of a story,
 And moving
 In a Balanchine choreograph,
 Knowing the uncertain things but never
 The certain ones, the plastic shopping bag
 From Walmart flitting and fitted by the wind
 Against the greaves of corn stalks, thin as
 A silk blouse separating it from the next world,
 At one time conducting
 A '*suerte de capa*' (the bull invisible),
 And another time likened to Hopkins'
 Windhover, but ground-bound now,
 And another time as an old ghost
 With short term memory loss.

Time recedes. The morning is confused,
 And the barometer dreams a new anonymity
 For the weather. Staring, expressionless,
 My mind submerged,
 Timeless as a moment of rescue,
 I view the bag in the wind
 As a jellyfish blown by currents
 In the waters between
 Los Arcos and Mismaloya,

And today often as not seems set
 By the float of that bag in the field
 To the side of what I think is my real life.