And it starts
with a moth caught in a lidless jar

or barnfire horses beating themselves
against the frame of a wide open door,

nettles and unmended cuffs, fraying,
the full force of a father’s fist:

to a physicist, causality. Or
—let’s say they’re wrong—

there are no preludes, matchsticks.
The flame’s always been here.

Maybe it doesn’t take winter to make a tree
in winter or dewpoint to vague a morning field.

And of mothwings against glass?
A mother’s tears? Those damned stupid horses

burning all night as if the earth demanded
sacrifice? The earth is silent.

The hanging rope’s for hanging.
The body’s dust is dust.