

**John Sibley Williams**

**DEWPOINT**

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.