Things were astounding enough
the passenger ferry  the steeple
  enough to make you die of astonishment
    an empty river
the swimming bench  tips of trees  to take wing
  if you did nothing at all

I like that feeling right next to the stillness  being alive
if one could
  could realize that clearly enough

If I don't eat there's a situation  what everyone did was
  just a distraction from astonishment
    magistrate building
    sitting neatly as adults  the body as message

I appreciate a riot  let the hand down  revering books
and language
    charm  amulet
    I preach practicality as a vision of the future
    pilgrim  saint
    I am not John Dewey

The shrine of the beyond  that is within  sideways
next to the imagination one must remember it is there fluid
Sometimes miracles were written on parchment twisted into a paw abracadabra shining in the pocket of a good realist to agree the minutes are a modifier

An emphasis falls on silhouettes trenches lilies substituting for an original body and voice you recall treatments of nothingness books were not stories printed on paper they were people the real people silence was pictoral again