

Anecdotal Fencepost

Dead center in a hanging meadow,
halfway up a side canyon slope,
there's this orphan post raised by wolves,
this thing of one world implanted
in the other, without history or blood,
neither the lineage of tetanus nor the heraldry of rust.

There's enough barbed wire in this state
to string a line to the moon and back.
From the air it's a Frankenstein stitchery,
a backroom facelift, but there's no wire I can see,
and quarter-round cedar fence posts
do not occur spontaneously in nature.

This one, by the fine approximate plumb
of it, looks as though it were dropped
from a great height by the mother of all
nesting eagles, or one of those new western ranchers,
the ones who eschew the blue healer for the fax
and beeper, the quarter horse for the helicopter.

And though I wander around it, my widening gyre,
my careful forensic finds no line, no
other post anywhere, only this, which,
because it is wood, will fall,
the slovenly wilderness at last
avenging its mystery, its jarring illogic—

but not before a meadowlark,
at least thirty times an hour,
alights on top and recites, in many notes,
its song, which sounds to me like reason.

