TRANSEUNT

Seemingly

substanceless air

through which the yellowing

afternoon light passes; chancily

moving air that gambles with gravity

to make the chestnuts knock-knock to the ground;

you

would seem

to deny the cluttering

of this aether by semipermanent

contrails of causality, control and intent,

the untended weft of events, past and imperfect

reaching,

filling the

quad with mind's eye

harpoon glances at girls'

legs, the substance of their tee shirt

legends, balls thrown hard then, frisbees floating yesterday

criss-

cross lines

of running, arms

outstretched to meet him,

knotted lines of evasion, robins'

low down worm hole lines intertwining

with now dormant angers' spherical firework bursts.

What was

empty is full

of frayed ribbons. And

someone else holds the scissors,

the broom, and reaches for the cleansing flame.