

# The Origin of Order


By Pattiann Rogers

Stellar dust has settled.  
It is green underwater now in the leaves  
Of the yellow crowfoot. Its vacancies are gathered together  
Under pine litter as emerging flower of the pink arbutus.  
It has gained the power to make itself again  
In the bone-filled egg of osprey and teal.

One could say this toothpick grasshopper  
Is a cloud of decayed nebula congealed and perching  
On his female mating. The tortoise beetle,  
Leaving the stripped veins of morning glory vines  
Like licked bones, is a straw-colored swirl  
Of clever gases.

At this moment there are dead stars seeing  
Themselves as marsh and forest in the eyes  
Of muskrat and shrew, disintegrated suns  
Making songs all night long in the throats  
Of crawfish frogs, in the rubbings and gratings  
Of the red-legged locust. There are spirits of orbiting  
Rock in the shells of pointed winkles  
And apple snails, ghosts of extinct comets caught  
In the leap of darting hare and bobcat, revolutions  
Of rushing stone contained in the sound of these words.

The paths of the Pleiades and Coma clusters  
Have been compelled to mathematics by the mind  
Contemplating the nature of itself  
In the motions of stars. The patterns  
Of any starry summer night might be identical  
To the summer heavens circling inside the skull.  
I can feel time speeding now in all directions  
Deeper and deeper into the black oblivion  
Of the electrons directly behind my eyes.



Flesh of the sky, child of the sky, the mind  
Has been obligated from the beginning  
To create an ordered universe  
As the only possible proof of its own inheritance.

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