Sipping Entropy With Emily

Even sitting perfectly still, considering
a postcard of Emily Dickinson
serenely composed in her sombre gown
staring uninquisitively – discerningly
with her anchorite eyes
from the snowdrift of her face
I am tugged toward disintegration
aflounder in a river that has burst
its banks in a freshet of blank pain
no single source – nor direction
to this unleashed seepage
and we cannot put the water back
so we watch it flow through this office,
climb the bookshelf, filing cabinet
see it spill from every drawer
pour through the silent telephone
its primal bleating voice, despot – victim
only other names for God –
that runs even stars into uncertainty –
the vote being cast, the fire horse bolted
from its quivering stabled conditions
as the majority claims stark madness
I waltz with this New England Ophelia
reaching out for her wrist – just
a sinking man come up thrice
to clutch and claw at wispy clouds
like pages from her black-bound book
to crawl inside her secret menagerie
of poised disorder – the fish
and fowl of finely dissected ecstasy