

## **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