

THE WORLD SOLVED

The need is an Absolute to go on,
Prismatic light, a First Principle
To hold onto, then all is simple,
Even in elaboration.
Furious April supplies this,
The air is so rinsed with love, we love—
Counterpart of that hair-raising
Absolute—not the Word itself
But proof enough:

 all these come-ons,
Seasons the world leans against,
Sortable worships and kingdoms come—
Some such equivalent muddle
Such as ducks in a pond, a drink
Of water, even that elemental.
Our senses deal in these things.

The need is irreducible wonder.
Empty planets circling a sun.

Ralph Gustafson