

Philosophy Lecture

His words fling out like coiled cord thrown
and we follow that sensation, how he goes
through virgin land, slimly through the bush,
holding back the brush for our consideration,
leading us to speculate upon the distant spaces.

He bites his lip, unnoticed sighs, his lectern grip
is knuckle-white; unaware, he rubs his eye.
I see how by the slightest unmeant moves
he goes another way, also, and so,
while he draws out thoughts
and ties them up in the compound he has chosen,
I attend to the undertone of all he doesn't say
and slip on the inward drift to core.

Has he explored? The giant trees,
their branches interlocked and dark,
are dreamily unreasonable.

Has he seen the snowy owl,
rocking on long talons in the shadows?

— *Audrey Conard*