

## CLARITIES

under the moon a tide— fish eggs hatch  
in the reeds

a stone broken open reveals  
no gleam

out of one conversation three small accusations

while the plum's skin falls the flies  
pause and watch

a motionless lake—the moored bottom shifts

through hierarchy a sound quiets  
where leaves blow open, the wet dirt

a landscape without concurrence

having watched, the animal too  
buries its dead