Casey Killingsworth
Or so it seems to me

that when you see a duck standing
in front of the bank on your way
to buy beer, it's a sign. Not a sign
like when we pretend there's some
order in the world, or like there's
some list somewhere that compares
every move you make to what
move you should have made,

but a sign that this is not a normal
occurrence. It's not a sign that
it's going to be a bad day or that
you're going to get your beer half-off,
but a sign that the world doesn't
operate according to signs.

Still, when you see that duck you
have to pick it up and walk it clear down
to Rock Cove and set it down with the
other ducks and watch it fly straight out
over the river, as if there were some list
in the world, as if there were some order
and the duck is merely playing out its part.

But of course there is no order so you
pick up the duck just because it's a duck
on the sidewalk in the middle of town,
because you have to, because you
can't go back home empty-handed
without helping the world out
just a little. Or so it seems to me.

At least one beautiful woman in the world is homeless tonight

She lived in the woods up
the road in a burned-out
trailer, along with her small
child and crazy husband.
He had fallen out of a tree
or something and it fucked
him up in the head,
not a bad guy, just nuts.
And I could never see
how she got to where
she was either, still don't
know. All the doors that
are supposed to open for
the beautiful somehow
slammed in her face.
I wonder sometimes
did she get sick on the day
the popular quarterback was
rehearsing to ask her to
the prom. I wonder
sometimes if beauty loses
itself if it's not captured in
some marbled museum,
stationed there for other
beauty to exalt but never
understand. The reason
I'm telling you all this
is because I saw a
flower the other day in
somebody's yard. It was
a beautiful flower but they
left the weed cloth uncovered
around it and I don't really know
what to think about all that.