Persistence: A Romance in Many Dimensions

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I am a rooftop that rejoins
the roof when it’s time to start
flapping without flying.

Mighty space haw-hums
the dawn, then sends soaring
the full swagger of its song.

I remind myself I have the pulse
of a plum tree coming to life
every other spring.

“Don’t forget to harness
the steam,” I write on scrap,
“when your blood boils.”

Pressed flat by the brawn of day,
shadows play the waiting game.

At sunset I believe
I can make batteries
out of my potatoes.

Dusk collects the shadows,
lifts each like a child.

I cannot stop looking
through my back kitchen door
for planet light in the night sky.

The astronomers of old are
disappointed again that I
cannot see the circles.

Night rolls us into wicks, unlit.

1 Dedicated to Edwin Abbott Abbott (1838–1926).