

You must not trust, then, wholly to your bodily eyes; that which is not seen is more really seen, for the object of sight is temporal, but that other eternal, which is not apprehended by the eye, but is discerned by the mind and the spirit.

—St. Ambrose  
“On the Mysteries”

for Chris

*I drive the back roads every morning,  
Ordinary asphalt with potholes  
Deep enough to crack axles  
& carcasses decomposing slowly  
As if they had forever to get it done;*

*Ordinary, except when they're not,  
When they shimmer like sunlit black rivers  
Flowing into that other world  
Overlaid by this one—  
A book of revelation in which*

*Nut groves contain more lost wisdom  
Than ancient libraries  
& water spilling from a pipe  
To irrigate alfalfa  
Makes everything absolutely clear.*