

Heisenberg

Up King's Creek,
a royal four-foot snake
absorbing summer sun,
its black and white bands
dividing the world
with absolute certainty.
Even the trembling of
my approaching stride
does not disturb it.
Such steadfastness,
such clear cleavage:
no ambiguity,
or nuance or uncertainty--
black and white,
white and black,
black-white,
white-black--
a fixed zebra line
drawn in the sand.

Stepping beyond, I see
rainbow-winged butterflies
painting the air,
harlequin dragonflies stippling the pond and
spotted salamanders swimming
in the full splendor of summer--
all things moving to uncertain tides
and the itinerant dreams of the gods.

Glory be to God for the multiplicitous mystery
of things, for ambiguity and enigma,
for subtlety and shade, for tangle of mind
and hive of heart, for nuance
and conundra, for the unpredictability
of even the smallest impulse of creation,
of clouds that mottle the heavens,
of rivers that plow the plains,
of stars that stipple space,
of oceans that move with the moon,
and all the promiscuous wanderings
of imagination—voyages inward and
outward, as random as meteors
and the slow gravitation of glaciers,
the gradations and migrations of color--

of chartreuse into magenta,
of sienna from indigo,
of azure to stone,
of tongues of cyan
and vermilion rain,
of the shifting, sliding
endless transformation

of sun into black and
night into white.