

ICICLES WHEN HANGING

Icicles, when hanging from lamps, make light and light visible from above. They are pendulums unmoving and remind you of caverns and of caves. You remember flickering and shadow. And the snow is white, a blanket and a page. Periods of light. Fish net suspension, attempting capture. Elusive lumination most encouraging.

A door is egg shell. Handled. Unpealable and in the realm of separation. Something always hinges, attaches and remembers. A door can reach the farthest skies and yet be squeaky and askew. Gaping holes may adorn its sides and panels, but never underestimate the powers of grammar and perspection. There will be disagreement, but holes encourage civility.

For those of you equipped with fewer digits than thy neighbor, let me assure you that your different digitality is a sign of eloquence. Ten is such an irksome number. Nine is one of pandemonium. Eight again a bore. The even is complacent and pedestrian. Easily divisible. Neat and well-behaved, no. Let us have excess and things to spare. Also's and between's.

Nutmeg and engine oil. Tasty and a mishap in the making. Rarely are the two combined, though both invoke the magic and the mystery of everyday relation. Does something really happen if nobody is there to see it? Cooking is an oily business, nutmeg does not drive. Walnut canyons of perdition. Don't forget to bring a map. Even ridges are protruded.

I feel sorry for the hill. It can be no laughing matter to be always caught in idioms of tribulation. Boy, was that an uphill odyssey. Or a marriage all in shambles, remembering its wedding. It is all downhill from here. What to do with hills, then? Should we let them off the hook? Should we make a hill a mountain and have them all be paramount?