DIVINING FOR STARTERS
Also by Carrie Etter

*The Tethers*

as editor, *Infinite Difference: Other Poetries by UK Women Poets*
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I

Landed
Divining for Starters (2)

considering human cell division

that piling days indicate toppling hours

here the cellist raises her bow

(what now on the leaf)

and fifty years ago schoolchildren rolled mercury over their desks

isolate and social

divining for starters

which stone drives the ripple

going for circumference, provision, and jasmine

another delicate startle

on the rancid plateau
Divining for Starters (18)

The small stand of trees now quickened by a gale, each leaf losing its discrete

And again a rest that resembles languor for the light nearing noon

The unseen, sunseen work of chlorophyll I know and don’t know proceeds

The reflexive work of the body apace despite its seeming reticence

Yet I linger on the tree as though it alone

And again a rest that resembles languor for the light nearing
McLean County Highway 39

tar shrugs goes to dirt
gravel’s slow crunch over
winter with no hill for
frost to the horizon

*

green hectares rising into
Illinois’ no blond endeavour
but for the corn tassels dangling
covert silk threads

*

cycle up dirt-dust’s brown haze
flattening thought a prairie
the only height for miles
a grove its doe

*

sweat and cornstalks taller than
pushed through the close
click into speed sticking hairs
peel the nape free

*

all exhale the green expanse
cicadas’ two notes sunset
the red eye pink strata
push an unwavering line
* 

without thought three miles out
an idle porch swing
shrug or flattening not silence
but nothing heard in

* 

soybeans crouch along even as
horizon at my back
cools toward streetlamps and cement
glide in the last
Prairie

sprawling through night a train’s low horn
the crossings empty the drivers’ ritual
maintained reflex or especial precaution

do the sleepers hear it do their ears
make unconscious record to litanize

a prescience without particularity unbound
on prairie to vague expectation
with or without hope

with or without the train whistle’s thread reminder redeemer

of silence each isolate mind
banked in prescience if it’s not nostalgia
impalpable in small hours impalpable

in the drift as names ease from objects
unmannered ritual especial withoutness
Treeline

What meets behind the trees
(it is the arc of a sigh)
what must, what does, what may
(from the floor tiles of would-that-I-were-not)
faith or science or
(the vice must be adjusted to allow movement without escape)
the shortest article in world news: a new planet, perhaps
(the swum line)
that aery sustenance
(the arc, as in the degrees of perception)
one assuaging glimpse