

has not escaped to count and thump his barrels,
rattle nuggets in his calloused palm.
Inventive elements revise the ledger.
He tries to shield his roses; quantum chaos
gears to bind him to the augury.

The deconstruction force is more than vengeance;
pollen, dander, hair of baby seals
impose their will for what must fail and fall
before renascence. Storms converge their sweep,
an ancient narwhal arrowheads the gale,

becomes a swooping raptor. Manifested
omens nail him to his garden gate,
he feels the shuddered ground give way; the green
succumbs to permafrost. No man eludes
the source, no distance offers amnesty.

He must go back, as caribou return,
born magnetized, as glaciers crack and groan
atonement for abundance. Now he knows
no action but acceptance will appease
this gyring retribution howling triumph.

His hand, grown numb, relinquishes his roses.