

## SMALL PHILOSOPHIES

Chang, Jennifer

### *Phenomenology*

Now the feverroot,  
the marsh weed, the marigold.

Now the twin hours  
of peony and delphinium.

Forge the clover-fraught field,  
the field-fraught clover.

Permit the forest armature,  
neither elm-brigade

nor garden-lust. You are a twilight  
and a twilight bird. Isn't that

a sparrow  
forlorn in the greenest branches?

Why forlorn? Because  
the clouds have gone brute.

You are a quality  
and a thing silenced

by pine-shrug. Stern willow.  
Now run and hide in the fern.

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### *Logic*

The spectacular math of the walker is specular.  
Sidestepping the poison oak, the walker measures  
aslant. He values the verity of decency and will not  
disturb New Hampshire's granite ascent.

And there is a calculus to crossing the field,  
by which the walker demonstrates an unknown number  
of wilting flowers. Who can grasp a lily of the valley  
of the field? Every tall grass feigns wheat, and yet

and yet, rash and burn! When will the walker play  
lover? When will his walk be well-companioned  
and amorous? The walker's rule is recognition,  
not sex. Again he seeks the fire pond of his youth.

### *Epistemology*

Here is an icehouse that no longer houses ice.  
Here is an alfalfa meadow in need of mowing.  
Here is the barn where a sauced and saucy welder  
has left behind his anvil. It was never his barn.  
Here is a clearing in the woods that didn't exist