

The Boredom of the Isolated

Felicia, pouting yesterday afternoon, told Cecil
She was tired of the body and tired of the brain
And tired of birds and weeds and bored especially
By the wind and distressed to hear that scientists
Had found space not to be void after all
But filled with virtual particles teeming
With pure potential.

But in the evening she seemed strangely pleased
To discover that the three doves were still
Taking their perches close together at the precise
Moment the shadows of the jimson weed
First touched their cage.

And at breakfast this morning, Felicia asked Albert
How the brain of the dove, never actually experiencing
The jimson weed itself, could possibly distinguish
And remember the significance of its seed-filled tips
In shadow. And she said if the three doves had logical minds
They might make a good case for the jimson weed
Being the cause of perches, being in turn the cause
Of shadows, being in turn the cause of advancing evenings.
She told Sonia she thought that moment and place
Might be indistinguishable to an individual having one eye
On each side of his head, and she said it was curious
That the shadows of the jimson weed, always bending
And knocking in the wind, never stayed in one place
Long enough for anyone to identify their complete potential.
And running down to the lake after tea, she shouted back
To Cecil that it was a wonder how the void between evening
And total nightfall could be filled so perfectly
By the premeditated intentions of three birds
With grey bodies and burgundy feet.