

JACQUELINE POWERS

The Precise Nature of Doubt

We are told each thing is different.
No two fallen leaves are alike,
each its own intricate, fragile design.

Perhaps precision is chaos, frozen
in the moment, the larger picture
infinite, untenable as time,

though there is no question of god
in this house. Despite all claims
to the contrary, we refuse to make pacts

with the dead. Instead we listen
to the sound rain makes as it falls
into a thirsty well. And when

night fades, the earth breathes,
and a lily blooms beneath your feet.
They say each thing

is different, yet each mind trembles
in bright stillness, each heart
a hungry mouth waiting to be filled.