the order of things

running the bath this morning,
i was reminded of the origin
of water—sand;
and that birds’ wings are fashioned
with a purpose,
the sun rises each morning,
sets each night
and direction can be told
by the stars.

it makes you think,
the way each piece fits,
every question has an answer
and the right time always comes;
i mean,

rain always falls,
snow is always cold,
and the space we fill when together
has no more demands
than when we’re alone.

—Dave Margoshes

Opera at Home

Listening to Tristran and Isolde holler
and hoot by turns that undying (live from Bayreuth)
dying love of theirs in a maladroit
six-hour Celto-Germanic potboiler,
I switch stations, preferring an honest dollars
and cents rip-off to brute genius exploit-
ing some thing we all share, like the air. quite
so self-indulgently.

Love’s true colours
are seldom operatic, but opera bouffe
’s nearer the mark than Wagner, as cold shoulder
and colder feet share sheets with breast and thigh,
a multiple ménage, straight and spoof,
of mixed feelings the heart, and an older
comic routine cuckold the tragic high.

—James Harrison