

## De rerum domesticae

*What can, what cannot come to be*  
- Lucretius

I can't really say I like getting up in this killing cold,  
watching my breath escape towards the midnight constellations  
as vapor from the arc of yesterday's fluids likewise  
rises hours before the sun starts turning the sky  
that luminous lavender-pink over the Chiricahuas  
and the full buttermilk moon slips down behind the Mules.

Back inside, I feel something else moving  
— slowly, purposefully, four-footed behind the curtains  
along the sill just outside the south window.  
To the north an owl calls in a dove-like voice.

I light a burner on the stove, noting as I place the pot  
on the flame the fitness of this familiar rehearsal.  
One thing leads to another. crystals of cold  
metal as they warm recite the lessons of forge and hammer.  
The liquid too makes itself known by sound. A hand  
reaches out, hot water swells dry leaves.  
The acrid smell of common sage fills the room.