the true bliss of objects is entropy

by David Ackley

What the crystal tumbler meant, leaping to shatter on tiles was pure intent.

Things bide their moment, advantaged by your decline, knowing, malevolent.

Wrenched from stillness, to the flame and pincer of our casual use,

pots, pans, dishes, spoons, elope to rot and rust, shattering of forms, the old useless bliss, and decay back to life.