

# 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.

