

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.

