Beginning Amy Clampitt

by Gary Hardaway

Elaborations of the lines,
intricate and intimate,
leave me first bewildered
then becharmed by such
profusions
my simpler eyes, unprompted,
won't collect and catalog for recall.
The walks along the beach
render brave, meticulous,
taxonomies
at scales my much loved, broad,
and abstract net lets through.
I am forced, reading her,
to think of sand grains,
slivers
of colored glass, and tiny,
hidden, and almost unknown
forms of sea-life washed ashore
by scouring rarities of wave.

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