

Deirdre in Kinnell's "Saint Francis and the Sow" with the Aid of France Bourély's  
Micronautics: Also the Culture of Epistle3

To Whom It May Concern: The bud

stands for Deirdre, droops for her too, strange Bourély bowl within beams of electron  
bowl, stamens of strawberry tree flower Eschering well as flurry of nipples; also: healed  
locations

of fowl decapitations beg for suckling, even for those things  
that don't flower to anchor there

where everything flowers, from within, establishing  
the beginning of Nazca, the start of intervention, longitude and latitude interacting with  
interest in the other

bulging in magnetic shapes here and there: at top  
and bottom in buds of light stretched out in ragged splashes, glimpses of someone  
dragged through,

lynched through, vigilanted through

rockiness exaggerated by weeks without rain

or any other amelioration, bud dried out to thorn,

the flower inactive and more remote though present, idea behind the locked form,  
armored flower with keyhole

as respiratory cell of a rose stamen

on top of necessity to reteach a thing its loveliness beyond what most are willing to see:  
the effort of Deirdre to open to a belief in the cantaloupes available in wild cowslip  
pollen, a picture also

of the aspiration of juggernaut when that is allowed

to flower into Krishna, flower of Vishnu who preserves, among other things, the bud and  
Deirdre, who's improperly

embalmed, still, that is, a form of wreck, so cold

in the casket with a pearly finish

easy on eyes, my hand on her brow in the last half minute

of closure of the casket, withdrawn involuntarily

by those who understood this business from the retelling

in words and touch that she is hard evidence that

it is lovely to be a rock of dehydrated bud, seed of disintegration of a mountain, and that  
nodule of existence further explored

to access units unimaginable because they are outside

of what is graspable by human senses, the invisible units of greatest commonality,  
present in anything that exists yet elusive to human detection unless details are blown  
up out of proportion: Paris put into a rosebud

and looked at through an electron microscope in which names of streets and titles on  
bookshelves can be read with ease

—Deirdre and I knew in seventh grade

only of the most basic and similar ease in making our Easter suits, unformed sleeves so much bigger—like ideas—than the jacket's space for them, had to be eased into it, gently gathered, mild crumpling smoothed out while stitching over feed dog & under presser foot without a pleat or pucker: the sleeves underwent a form of reduction without being cut down, retaining integrity actually expanded to perfect fit,—oh yes indeed! just as Saint Francis put his hand on the creased forehead of the sow, and told her in words and in touch blessings of earth on the sow, all blessings of earth contained, each a bud in factorial bud! All blessings of earth in Deirdre, her thick length measurable in the church where no one looked at the ceiling, all flowers too turned toward her, more baby's breath than when she married already pregnant, a mass of stems of many buds that explain what Deirdre's hands will be after many years underground, the spiritual curl and spin on things taking over the long, perfect loveliness of corpses, unfolding in them, Deirdre too, a perfect accordion, just like the expanding flowers of existence whose vibrations of opening produce undiscovered music that requires inhuman sensitivity to register as sound, the most profound noticing requires inhuman sensitivity, passage over thresholds that don't exist for humans who break so many barriers, even in so many ways, the Great Barrier Reef still budding, propagating where it can, recovery showing a particular talent like the talent of invertebrates that reproduce asexually, a constricted parental outgrowth breaks off and lives to have that mature separation happen to it —this happens in yeasts, helps them promote fermentation, helps those in Deidre fulfill themselves; for their acts in baking, yeasts are prophets, they say the universe is expanding, they say that Deirdre is astounding, bursting with microbial worlds in a bread box.