

Eigenvalue

Through this window
I look across & down
with a blinkered panorama;
South, due south. I am one,
here, fixed, reliant
as what I am not turns
about the point of my
origin: this *racine*
caractéristique as unbending
rock bears rotation
of trees shredding
under the strain of the wind;
O stable spiral point
of the emphatic, the bathos
of perching to overlook
see across and further,
to up-the-ante of being
in possession of locale,
facilities, where I barely
belong, that word
we invent out of its
entropy or trophyism.

John Kinsella