

On the Very Idea of a Problem: A Poem for the Anthropocene

David Capps

In the dream the problem was he couldn't see a smile
as continuous with a face.

In most dreams we see clocks without faces, or hands
discontiguous with clock faces. In most realities

I don't see this *as* a problem. Yet in most problems
the feeling of reality is faceless.

I suppose that the most pressing problems
we fail to see at all. They arise, dissipate, ice clouds in mimosas,
so completely as fresh cut grass

staring back at us greenly. Whose smile enshrouds
the countless similitudes. What then feeling is it, is it
being in love? Is death even *like* it?

Gratuitous slippers. The purple of evening's calm
descent. The measureless mountains in reversal. Wind-scrawl
across grass in a storm.

You as a human as an individual as a woman as a writer as a lover
as a violinist as a daughter or son as someone's
hover there while

a gift of owls green as night climbs your open eyes, climbs
the railing of your eyes
to see you for the first time

as the Earth's.