Poetry
Chaos Theory
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Chaos Theory

When the unkempt girl whose eyes are always fixed on something the rest of us can’t see leaps up midway through the day’s poem to wildly swivel her arms does the breeze she becomes touch the heads of the peonies and bring their tight buds to unwind and let go a perfumed eddy so dense

it draws in the disbelievers and shipwrecked sailors the unhappy housewives and long- lost heralds of dawn

so that when she arrives home to drop her heavy pack on the floor and search the vacant lots of her mother’s eyes

does she find at last a gardener whistling in with his wheelbarrow and trowel come to shape the clouds into polar bears and possums, put in a patch of sweetgrass, rows of wild peas?