Arrivals

Aaron VanSteinberg
Class of 2019
Poetry
There is nothing I am,  
nothing not. A place  
between, I am. I am  
more than thought, less  
than thought...

--Robert Creeley, “Some Place”
A Cosmology

The world is filled with spheres.

Or is it
prisms. Either
way, imperfect

things. They
make it full, or
as it can be. Gaps
exist, which

we, the light,
share with moments,

since they,
the air,

live there also.
**Am Thinking**

Am I the Fool?  
Maybe not the Fool,  
but the Tree Fool  
or the Dream  
Fool or the  
Grass Fool.  
Or the Dirt  
Fool. I’m  
dating an Alien Nun.  
My father is a  
Beef Monk.  

Maybe I’m the  
Cheese Fool, or  
more broadly, the  
Tongue Fool.  

The Bird Fool?  

I’m the Fool  
who is wrongly  
determined.
The Fabric

The pattern itself
does not die:

a state of
basic shapes

and three
repeated

seasons:
gold, bronze

and silver.
A layer of

sight
and mind

walks its roads,
looks inside
its homes,

loves its law,
the reach of
which is
endless.

The act is

sad
and indulgent,

yet comes
in quick,

requisite,

lapses.
In Praise Of
For C.G.W.

You focus
the day
like a flower

and are
like a flower
in being

finally
folded by
the day

...

You’re a
shifting
image,

a bridge
between
the dirty

sky and
a church of
future myths

...

You seize
and are
seized by it,

made by it
to be forgot
by it

a sad
crystal
crafted in time