

William Crombie

Noumenon

Egg
as words,
worlds. Its yolk
a watershed.
Its germinal disc
as budding land. In its
perivitelline fluid
is sky, cloud, moon, star, breath, night, dark.
Its shell edges Being's final Edge.
Its micropyle opens on emptiness.

In the egg, there is movement. In movement, there
is time. In time, there is the alevin. It dreams.
The alevin dreams, and in emptiness, there is rock
and there is water. The alevin dreams of gravel and
silt and redds shaded by fallen cedar. They are there. Heartbeat.

The fry wakes. The earth is awake, alive, anadromous, unbound.
Follow the gravel coursing down, down, downstream. Orbit begins. The moon
is silver and the scales are silver and the ocean is dark, endless green.

The salmon grows. It is a fry, a parr, a smolt, an adult, it is spawning,
it is the gravel it once described
on emptiness.