the news to my left over the dunes
and reeds and bayberry clumps was
fall: thousands of tree swallows
gathering for flight:
an order held
in constant change: a congregation
rich with entropy: nevertheless, separable,
noticeable
as one event,
not chaos: preparations for
flight from winter,
cheet, cheet, cheet, cheet, wings rifling
the green clumps,
beaks
at the bayberries
a perception full of wink, flight,
curve, sound:
the possibility of rule as the sum of
rulelessness:
the "field" of action
with moving, incalculable center:

A. R. Ammons
in *Corsons's Inlet* (1965)