

Poem Beginning with a Quote from Wittgenstein

In a certain sense we cannot make mistakes
but in many senses, we can. Shattered salad

bowls don't happen on their own and someone
has to hammer the nails into the wood

to make it split and strip screws like cuticles
or flecks of flesh. Knees don't scab themselves

and the logical expression of coffee grounds is coffee,
or vice versa. Once upon a time and it was a very nice time—

haven't we heard this before? Someone has to chop
down the sycamore tree to make the chairs.

—Michael Shea