

GUSTY WINDS

Along a Colorado road—we won't forget—
three warnings, terse: "Gusty Winds May Exist."
—Or they may *not*. It's wise to hedge your bet.
So far this afternoon, at least, we've missed

them.—Is their being vacuously true,
no more? Perhaps they are unreal, a dream,
kin to imaginary numbers. You
and I may likewise be some clever scheme,

invented for strange ends, and even sane
according to odd rules, yet still unsure
of full existence. Varied, the refrain
returns: "High winds are likely." Is it pure

conjecture? Oh, my love! This is no trap
for mind, no darkling plain. Our lives revolve
around the possible; but still—mishap
or good—we're not a phantasy. Men solve

conundrums of the greatest magnitude—
trace stars, split atoms, and explore the moon—
write poems suitable for every mood,
philosophize, make love. We're opportune;

and as when Dr. Johnson kicked the stone,
affirming the reality of stuff,
we know that we're not loony, nor alone.—
Such highway metaphysics are enough

for now; we'll find a spot beneath the trees,
enjoy our picnic, rest, admire vast skies,
rejecting old suspicions of unease,
wits fresh, inviting currents of surprise.

*Note: When Boswell observed that George Berkeley's
idealism could not be refuted, Samuel Johnson
replied: "I refute it thus," and kicked a stone.*