

Sonnet Scroll

Now, for a Moment, in the Sere

By David Landon

The “bad infinite”: Hegel’s term
for an endless series. Blackwell’s Dictionary

Although I’m only one of billions,
pressing a foot, and then another foot
with varying degrees of hope and purpose
into the substance of this tiny planet,
holding its own, for now, in Hegel’s *schlecht
unendlichkeit*, and though I make no claim
to more than average sensibility,
or that this place holds any special place
in Hegel’s endlessness, nevertheless,
I am, if only for a moment, here,
in the sere ruin of an autumn garden,
stopped by the more than ordinary red
of the red leaves of a dwarf maple tree,
and for a moment, have no more to say.