

MYSTERY ENUMERATIONS

There is mystery in
a rose.

There is mystery in
a kiss that lasts longer than expected—
lips locking and holding
tightly,
refusing to let
go.

There is mystery in
an infant's smile,
cry, laughter,
or grimace.

There is mystery in
the inner life of the most
intimate friend
as much as in the passing
stranger.

There is mystery in
the hour a tiny window lets
sunlight
into an empty room.

There is mystery in
the ebullient student,
eyes glimmering in the tired,
dingy lecture hall.

There is mystery in
the identifying odor of a family's domicile,
undetectable to
the family
itself.

There is mystery in
the aroma of fresh soil
in springtime,
as if it were a
ripe
fruit.

There is mystery in
the humor of
your flatulence.

There is mystery in
the origin of religion and the
longing for
gods.

There is mystery in
the attempt at spiritually
edifying
enumerations.

There is mystery in
the feeling of absolute
safety in
your embrace.

There is mystery in
overwhelming pleasure
as much as
searing pain.

There is mystery in
words
scattered irregularly on
a page.

There is mystery in
the identification of soul with air,
with water,
with a hidden shadow,
with
everything,
with
nothing.

There is mystery in
the unintended rhythm
of a city street.

There is mystery in
war and death, starvation,
misery, suffering,
genocide, and
corporate greed.

There is mystery
in this poem.

There is mystery
in the colorful rituals surrounding
a pale,
lifeless figure.

There is mystery in
what happens after death—
whether there's an after,
or any sense
in the
word after.

There is mystery in
the lone sunflower
that survived
the pestilence.

There is mystery in
the discoveries of
free
association.

There is mystery in
an individual's characteristic
cadence of
speech.

There is mystery in
a soft voice
connected with
a rough face.

There is mystery
in the deification
of profound,
uncontrollable
impulse.

There is mystery in
the feeling that a long-dead
author
is your most
important
friend.

There is mystery in
hip-hop, Beethoven,
and greasy
punk.

There is mystery in
the vibrant decorations of
an impoverished
home.

There is mystery in
the psychic perturbations
persisting within the silent
break between
recorded songs.

There is mystery in

silence.