

Arne Weingart

Giacometti Nail

I found you
under some gravel
I was raking
into something
less unlevel
than gravity demands
a tenpenny nail
eaten away at by
what you no longer
hold together
not one smooth
circular surface
remains only a
near infinite set
of ridges and planes
and sometimes
nearly nothing
connecting you
to yourself
the only thing
inarguably left is
a kind of
nailish intent
a proposition about
what it means
to be a nail
although it's clear
you wouldn't survive
another meeting
with a hammer
you have become
merely beautiful
absolutely essential
completely useless
this is what
I want to be

