

# On the Very Idea of a Problem A Poem for the Anthropocene

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Volume 36, Number 1, 2020

URI: <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1075886ar>

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.7202/1075886ar>

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Publisher(s)

Athabasca University Press

ISSN

1705-9429 (digital)

[Explore this journal](#)

Cite this document

Capps, D. (2020). On the Very Idea of a Problem: A Poem for the Anthropocene. *The Trumpeter*, 36(1), 79–80. <https://doi.org/10.7202/1075886ar>

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*David Capps*

In the dream the problem was he couldn't see a smile  
as continuous with a face.

In most dreams we see clocks without faces, or hands  
discontiguous with clock faces. In most realities

I don't see this *as* a problem. Yet in most problems  
the feeling of reality is faceless.

I suppose that the most pressing problems  
we fail to see at all. They arise, dissipate, ice clouds in mimosas,  
so completely as fresh cut grass

staring back at us greenly. Whose smile enshrouds  
the countless similitudes. What then feeling is it, is it  
being in love? Is death even *like* it?

Gratuitous slippers. The purple of evening's calm  
descent. The measureless mountains in reversal. Wind-scrawl  
across grass in a storm.

You as a human as an individual as a woman as a writer as a lover  
as a violinist as a daughter or son as someone's  
hover there while

a gift of owls green as night climbs your open eyes, climbs  
the railing of your eyes  
to see you for the first time

as the Earth's.