

Fall 2005

This Morning

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This Morning

He is feeding at the branch outside my window.
His brightness compels him.

Like the curious clod I set in
my maw and forgot.

Music of expulsion; ground-music
tallying bits of bark in which

an insect might make of its covering a notion of
bliss.

I will spend this winter with you by the sea
beneath the glossy pilings by the sea.

There weather chases us
into its other weave, syllables—dried sap—

thermal garment taking us in
indifferent.

Today's rain, and yesterday's melted snow, weighted
the gutter with the usual

tangle of debris; debris came out of its hiding to
tangle the gutter.