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Song

Mark Levine

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Song

Landed in its

nettles, its sunlit trench

in which a root was
notched by the tool's
dull edge, sorted, corded, tagged, dragged

off my an element, a wind,

turned to cinder, done

this way he will not grow back

Landed
on the path between former trees

traversing the foothills

in golden serrations

at his side despite ourselves, fingers

plying the air with small translucent kites

playthings fed to the birds

like decoys

this way he can proceed
without pause

hedge having been cleared
outbuildings pulled apart
barrels patched with tar

how could he lift himself straight up

how will we meet up or join

onetime ridge
high and lonely pheasant's nest
flecked with eggshell