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## Song

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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