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Tabernacle

Shannon Jonas

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Tabernacle

Spring again & I too have molted
& crazed the bell with buckshot

& sent the sparrow flying scared
from the copse & whittled shadows--

the son is a sparrow
the tilled field is a sparrow

the sparrow opens like a door
the door opens like a wail

the sparrow is every room in the house
the sparrow is the falling leaf

at the break of dog & fire
the sparrow is the god of the roads

father is a sparrow
the sparrow bemusedly circles the battlefield

I make what I can of the sparrow
& it makes what it can of me

I leave it behind & it leaves me behind
I return home & the sparrow is waiting in a bramble