

And So I Have Come to Want

I.

There's no need to temper the lights; it's only 4am, and if you don't believe me, mocking birds outside mimic *let go let go* fragments

of lyrics I was listening to earlier, thinking about you, and I sent you a text of that nature—I'm not sure what I meant by the words exactly, only
that perhaps the snow should go
ahead and break the limbs of the fir tree outside my window, before it gets used to another body beside it

II.

From my balcony on this common morning, I hear the limb break, and
how the snow redistributes on the ground disappearing
like love so easily marked for melting—

that's what this is all about, isn't it? Trying to observe something
other than what you say to me, the days, masks of
humming we share, and

not so clear are we on the parameters of the forest, or, should we be focusing on the echo of the loud snap that will, no doubt, come again

III.

Eliminate the blank hill—rise, fall, hover—no birds wait for our
responses, as there will be none, not this time; I respect your
silence, or,

I begin to dematerialize because of it—there is a muse that shapes the
certainty

of a burden, love, a leaden thing,

suspension

of days *listen, the stillness of music in the trees,*

and unrehearsed, we signal the clouds

to chromatic rain

Swan (Various Forms)

She, undone on the pillow—felled swan,
quite white, her long neck and a beak she
cannot speak with. So, I speak for her when I say:

*The isle I come from is down the no-name river,
and around the bend other swans casually congregate
while they wait to feed on arias.*

I'm tired of the picturesque—let's be irresponsible.

When I heal her, we will take to the river, waterbird,
we will storm the bank for fish

and quit swanning around. I imagine her cool remark:

*Oh we are semi-luminous, and as a slight rain begins,
the surface of the water puckers. Vertigo is no laughing
matter, sky and river, reflections of our own itchy conditions.*

To pluck her feathers and weave them into me—let's
get dirty. Plumage is everywhere, and we are
soft things now if you stroke us the right way, say:

*While the painting dries, come again to the pillow, lie
down with me, hand on my weak wing, and promise
to invent the last women singing to the other swans.*