

MIDSUMMER

Jocelyn Emerson

Into the organ pipe a lost bird flew—
suspended now, somewhere in the composition

separating the music into the allure of the virtual
and the assumptions of the factual.

By this accident, this bird, she hears them intermingling:
wind now as ballast in the empty hall.

Lake. Lake bought as lakefront, and the bird
is lost in translation, banished to a field of snow.

Black irises of summer bloom in the spare room,
as when caught alone, she'll grow mild again

each day at the exact hour of her birth, the spray
of her natal planets elongating within.

She cannot remain stationed here forever, feeling
as tourists do, poised in the arousal of the mythic.

In becoming discrete, watching sprinklers come on in the hot,
dry afternoon, she'll find the wreckage of the season (bird in snow)

and in commingling with a trembling rain, suffer there.

