

PATRICK JAMES ERRINGTON

This as Something More

As ours. As we found spelt on the back
of our mother's knees. As I have named you

a bird. And it took my mouth for home. As
it rained and rained until rain became known to us

as quiet brought close. As speaking,
you said, is a means of expiration. Breath

kept time between the teeth. As we manage now
loss as dirt. As not dirt. No, something darker. As

we built a home on this home, set notion in
the bone. As this wind came too, to plead

at our window, asking, asking. Why I planted
wilderness around us and called it flesh. As

roots took dirt as my branches took you. As
dark too won't fall but grows from our feet. As

this last lie to a brother. And wind everywhere,
a whine in the wattle-work. As a burl box

you recall, or what it was you carved into
your palms with my body. Why the wind left

just this thicket of sycamore for shelter. As
it whispered, now, of you. I assume you

from this tremor in the dark, this managing
of the air. As getting by. As some tithe or

leave-taking. As we speak around you still
as wind. As I have and haven't. As I had

promised you. What I couldn't keep. As
winnowing. What the wind cannot ask, but is

answered. As birds. What threat set loose
this shriek of starlings from the gloom? What

wonder? Wondered then. As now. As never. As
ever this wind, this wind working you. Not

as you had weathered, but wore. As you told
me once, not grief. Not grief, safekeeping.