

Part Song

Tag-end of night. Autumn
turns into a gauzy frost.
Underfoot, the crunch of

husks, deadwood, and crumbly
thistle-heads. Scrag-ends
of nests show up as dried

leaves shiver, pitch into
the wind. Clacks of jackdaws
rabble-rouse crows, bickering

blue-tits. Fine tune a
passing century, its joy
and misery, in a fool's song,

this bright and bitter day.