

G.C. WALDREP

Winter Animal

A: blood-bartered giftling
or womb-harrier the river
extols winter's one black suit
above its tabernacle current

—single-wide bitewing
of the edge of town, are we
coming through clearly? are we
broadcasting?
this world's saline stubble

listen(s) for the flying tones
sketched brainchantingly
moving *through* the forest
on fire, bluff-fire, egg- fire

in the tooth's tactile residue
my heart is a bone-
black wire music's bloody bell
remembers coagulant

in this third secrecy, the large
blue wheel of the thigh
warming the irradiant asphalt
this glass-nubbed thicketing

(in another dream you told me
the memories of swans are very
brief—you must try some other way)