

WALK THROUGH EUCALYPTUS LANE

It is cold, windy. There is a waft
as when flowers unpress from leaves
of a book and shed a pointed smell.
It is cold and the sparrows have all gone,
but one, strangely blue
on my litmus hand. I've picked it up and,

having this in my hand, what might it be
to look inside, can one peel a bird
the way one undoes an orange, the strong scent of it
unfurling, a flag, an event solemn, rich,
a country conquered, to think
we've landed on the moon and cannot breathe air
so filled with perfume, and how again

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it is cold and I am walking
with this bird to where the path slips into
a pack of dogs, children on swings,
and here is a boy placing pebble on pebble,
testing the gum of air, saying to me with his eyes,
this is serious, this is not
playing with colors, this is masonry,
and then putting into himself something delicate,
something held, something dwindling, and everywhere.