

IF YOU ARE A BEGGAR THEY LOWER
YOU SOFTLY

Truth is, the marshes
are not filled with blackness only.
Absence does not whiten the grass.
Death will take each of us separately,
and the finer threads of sweet flag
which grow on hazel and rise above
the surface will keep the other here
where earth graduates to perfection
and moves on. What is it
but the specificity of the bloom,
red maple keys, land
that fruits and fruits again.
What harvest offers before the harvest.
It's a long way to hide the dead
bird inside your heart.