

THE PAST IS NOT SWEET TO US

As poverty and wire are birch,
winterbloom and wild olive,
so we are vouchsafed
by the heritance of determining.
A seed sires the prairies
and draws the prairie birds.
We pass away to migrants
in the nectar glands of willows,
deertongue moors the whiteheart,
a chant becomes a warble,
a warble, a toneless plea.

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