

KIMBERLY BURWICK

THE THERAPISTS SAY TO ADMIT THE
NATURE OF YOU

If we both are pleaders,
beggars in the sealed-up world
thank the one orange tree
in the unplanned landscape
there are finally birds between you.
Prairie is punishment for your failings
but there is a certain kind of crime
that takes the matgrass months to know.
Every sentence is really a question of harvests.
Dawn among bridges of wheat, all
the weights and measures of cowfields.
Blood pheasant, silver pheasant, then night.

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