

CAROL ANN DAVIS

*Melospiza Melodia*

*for Robert Creeley*

On the shelf I wash and worry over,  
my poems line up like drosophila, tiny flies

already donated to science. Really they are yours,  
a temple made of fly matter

atop the Atlantic shelf, corner of the world that still prays  
to your figure leaning in the snow. And protected as we are

from mosquitoes. And saved  
from the flowery other, etymology

of snake ribs and eiderdown. An anniversary  
is circling us, circling, circling,

slowly passing us by—*whew*—  
soon we're no more than an ant

on its spectrometer. We could add up to less;  
we could roam inside less, warm to it, tax

ourselves overmuch with upkeep. If we had it in us.  
If Bach were still here,

Bach of the long lean-to, of the tin roof. I'd like  
to say a prayer, my poem-life to yours,

my sandcastle amelting to your lovely  
blowing scarf, but it's too late. How must it be

to see out of the one eye?