ANNIVERSARY

The metal gate has a crow-cry, almost human.

You'll see, said the elders, speaking in riddles.

Twenty years, in October. I stroke the rise of your cheek like a talisman: sun and wind scored in the dusty ground of our faces.

These planted fenceposts, the scaling, the crude joins, the cankered nails. The sawed-off rounds of the woodpile, seasoned, waiting to be used. The feathered seedpod rolling over and over across the road on its white floss.

Your hand on my shoulder, like a question -

Rosin of sunlight slides up and down a string of spiderweb, bowing a high note. The eye can hear it.