

JOANNA KLINK

Open Land

A sense of open land, or what lies
beyond us come to take our place.
Finch in the tree, the supple
swing of its voice laid over the air,
as if we had closed our lips and eyes
and felt the cool stone inside us,
threnody of graphite and gold,
dark as each shape along the river
beneath the cold morning
star. Dark beneath the eardrum
when your body leans into my coat,
the snow blown like light into
air, weightless currents of salt
pressing past the heat from our mouths
that would dissolve it, pressing past
hunger. The shape of sound,
whether or not we sing.
Let me protect every desire
I have for you, every word
that would keep you from harm.