

POEM

When you drop like an angel from the half-light,
I mistake your shoulder blades for wings.
All our green mercies crashing!
To be so free, to be like nothing: wild
shrubbery taking the wind wholly in.

WHAT THE TREES SAID

Always when day breaks over the far end
of the cemetery gate, the birds begin.
Their music is confetti in air. This hour
is colder than any hour you will find,
colder than the cold in the pith of teeth.
The last stars down, the sky, blue,

insoluble as ever, roots in space. Blue
as the sea is blue at Land's End.
The stones are formally arranged, like teeth.
They do not move when the birds begin.
In the cellars of the dirt you will find
the dead are unmoved at any hour.

There is a coldness at any hour
the dead arrive. Their clothing is blue
as the sky you will find,
as blue as the sea is at Land's End.
The blues of their suits and sheaths begin
to fade and swim away from their teeth

back to the sea. Gold and silver teeth
filled like the sky at any hour.
Then the slow oxen of blood begin
to pull their miraculous loads! Blood, blue
as the sea is blue, inches towards Land's End.
We will bet you will never find

a harvest as big as the one you will find,
confetti and suits and satiny teeth
when the light shows through at the far end
of the gate. If you look at any hour
you can see almost as far as Land's End
from the cellars of the dirt where time begin

s. Blues, running sap and roots, begin
tunneling under japonicas and elms, find
networks through The Pyrenees, Kentucky Blue
Grasses, east or west, back to the teeth
of the sea. Which they will do at any hour
if we point them the way towards Land's End.

The beginnings of sea and sky and blood are blue,
insoluble as teeth. We invite you to find
your dead, at any hour, at Land's End.