

LET GOLDFINCHES FLY OUT OF YELLOW

wild mustard
let the sun rotate as though seeming to circle the earth
let rain fall into storm culverts
and the blue dragonfly
swerve
out of blue sky
begin to count the beats of your heart
then uncount them
imitate a tree then imitate
a tree imitating you
then forget which one
you are
now arrange crows to reflect sky with their wings
and chainsaws
to wail across the canyon
like lost
souls