

something flown

Nothing wants to be itself  
for long: winter loosens hold  
drips off soffit eave branch  
seeps into stone's creases  
and the pond translucens—

its language rising from its throat  
in an upseep a reverse kind of weeping  
What is the Inuit word for ice  
that buckles under your weight  
but doesn't break

And it is here I flushed a bird from the story  
of a pine  
like a pale hand a hand-  
kerchief crying as it flew—  
one note for every wingbeat

*Dove* I said

What I meant was *daughter*  
*you'll be alright* I meant  
*child come take my hand*  
I should have said break my heart  
I should have said world