

***Suzuki Kiitzu, Bird in Tree***

This afternoon everything trembles  
with the wind and  
the hands of hazel spreading wide  
leave bright coins on your face  
like the lips of slow August fire  
in papery prairie grass.  
All the birds in the branches toss themselves  
back and forth in the air like bells—  
all lift and body and song—  
and the way you watch turns my stomach  
out in wonder. Every thread of me—  
knotted, taut—knows that you have drifted  
into the day the way capillaries  
of water run thin rivers through paper.  
Even if I turned from you,  
thought only to sleep until the next  
sun, waking with distaste, raving and rolling,  
I could not forget you under the tree,  
swallowed up in light.