

Blackberries Leaning To Rot

The land below the mountain
is extravagant with light.
Birds sweep across it
like the shuttle of a loom—
a scrape of badger
lifts a flock of starlings
from the field face
like a slip from a drawer,
like a silk kite drunk
with westerlies.

I watch it as if tied
to its hem, vertigo knotted and looped
across my forehead like a crown
of shade clover. Across my mind
is your diaphanous smear
like breath on a window.
I drape it over myself
like the thought of conception
over a mother.

I stay until the rank chill
of morning lifts away
and the starlings descend
upon the meadow again
like blackberries leaning
to rot, the cirrus shawl
of sky flares vermillion,
and even in your sleep
my note wraps you
like the sheathing of a violin
string waiting to be drawn across.