Potential Birds
Thoreau Lovell
Lie close frail and silent body. And read the potential birds in the branches. Come back as bits of story. Out-law humming bird, dependable robin, solemn dove. As the century's slow stomp rumbles inside the wooden balconies, the shopkeepers creased boots. Reverberating under the rich valley. Lie with me on a hot summer day near the torture gardens and scenic railways. The radio that told me about the death of Billy the Kid. In a weed-choked field, with poplars propped against the wind. The ragged margin of a shallow ditch lost in frog song. Tell me about the land. Music's sad geography. How we mapped and mimicked it.