

Variation, Without Chickens

So the *rain* stilled.

MUCH of the season forgot itself. But the day
DEPENDS upon waking, walking out, waiting
UPON weather and calendars, a *red* wind.

So that things can move forward, we want.

MUCH of desire is about *water*, and the sky
DEPENDS on our hands, or wind
UPON the faces of clouds.

So something must fall away—feathers, the sky,

MUCH that flowers. And the *rain*, stilled,
DEPENDS upon the ground to take it in,
UPON the spaces *glazed* in between.

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