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♦

*You can hear wind echo
over water
and the loose rhythm from the well
of the pine warbler's chest
a trill growing out
from the trowel of its beak*

*You can nearly see
the shape the song takes
as it loops down
gravity-bound
following the brook
through the sleeves of balsam fir
freeing south—*

*the source
carried back*

*You are the rambling
sound of what constitutes
a song*

*From silence we spill
and silence we fall*