

Forest Row

i am touching my hair cut
(in trade) by peter
to feel like straw suddenly
seeming softness

i am sure-footed walking
up the hay field hill
up upon the gate
wind has stopped
my arms have quit their flapping
birds are silently nestled warm
as hands in pockets

i am sitting still
by the barley a long time
seeing field bindweed close
by the fence
dew is falling
i feel it first
in the small of my back
in the places where my wings will be

i am watching red setting shimmer
of sun contract
the cloud silver threads of my cocoon
wrap me in this night

time suspended
i am light and sure

—J. McMillin