

KELSEY ANDREWS
FIELD GUIDE

There is a kind of silence
that is a forgetting
that you are part of humanity.
It's not that you don't move,
it's that you don't move
like a human.
You can read a book,
but turn the pages
as if your fingers are the wind.

No matter what, you must not turn around.
The birds will be behind you,
and, if you turn, then suddenly
you are a human.
You have to learn
to hear the scratchings
of the creatures at your back
and let them drift forward
until you see them in the thicket of your mind.

I cannot tell you
what song each small bird sings,
but I can tell you how bush sounds
when no one is listening,
how it breathes song
and rustlings,
a melody with no rhythm
and no path.