

1972

# Poem

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POEM

When you drop like an angel from the half-light,  
I mistake your shoulder blades for wings.  
All our green mercies crashing!  
To be so free, to be like nothing: wild  
shrubbery taking the wind wholly in.

WHAT THE TREES SAID

Always when day breaks over the far end  
of the cemetery gate, the birds begin.  
Their music is confetti in air. This hour  
is colder than any hour you will find,  
colder than the cold in the pith of teeth.  
The last stars down, the sky, blue,

insoluble as ever, roots in space. Blue  
as the sea is blue at Land's End.  
The stones are formally arranged, like teeth.  
They do not move when the birds begin.  
In the cellars of the dirt you will find  
the dead are unmoved at any hour.