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Note from the Etruscans

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BRANDON KRIEG

Note from the Etruscans

When you are finally alone, the canopy of your wings
will drape over you, the stream will run through
the comb of your bones without straightening,
and the shadows of your arms will be kept in shallow bowls.

If you missed the path where the seedpods stop rattling,
your necklace will have to be slipped off and lost
before you can wade into the silence
of a simple handle dropped in a field;
before you can know a wheel turned on its side
is a round of contentment to confound the clouds.

Even then you will find your eyes are stylized olives
painted on a slate, that have never actually opened,
and your mouth opened to sing is full of seeds rattling.
And then your whole body will slip through your ring.