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CAROL ANN DAVIS

All in the High Branches (Devotional)

The eye can't but keep its hopping grief nor the ear its screeching child
who won't listen to reason all in the high branches hops

a lyric complaint and can't but be such a one by whom
my sugar water my fake nectar in solo cup's long neglected

while in canopy someone worries *tch-tch* someone
answers back *blue-it blue-it* nowhere but outward

to chaos from here out little hopping grief all around catching in trees
such grief in trees a thick privacy thickness into which

the *tch-tch* of worry flies year that began in silence ending
in this leftover racket and how could it not of its anniversary come singing

blue-it blue-it we can't but answer what can't us back
to whom we call O my sugar water my fake nectar in thinning

effacement of the body can't we but sleep inside the ruination
of the present *no* Luke says from high in his chalk lighthouse

no no no with dusty fingers he calls raging against all

he's yet to be told *I won't hear of it* high up *blue-it blue-it*
into the *tch-tch* and can't but in highest branches make out

the reciprocal's thump-thump O thee of wings
and smallest muscle give us one loud sound give us a high alarm

that says *back to normal* calls the all clear though nothing's
normal
and nothing will *blue-it* the heart beats *blue-it*

the eye *blue-it* ear and blue moment's nectar moment's pretend