Melospiza Melodia

Carol Ann Davis
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for Robert Creeley

On the shelf I wash and worry over, my poems line up like drosophila, tiny flies already donated to science. Really they are yours, a temple made of fly matter atop the Atlantic shelf, corner of the world that still prays to your figure leaning in the snow. And protected as we are from mosquitoes. And saved from the flowery other, etymology of snake ribs and eiderdown. An anniversary is circling us, circling, circling, slowly passing us by—whew—soon we’re no more than an ant on its spectrometer. We could add up to less; we could roam inside less, warm to it, tax ourselves overmuch with upkeep. If we had it in us. If Bach were still here, Bach of the long lean-to, of the tin roof. I’d like to say a prayer, my poem-life to yours, my sandcastle amelting to your lovely blowing scarf, but it’s too late. How must it be to see out of the one eye?