

## Fugato

Strange bird, how did you get here? Dawnflush—handfuls buckling the neck, and my tongue a pilgrim pulled east—lightplay—pinched pitch plucked past heart to wrist pressed knuckle, one long lake swollen, four cascades, coral, my lips sul ponticello bows a wail. Wails poems all, poems prayers all, prayers music—Music—you, Bird, Are. That in which music—*music*—broods, burnishes, lashes, lashed here, and here—*here*—this estuary of breath and gap. On skin my fingers sweeping: children in the breakers playing upward borne to, past rose in selving—stunned now, back in places once played-in—*how* did you get here?—to the heart of this this thousandbeaked blackness whose breast soughs barren, Cosmos himself a nightbird. No song tolls, no; no song coos, no—nightveiled night-bird, nightshot neverresting nightbird set not to nights, to nights, but night, but night, but night but night rue and musicyearning and all he is is all he's not. He's not Is—no Is—sigh and soot, wide wild wanting wildly veiled. Sparrow, syrinx, heart-thrush, O Strange!, listen—listen, two winds lustdrenched for our flute—listen—*how* did you get here?

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