ANGELA GARDNER

Each Bending

occasional doors open.
cloudbent and pennanting
to these sun windows
I climb out of the world
and look back in.
“aren’t you missing me?”
light loosed. my eyes
a pattern of intersecting
that’s high in the trees.
the top branches green
and not quite so green
as the wonder and terror
below continues its net
of sound and silence.
as if coming and going
are not that different.
surround sound scatter
Venn diagram of song
forest body repeating
complexity. bell birds
over chatter and cooing
the scrub wren clear
and melodious interleaved
with thorn birds and the
creaking catbird. a new
voice, so brief in flurry,
above photons and wind
two and three syllabic
whistles then whipcrack
spills to the forest floor.