

The Red-Winged Blackbird People

I can live with heresiarchs. I like the *here* in them and the *arch*,
the about-face, a bright badge
tossed back and forth across the fields of the party's faithful.

It is not all tragedy. It is also beauty and recovery.
Such color on the foothills. Such Italian expressions for ground—
verdaccio, imprimatura.

Rain is the preferred condition, life in the rushes.
Which we cannot penetrate without consent of its invisible rulers.
The blackbird song pink, often heard in metaphor.

To be transparent is to be seen, to have blackbirds pass through.
Not a glass that stoppers, not glassine,
which resists, but as the eyes can make their way through light.

Here is a score for brief soloists. Matches lit and blown out.
Of a piece that snags and tears and gets rewoven.
One cannot speak of blackbird and not mean thirteen—the male

colony piping, the females quieter, among leaves, brown cattail
casings over-wintered.

Thunder this morning. Geese raise their necks from the blue

bunch wheat grass they sleep in. Sky world. Our beloved terrestrial.
In between, a middle realm.

Where the blackbirds will lay their eggs in an outstretched hand.