

Whistling From the Lean-To

They abdicate now, the ones from the dark edge of the field.

Black wings lashed with nerves. A hut used to be here
quaking in its urgency.

It's leveled now, and I might stand near it and turn around
and turn and turn until the echoing

couldn't be practiced any longer. That's when I levitate to
the tree beams, count the seconds between cannon fire.

I've addressed the meteor shower as it sprinkles
on the smoldering ruins.

I'd take cover, but there's too much recollected
with this air in its very slot, just as I knew.

Maybe all dressed up for a burial, and then I should
say a few words, sing a bit more.

It's as if I could hold a bag out for the breeze to wander in.

No one else around to fix up the rooms and hear the stir.