

ON BIRDSONG

Poison, in proportion, is medicinal.
Medicine, ill-metred, can be terminal.

Brute noise, deftly repeated, becomes musical.
An exit viewed from elsewhere is an entrance.

The conjuror entrances a vast audience.
The hymn that's resurrected from the hymnal

aspires, as we wish to, to the spiritual,
but is slow to disentangle from the sensual.

The evening light, refracted, terminates the day.
(A faction is a fraction of an integral.)

What would we say to the cardinal or jay,
given wings that could mimic their velocities?

How many wintery ferocities
are encompassed in their shrill inhuman canticles?