

Listen some dusk to the varied thrush

keeping its single long, cool note.

This is what the thrush has waited for all day:
the busy light leaving,
shadows slipping home from their exile.
For the spacious

silence that hears it, answers.
Lean bliss you might have thought
despair—

Listen then to your own,
that other
loneliness that is our vast capacity.

You thought it longed for filling.

It longs to sing.

(for Dena DeRose)