

Triptych
(excerpt)

III.

Dusk again. Finches —fat sparks— flitting through it.
A Swainson's thrush sings its haunted-house song in the distance,
its tune running up, over and over, the same four steps. The bird
sings from the woods, woods I'd assumed conferred its chambered,
spacious tune, song of a loneliness and the consolation

of loneliness; song from inside some still, dappled vastness
among the trees. Then the bird flew to the clear-cut
and sang the same—

All these years I'd thought the thrush
sang from some spacious woods—!
The woods were in the song.