

12-1-2017

At the viaduct, the Hudson in march, fourteen days
since he fell under // eastern meadowlark, thirty-
ninth mile of morning

Grace Gilbert
SUNY Geneseo

Follow this and additional works at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Gilbert, Grace (2017) "At the viaduct, the Hudson in march, fourteen days since he fell under // eastern meadowlark, thirty-ninth mile of morning," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 6 : Iss. 1 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol6/iss1/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact KnightScholar@geneseo.edu.

At the viaduct, the
Hudson in March,
fourteen days since
he fell under

I watch

his Mama

fling

a lone

golden

lent-lily

into
the swollen
gorge.

GRACE GILBERT

eastern meadowlark, thirty-ninth mile of morning

i tire of the pounding. the
fogged windows, incessant
static of sleeves and stations,

the hum hum hum
the rusted engine of a thing and of me.
to the left, i notice

dappled auburn under-
bellies among dirt clods & dry
grasses, gaping:
 inserting beaks into soil,

 sweet lazy whistles
from splintering wood beams,
 gentle hymns for sunup

pull over. i rest
a moment after cracking the door,
watch the grassland

fledglings learn to nestle in
 dips & hollows
of the wintered stubble

field. when engine revs
they flit & swoop, chaos
 shrouded in smog

while i softly tap
pinkies against
the wheel