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No Note

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GEOFFREY BABBIT

No Note

a bluebird left its broken wing
under my window—light bones
and feathers make for short letters—good
read though—blew right through me—
told of an old man in the park
whittling a hull frame over a chessboard—
ribs for a ship—unless not
ribcage but birdcage—wings unfold
into good letters—one thing a wing most
means is bluebluewater—cold—hey
just the other day I saw a finch
splashing in the gutter—bathing, for a bird,
makes wings wooden
for you too—you and I we
need the sky to keep us clean