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NORTH HILL HAWK

By

Jill Marie Beauchesne

Bachelor of Arts, English, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, VA, 2000

Professional Paper

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Approved by:

Dr. David A. Strobel, Dean
Graduate School

Joanna Klink, Chair
Creative Writing

Greg Pape
Creative Writing

Lynn Itagaki
Literature

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NORTH HILL HAWK

Let wilderness again become a blank on our maps.

--Jack Turner, The Abstract Wild

the bone frame was made for
no such shock knit within terror,
yet the skeleton stood up to it:

the flesh? it was melted away,
the heart burnt out, dead ember,
tendons, muscles shattered, outer husk dismembered,

yet the frame held:
we passed the flame, we wonder
what saved us? what for?

--H.D., Trilogy

Out of snow

Saved for what we do not know.
There is a plant with flowers and fruit-pepper.
It grows tangled. I guessed and picked it.
The fruit still green, I guessed the month too soon,
and the place where we pray, and hunger, and chant
is silent. A cheap droning carries the street.
I am sure the motive is on our shoulders still.
But how to care for a face you know when you know
you will lose? Why dress colors around a waist?
In small pools of darks and tides
the ebony fire makes mouths birdlike. If I could see
my mother on the stars, I'd point to her wrist
and tell her so. Here is the body and its misbehaving soul.
Here we make an ample Minotaur. Beneath the heart
the real heart sits in an empty guest room.
Should I live there—should I stand by
the lovers' mouths and halfway height,
and if reply, reply in mine? Any animal
in the dream will die.

but look at those branches
wedged in the barbed wire.
In some way they must have gone blind.

The bugs in these high places
madcap, circling
black shattering particle
at my eyes—
 heated
 they move so rapidly at me
 imagine that river moving for them

I raise my hand to end them off.

Has it rained here in days?

Near the top of Waterworks hill
I see the street's separate intersections
blink to red in unison. And if I were not

a human
 but something like
 a sudden human

and as the lights changed
green all at once
would that be

thing, regularity, meter
beginning or end?

On top of Waterworks hill
the air comes coarse.
It is in my nostrils now.
I want it cold,

at my chest, my knuckles
the color of salmon,
my fingers thick
at the ends, impending gray.

As the sun sets, early in November
(this is the month of my birth)
there is import, this order

of being close
to knowing
the air
and this is

insect, sky, even
misnamed hill,

low washed-out cloud.

Valley chimera

Do you trust
your hands
as glaciers
that will bear out
as mightily as
some inveterate member?
I am looking
for a guidebook,
a colorful
inclement diagram
for my imagining
of break,
my purple
liquid
invention.
At night,
hammer and rain,
I shove it all
under a lake.
A snapped birch nape—
what am I waiting for—
some healing sponge,
some worthless
glass behind
the trash can?
I am using up
all of the words
for *pressure*,
attachments
and joints
extending
from a pile of clippings.
Fidelity—the bodily kind—
the only other
human here
setting dynamite
for snags,
laying out
a rat's nest
by the highway.

Helix

If, with a walking stick
at this hillside
roofs become grades
do candles and breaking-points
mean less,
at the boundary of earth and cement.
Paired household
and the last sign
(glass and water, glass)—
as this bench heats through,
one of us feels faster.
Conserving time
my jeans pocket—
all the money
you've ever carried at once.
Where earth is cement,
house and catastrophe combine up
into sky and commonplace sounds.
If warmth lays dormant in these walls
then each summer contains
the winter air, fingerprints
at your hip.

White tail

Bred into fear and out again,
your bushel belly shoves you down slope.

Gooseberry juice lines your snout and shoulder.
You fawn, a blind reminder of suddenness,

and I wonder at feeding you.
The neighborhood and its dogs

accept your appetite alongside the winter.
Everything we learn

and try to show you, flowers
and spotting scopes, compounds

the scent, and destruction of scent.
Roadside hedges and blood.

Wasp

When insects behave practically,
we tap the case and admire them.

The drone outlines herself,
feather-weighted mouth and pen,

her complex bite—saliva and intention,
coarse mandibles at the wooden fence.

What parts of these creatures
(their poison and shaping)
become paramount in our keeping—
what's left, what remains
among massy, rotund needles?

When winter posts its signal,
the wet coalesces near garages.
Fast-paced glowing, the queen retains some image, some sugar.
To sleep without a dream-state, to breathe
with the likeness of lung.

Wasp's nest

The paper is dry as a locket.

The morning's lesson—spinning
(bridling up the sparing bed)—

I sketch the paper wasp's
scenting pattern,

label with graphite edging.

I cannot fold or skirt its edges—
I stack the riverine nest,

the tempered comb, its straddling pieces
(gray cross and surface skimming).
I imagine irreverent glue, a mahogany frame
some shape I claim to rescue.

Caddisfly

Its hairy wings are not downy, not moth
in miniature; are incise, are wrinkled mouths.

With limited time, it compounds the wet
and waits for sedge. It lays eggs in georgette,

in skeins of bald-faced mucus, unsupported.
Larvae spiral in the eddy, alone, portable.

The enclosed hangnail, the pupa,
its membrane affixed to rock, a stupor

and some kind of life. And more life
at stake in the cocoon divide. The knife

and the case releases, according to rule.
This is—surface. The starry pool,

emergence, emerald and moist.
What has gone shakes in the midst

of the dizzy hatch, of invisible sift surface.
The liquid phase is beginning. In service

to air, the caddis no longer burrows: twig,
sediment, needle. The leggy fig

now rises on the moving water,
is shuddering. Is trailing ballast, whiter,

is dropping its catchnet. A shiny flier,
beading and alighting, attired

in provision and super fluid. Clean,
it has two tailless months, colorless, green.

Conflict with a God

The afternoon body heaves
upside-down. I am hardly moving.
Quarter-inch of snow and dirt
extend into a sort of eye,
and across the tilting gulch
a rain intercepts our lawn.
My own energy
at variance, and adult
as I am, I sit suddenly. Saturn,
that idol, connection,
and I haven't learned how
to be momentary, or strange.
Is it this starstuff that renders us,
vacant overhead pastel,
backend growling at will?
The land's occupants have all migrated,
and what an eagerness, what a careless look
to that mountain.

Hawk medicine

We have severed the West with interstate.
The hawks dismember
without abstraction
and this difference
must ally some place.

Sedative, radio collar—
how do we name the Red tail
this year?
I climb Randolph Hill
above the highway.

The totem reads, *to rest*.
To honor the bitterness,
eye, and brain—
clapboard city,

and in reproach, more *management*.
How to involve
the hawk's loose cry,
the striped, translucent underside,
its numbered talon,
its high ridge mate.

Thunderstorm

The whistling
purple echinacea
sodden and broad
the way your mind works
in animal-pictures
Careful, the hawk-cry
night—
all gathered up and boastful, shining
abscess
You make a body just so, being so,
the understanding overpass
the settled rocket-fence
I reach into my pocket
fingering leaves, thread,
the retreat of age, skin,
honey and sinew

Runoff

May, rivulets
fast, nimble flageolets

hard fingering wet rock.
The ground takes stock,

takes it all in, makes ration
of year and melt. Its inclination,

its fish, battle for any motion.
The plain spine, a brittle ocean,

your consenting black bed. Bear grass
strips, shatterproof glass.

What here will burn and flourish.

the white room, no. 1

I held a bucket of fine dry sand.
As I poured it wide across the floor
it turned to wet chenille. It stuck to my palms.
I shook and shook my hands, rubbed them
on the linoleum wall. There were cream white tiles
and dove white tiles. I pressed
my hands against them, squinted, as if I could slice those tiles
down. Closed my eyes, opened
my penknife, took it to the wall.
I scraped and pulled off a tile:
there was nothing underneath.
Only a machine could dismantle this. Imagine
that sound. My want, gone. I held the tile up
to its spot again, took it in my pocket
and sat on the floor. I wrapped my head with the yarn.
In its corner, the bucket still looked proud.

the white room, no. 2

I know which thing I ought not to have asked.
But I asked, and here I am,
making certain spinning in
this room. I was asking you
for you. You won't ever know how much.
But I fear this is not my body,
down on my heels in the dust and wet.
I cannot find my shoes. I know
I left them near that door.
Proxy witness—do you see me—
everyday knotting being—
I use my hairpin to trace my shin,
think of words for the debris.
Am I working? I should
be grateful. Something is telling me
to take it. Something is violently so.

the white room, no. 3

The lights are out. I am not cold,
but my chest is tight. Tonight there are cats
twisted on the ceiling, gray and blue cats,
and one has two tails.

They could all fall on top of me. They could work their way down
through my clothes to my skin. There is not enough space
for touching. I turn, the open window,
there is sound from the mountains,
dark morph hawks are looping, barmy,
they know I am here,
standing ground with a bright brown stick.
Small insect bodies on the hard winter ground,
waxy uplifted thorax. Everything is mottle,
gray rib up and over
gray. I am raising my stick.

the white room, no. 4

Tonight I am reading
the narrow silver newspaper. Announcements
in columns; level, peaceful hyphens.
Complete renderings of men and women.
I smell mothballs in their sweaters. Two
and two, painted glass, a measured watchword.
Today, we saw too much. Tonight,
are we human? I am making love
to the neighbor. I love it
but our heads are on wrong
and my face is invisible to the back row.
This room can't play it all out,
the legs, the reason, the way it was done.
When I awake in the dark
I am raising my voice,
it hollows back, a freeway.

the white room, no. 5

So let me tell you about the empire. It is coming
and there are no voices. Tomorrow
already in its series. So what
do I number it? What can I learn
of the earth? Cycles of talon
and crest at my mouth, like a structure,
like paper dissolving neatly in my hands.
And under light, the surface of my palm
is a range, a cavern of salt and leather switches. Oh, paper!
And what of tomorrow, the next day,
and how the pulse dips like a solar eye?

the white room, no. 6

I am counting it off on my fingers,
still falling under
with the promise of it. This room can be so cool,
so private. It sounds, and if I close my eyes enough,
my skin knows it is coming on.
I don't want to depart this place alone.
I want to take the piano with me, the rug,
the black-gray parachute.
I have tied up the sticks with milkweed.
The iris is an ink-stain on my collar,
a primary color, and bravery
is running down the walls
assembling everything black.
Tell me you are a person of many years.

the white room, no. 7

Meanwhile, the sea always reveled, white. I lost track
of fish and stones
nodding to the weight.
Tell me what I have done.
My ship leaves lines, bones,
the furrows of a sheep's coat,
the membrane of a laser.
I have been laughing at death in the underbelly.
Love, I want to go walking
without thought, holding up my head
without mirrors or tools.
I want to balance: you, the marked cuts, the flying things.

Scope

The wind-tower
grows a veil—
I have fallen
from its favor.
(my easy settling
my camel-colored
slab and window)
It is set against
any more magnified
contact.
Mid-bone, mid-sight:
I will return, orderly,
to intimacy,
to the pattern
of a half-hour.
I climb
that twilight hill,
meet its curling survey,
blood and kneecaps cresting.
And while I pitch,
I imagine grasses in jars,
captured root,
essence
laving hardrock.
I imagine altitude
as a bewildered voice,
joints wrestling with the lights.
Tomorrow, as chance,
the pine will turn—
the obovate mourning—
red, short, low.
The bedding and walls—
balance letting
scale in view.

Armistice Day

From the monitor, the light wails on.
Our priests combining blueprints for the wax museum.

In wartime, borne of
perfect health, I eat and drink—
And in between, a sort of wonderment or pride—
after all, I once set my pageant dress on fire.
Steady-handed,
I glue stick-fiber to flower bases,
identify the lip of a fish.
At night, I cross my legs and arms.

Sitting across from rum, delicata—
I may be a railroad car.
The surrounding documents,
the impale of oceans and figures,
hapless lauding sounding wall. Blood, penmanship.
We are composed, holiday—leftover month,
early morning road.

Sonnet

Divided, part after part
at some point
the length and width of you
exchange place, explosion—
fibula, the harrowing ransack
of lip—
how is that energy a *fist*.
A war, the same as an idea,
not by nature—
the stones, after all, are bleached utterly
all the while that a cross
remains elliptical, a sensation—
and the breath that sends my hand at you
is a recurring wound.

Auction's end

You bid, upright and watery. Your arm,
a supple reminder
of an animal
switching.
Out, the heron-piece.
The musculature, the coloring.
Tracked,
draped living metal
at the podium, rusting.
Next—the final tray of eggs.
Next—the fairy ring.
A weave jar
of pickled mountain coal.
Splendid tatting wild,
head for home—
kitchen backsplash,
sloping aggregate.
Your thumb and face
all shade.

Body language of a tree

Several of your blooms, in switching.

Rhubarb-coated waist and socket—
ever-metaled pocket pole.

Climbing cast iron! Hatchet!

Your pulse, knotting, touching mine.
To worry becomes *intention*,
and what we owe, *composition*.

Imagination at the South Fork

Mount Rushmore, caught underwater,
appears to your eye,
a grim padlock on rock.

Such fools! To believe—
Now in the creek bed, foreheads lined by glacier,
water stops and starts at the earlobe and nostril.
Whole centuries abducted by flood—
you begin to absolve the monument.

So you tell yourself.
Yet as you cycle through images,
depicting forgery or forgery,
your wish follows blueprints from all other states.

And each time you adhere to an ocean
(the understanding of what you've done),
you never wonder how much
of a kind thing is poetry.
The outward familiarity of muscle, mass and weight—
and you, soaked clothing, retching beauty—
you find the gratitude harder.

Sea-wren

The woman next door tests her doorbell.
I fold the linen, miming a wind press.
You bend, a moth's length away—
blooming your calipers. You are hatching nails
from the bedpost.
I imagine asking you—*is it the more we have*
when the man-of-war edges out from the crawl space.
It shimmies, moving in time
with the dishwasher.
Like a sea-wren, you whisper,
and we affix it to the porch light.
I line my skin
with its shine, adjusting—
my tiles, work
fractioned, piece by wan piece
underneath the animal-lamp.
As you step back,
I watch the makeshift chrome
over your body, your mouth.

The bright heat

Your cough wakes us, you start up,
kicking the blanket off to one side.
This bed a presumed motion,
my spine and basic weight toward you.
Your muscles are wild, yet
I have not imagined losing you.
In this indulgent minute,
I watch the birds outside our window,
slight and magnificent legs and beaks.
I could vibrate it all in one snap:
the round mandibles, the breasts snip-picking
at the log-feeder—life feeling out its one lane.
But nothing breaks, no bird into glass.
You shift about in the light.

Cold frame

Let me take snapshots.
To tell you how easy it is.

You can lift me
to the water, can
turn me on my backside,

rungs and staples
poking out.
I am made of poles.

Do you have a city
to run to? All of my gods
are cast up on some beach.

How the soil reacts
to water. How we contemplate
the other time as moving fast,

ringing fast, readying its head
and tight grip up.
Open that book,

let me read it,
the inside outs, the ohs
unheating,

let me see
the brown sides gilding,
the underwater kind,

spores of last week
turning into this week's spores,
the clause of water,

the liquid seeding,
the way my hand picks
at the lamplight,

gloaming stem,
gloaming love.

And tonight

we are finishing up
in front of the cold frame,
and it has gone slow.

Fish heads

—

The money
is bluffing
and I am calling it out. I can't believe
in the Invisible Hand.
I see a fish head with no color,
gone under the leaves and water. No sand—
just a place for sand. No spine. The smart ones
are digging near the rocks. They nod; I hedge.

There are housing problems and racial problems.
I had harlequin brick and a tax break.
Is this my house miming a television set?
Just right at certain distance, hidden plugs out back?

Work is money. I had forgotten, how,
so forgive me for the smell of it:
the hot garbage bag on skin; the vented train;
the marked transfers on their way in.

—

In the sky above the flintlock house
the worse side of a storm cloud
is bearing down, dipping
and rising all at once.
Inside, the man you intend to face
is leaning back against his gold-stenciled wall.
His carpals and feet line up
like a classic theory.

And as your feet
hit the stonework
as your face receives the acrid light

his house might turn,
his gravity might give way,

he might go feet first
through the hardwood floor
into the ground below and down
where the water swells
where the carbon bloats in his bones
where the hoary fish heads jump
and rise to his mouth

so that he has no word,
so that he lolls on his back, bordered by a casement stream.

—

You tell me this painting will go,
seventeen million
and a half. Its edge
is sturdy, platinum,
framing twelve blue squares
and a pair of fish heads.
To think I could beat you,
money and the final word.

*And as I would pass each one, I would take a sip
from his offered glass*
and on the street, I am trying to forget
that other man
cutting these stones, annals.

Piece of a city,
I live so far
withdrawn

Muscle and bloat, music and boat,

this exercise comes late.
I round up at the gate, point ahead.
I wonder how you put it. A wet space behind the heart—

The way I understand it,
the ocean has a sort of hesitancy.
On days we are distracted, ruses swell—

Imagine leaning over the edge,
just enough to be reminded of your spine,
long enough to pull your shirt from your chest,
facing in to canvas, a crisis of material.

Bend into climate. You shake
the water-spit from your face,
and in so many words,
your eyes are warm metal.

The struggle is how not to speak. The specific
hardly serves its purpose. On deck
there is some joy
and it is electric-seeming.

We might oppose each other,
your certainty appearing for years before I notice.
We manufacture our sights,
brazen toothsome pressure,
black masking across the eyes.
I take your seat on the whittled crate.

I wonder about the animal sense. Morning,
the rear is cracking,
and I can't tell who to take on—
you, the muddy bank?

Salt-water flats lap up,

stalling the boat-motor.
We are like guns
in a locked place.
How your body and my body
recoil and elevate.
Yellow-spotted
patterns impress us,
and beyond the pock-marked water-line,
under-creatures
are missing cheeks, mouthing at nothing.
To release a life—
the commonplace rock and all of its vertebrae—
the pain in your teeth.
The feel of a gill through a fleece glove.
Human guilt—
Layering my skirt on the iron sheath,
I take to the tool, its metallic spring.

Beekeeping

1.

We need a spinner. The harlequin parts of an hour, the Sundays, the kitchen—honey and water hardly mix. You suck in and pull, prying the queen guard. The sentries are so small. Flax or algae in your toenails and hair; the linden tree aiding our factory. I want to see royal jelly—toast on the blue plates, next to the marjoram beak-pieces. I want persuasion, before-hours, without a radio in the background. You touch me, pieces of wax and stained flagellum, summer causing your increase. What can we eat with what we can make, increased ether, return-trips already paid for, bedclothes hitting us at certain lights. Surely we are in common.

2.

What comes with winter, over-wintering. If I sang along the hives, some difference would sound in their painted towers. Quick—I picture you, coldless and happily mercantile, a village in a delta with rain. Your silent neighbors moving out of silence. I see dust and shopping bags, neat rows of pork and mango strips drying in the sun. I see children. I know there are no computers, no trash collection. I know you on a bike ride, twitching side-waist and shifting seat, climbing any hill.

3.

There are friends who hardly know us, fathers who have come to a standstill. Your tethered mouth—show me the direction to shared work, to covering up properly. I cast down the comb in straight lines, two scrapes into the bucket. ‘Watch the dead ones’—and we are off and running, thinking fast, of others, of before, when I let you down.

4.

In jars, crystalline. In cubes, disparate cells, caps. We sort through the genes. In gin bottles, dirty candlesticks. Night clubs and other women, amber men. Forming lines, decisions on the dresser. I scrape the insides of the glass, working out the dry spots. You tell me I work too hard. Simple—reheat on medium, the large stockpot. How domestic we become in these pocket-sized instructions. The digital screen of my face, my wonderment in the photograph. At the graft.

5.

Stuff the smoker with kindling. Call it the majesty. The evacuees, the bees, stranded and lifelike, hovering at the doorjamb and our fingertips. How high do they count the eggs? The gel we are eating, all non-metal, gloveless. Lets hand it all in, put our hands in, pull at the filling, chew at the comb. This purpose makes homecoming.

6.

Love, tell me a secret. I feel you rushing. And what your honesty sounds like to me is a small window, an uncluttered room and a phone call. The promise of what is, not the underpinning of everything. And next spring will be as light-hued, and next spring will be run-off. Will be knapweed, small hairs and seeds. And this collection of color will hardly wreck us.

Involuntary faults of love

You coil a tail of string
seven times over in your palm, your eyes
like potential fists.
The garden emits its shells, and again

I am wondering how much to let go.
The hill and its birds, a fluted cushion,
the radical asphalt,
the joy in not-seeming.

Some healers mention why
I may be tight in the legs.
My knees upend in the soil. We weed in restoration,
and you have never made a promise,
and I have never made a promise.

Come afternoon, we will assemble the rock wall.

Your copper chest shines on the dance floor.
I tally your heaves to mine.
Your fingers, some absentminded missives—

I wonder at the watercolor of you,
and the ratchet of your memory.
You mention strategy—
and how speech can gesture into medicine, I am unsure—
and how a bedpost can shrug in entrust

when the earth-basin brain begins to rest. But I am not glad

when you leave, when the animals shape your absence,
harrier and big horn on the freeway, so close to death I cannot watch.

Train

In the traffic before dawn
the train is arching fast.
Each resounding click,
each unsteady bump
a metered exhalation.
The horn insists we defer
to the unexpected tugging,
but most nights I still
sleep regular. I think
of the weight, the iron casting,
the balls and braided cable,
inner shudder, shudder
and repeat. I remember
a certain curtain, frill
and a wire bunk bed.
I watched the fluid rain
on the sterile lawn. That moon,
that order, that wet not
uncaring. It was more
a secret, the window
at my hairline. And if
I sat still, enough, and
bent low to whisper
at the gods, the crosswind gauged
some unschooled smallish prayer
and answered back as hard.

Birdwatching

1.

Under the bench,
a plastic bag from a drug store,
the color of a swimming pool.
A house wren is licking
a serrated paper knife.

The bird skates out, leaving
a rag napkin, a yellow stain
a travel aspirin bottle. Listen.

Behind the train
is another train.

There is nothing to do
except wash pieces of trash
in the gutter-shank
beside the front porch.

Morning is the best time to see
the red-breasted nuthatch.
Ruddy lumps, moving plump,
bosom a star-shape, etc.

In the afternoon, not enough water
at the hill
rendered fat and twisted metal
at the hill.

Perhaps today I will see the butterfly man,
all tiptoes and rubber.
He whispers how

the yellow-backed monarch has never hatched
this early
in any history
of any year.

The streets are made of ginger pieces.
Dirty rocks and gild.

Behind that green is nothing green.
I don't know why
this smell is impossible.
Last night, in the alley
between the hair salon and the tire shop
the air became sopped and gray.
I molted and grew steel epaulets.
I skinned a bird
and then another bird
and I did not know how to call it.

She is a lovely ceremony
the bride, a photograph in the garden

the sunset all purple, square

the garden a plywood gazebo
four cast aluminum chairs
ersatz rock

I unwrapped color
(cooling brine icebox)
and I ate color
and I ate more color
and I began scratching myself
shades of pepperjack and paraffin.

In the evening,
the dipper is kneading.

Soft and ink,
unnamed, speak.

The butterfly man, curved suspension,
wane hill,
hands me his net.
I am so sure, I swoop,
and the monarch is netted.
Everything is buckle:

sun, hand, chrysalis.
The creature does not measure my palm
and for a time
yellow is this face.

On the other side of the hill,

a helicopter lifts logs with cable.
The sound of water from the paper mill.

The dam props up, a tanned balloon.

A girl and her father
circle the reservoir, bit by bit.
It is starting to rain.
This is the eclipse,
speculum, brown lake,
male mallards tucking and pulling.

When you come to visit with your daughters
my mother said
this dogwood will be large
the neighbors will not be able to see in.

My parents planted a sapling dogwood,
held up with stakes and wire.

2.

This morning,
the fencepost trap
shrouds a bluebird.

(from its belly, fishing line
from its feet, a hangnail prism)

I mount a glass globe,
a case of platinum wire—
a barettack swinging bluebird display
beside the bedpost.

I tell it everything—
the china doll stories,
the windowless river.
How the sidebanks
pick and drop
broken necks and automobiles—

and when I break the globe open
(tin cups, apple bird flesh
light and sickle bones)
I take an oil rag to its bluebird cheek,
clean its salty mouth—

I dress it
in pieces of sock and rubber band,
I dress myself
and carry us to the city,
bird-worn panties and ribbon.

3.

I spread a blanket,
dyed fiber,
imagine the primitive space shuttle,
definition satellite,
a red-orange utopia.

The birds break out loudly, heisting.
I walk again, picking thread,
pieces of vinyl record,
building shelter,
coloring it rock.
Where does the wild do its mourning?
I lift my head,
listening southward.
I'm taken by that freeway,
by promise and trains.

The marsh wren
builds nine dummy nests
for his mate. In the reeds,
she faces one five-inch oval at a time.
Above, in headline sequence,
the sameness of migratory alarm.

4.

Eight o'clock,
slate indigo weed.

Nearing the riverbed, I hear
a killdeer,
its flicker,
its necklaced black decadence.

It is almost a photograph.
When it begins to rain, I call to you.
When it ices, ice.

Now perennial
love learns you—
listen—
sleep before you sleep.

What is
a different country,
lower, closer
salted water?

The candy smell
in the pines. I do love to walk,
each morning only
so little light. My hat.

I am learning the difference
between a call and a song. The reason
for drab plumage.

Remember sucking on gel-drops
after a storm
feeling brown
all the way down.

That bank is a swizzle stick.
Something low,

the crow making itself a fan.

Last night my body grew as large as a man's.
I was a bricklayer, tearing strings from planks,
readying the house for readying.

I did not care
about the air.

Four hundred calls
over the river.
You turn
the water in,
your hands spilling
cups.