

MURMURATIONS

1.

The field lends a dark frame.

Hundreds of starlings try to sweep aside
the sky. It stays put, shut, but wings
overwhelm the fixed field.

Wave after crashing wave spiral
into inky funnels,
giving shape to the dusk.

Flickering coven, what comes together
must leap apart. Your unmended
refrains peck and cry out.

You melt, net that catches nothing—
leaving nothing behind to touch.

You twist into nervous knots.

It'd be a triumph to be caught in one,
tried and tied to the sky, caught between
two lives.

The field empties—I find
my way through still-buzzing
shade—the night comes.

I drive.

2.

Across dumb, broke America, there's neon
stuck in the country's gut—illuminated
knife that splits, cuts.

Texas farms grow rich gusts as wind
flattens me to morning sheets.

I push it away, try to fall back asleep,
lulled by fields of bone
white turbines.

Touch me and forget my name.

Leave it on the hotel floor with whatever
we said to get here—where we move
like smoke on a bed of air.

Ask me again. I live nowhere.

I'm the blurry one, center-frame, flaring
toward the edge—uncaptured.

Every day is the rapture.

3.

It's too much to hear a voice
raised up by song. I pull over to recover.

Too much to watch dancers revolve as one
anti-body, like the starlings press their feathers
together, signing over autumn grass.

The miles through Texas and Oklahoma
dissolve. They whistle and sing: don't stop
until you've gone as far as you can go.

Speed gathers in the clouds.

No breaks. Missouri rain. A desperate
kiss. An Indiana night I didn't want to leave.

It was the first in months that meant nothing
but freedom—what it meant to want
nothing again.

And I'm leaving all the time now.

Hissing arrow. Blood architect.
Shadow wound—its refusal:

a barbed fang leaves its slivers.