

We Cannot Stop The Bird Of The Past From Singing

*He killed my white bird
to stop it singing of the past.
Anna Ahkmatova*

We cannot stop the bird of the past from singing
unless we bind his throat like a child. Gag him with white linen.

Then
we gather darkness as men gather change at a bridge-crossing.

Black won't irradiate things now.
So I lie on my back

counting numerals on my ceiling
knowing there's none to your world

knowing my sundial's stuck at
homecoming.

When flame runs
thru all the rooms of the heart

the toll
climbs.

Still, I prize this time
while heat beats thru parent & child who rise to a new range.

Dark, gathered like burnished fruit, is plucked down
from an orchard to bring me back to one in the morning

when the child has no bound throat
and the bird of the past is singing.

In nest of your heart
as in mine.