

Russian Meadow

Such an exquisite episode, like cranes standing all on one leg.
One after one
Russian boys waking, singing

figures
from a battlefield
carved young, of luminous stone.

Each told a different story.
Some of snow, some of mire—
how it came, to seal their lips.

Some of going down
so swiftly
like a candlewick into blackness
hardly feeling the gutting,
then going blind.