Pigeon

In The Woods...

The brackish roots of river pine
Anchored in my curving spine
Bend to the whims of wind's design
And I lay down at your sideAbove the brine of reds in clay
A swollen angel oaks bouquet
In the red-winged blackbird's eyes of grey
A saltwater tear residesBut the sand and the earthen parapet
Silts into this rivulet
The bluffs and the banks will soon forget
A single tear was criedAnd in this spawning ground it blooms
The nectar and the petal plumes
A purple swallow now exhumed
From the river that has diedPalmately spread delphinium
Bachelor-buttoned malva comes
To be your lilied brideThe crimson of rinoculous
Gardenia and dianthus
The bloodless ivory water-lotus
Sweetly opens wideBut even the most fondly named
Rooted and green leaves framed
Surely must come to be reclaimed
Beyond the great divideWithout a voice left to sing
With waterlogged and heavy wing
With peaceful eyes unsuffering
A pigeon floats in the tide

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