

FUGUE

Strange, strangebird, how did you get here? Dawnflush handfals buckling the neck, and my tongue a pilgrim pulled east—lightplay—pinched pitch plucked past heart to wrist pressed knuckle, one long lake swollen, four cascades, coral, my lips sul ponticello bows a wail—music—music—you, bird, are—that in which music—*music*—broods, burnishes, lashes, lashed here, and here—*here*—this estuary of breaths and gaps—on skin my fingers sweeping: children in the breakers playing upward borne to, past rose in selving—stunned now, back in places once played in—*how* did you get here?—to the heart of this this thousandbeaked blackness whose breast sougls barren, cosmos himself a nightbird, strangebird—no song tolls no, no song coos, no—nightveiled night-bird, nightshot neverresting nightbird set not to nights, to nights, but night, but night, but night but night and musicyearning and all he is is all he's not. He's not Is—He *is* not Is—is not Is—no Is—sigh, soot, wide wild wanting wildly veiled sparrow, syrinx, heart-thrush, O Strange!, listen listen two winds lustdrenched for our flute—*how* did you get here?