

*Richard Kenney***Easter**

Seams bent open in the wind tonight
the whole house trembles — listen — tines, antennae
singing on their mast, and trees in tune —
and inside, wind drains up the chimney, rings
the room, disturbs the undrawn curtains, sucks
across the winerack whistling like a syrinx
uncorked in the distance somewhere, stirs
your long skirt's hem, the candle flame, this Easter
dinner cooling on my lifted fork —
I fill your glass; the bottle drops a fourth.
Still green and cloudy, sweet, still working, apple
wine reminds me how the warm dark eases
life, and love — how small night-blooming orchids
touch the sticky gobbet of their pollen
on the feeding hawk-moth's compound eye,
as how this night has touched its opalescent
moon against the many convex facets
of the window bay, each whorl and lens
reflecting back, and how the night sky
spilling through this house with dusty wings,
with wind, will find us in another Lenten
season, you and I, another fast
broken, another winter come to spring.