

HADARA BAR-NADAV

*The Angle of a Landscape**Title and italics adapted from Emily Dickinson*

Blackbirds pluck the trees, throat bloody notes through limbs and eaves. Such radiant violence. The sky, a nacre sheet. The *forehead of a hill* cracked open so the ghosts rip free. A height once whole, a peak from which to see. Between the curtain and the wall rusts the world through a window. A nest with four teal eggs, dotted gray. Yolk and plaster, pastel-caked. Here blackbird. Here landscape. To watch your watching without recognition, without name. Grass-line, tree-line, hairline breaks in the glass, the gauze, the gaze. Your head wanders, nodding like a cradle.