

DANEEN WARDROP

Rows, Own

After walking past trees so populous
the new hayfields
come to him as rows of blaze,

Caedmon begins to wish for water
or shade to sprout new slips.

The thatch of a sparrow's feathers
is roof to its next caprice—

and if he begins to wish for the note yielding to next-note

he'll swoon in gut and loins
where sorrow is a heavy rolling honey
to own without having to search for it,

and danger is love at edges

and birds would land on his eyelashes