

CARAND BURNET

Henhouse

This is a line about blame. I confess
I stole the egg
Layer. & you, you await

Old hens & flames cut
Corners in daydreams
A back

Hand gesture they spur their feet
Come with me follow the hens
Our girls, follow through
Occasions, appointments, word arranging sound

Inside the henhouse you will hear
Every birdsong ever extinct caught
Before being
A casualty. Walls once marked
Their height as each song grew

I wasn't the one for prospects, nor
Out for gold so out
Side you kick up grass
Just to see, nothing here to seal
But what of the mourning doves? They rise
With the morn' sun and die with it
Always but the girls
Our hens miss the midnight

Here. You were slow to stay, just to see
Empty spaces, slow to just listen once
You will quit pettiness. You will be the quiet
Song of Paris, a fleur-de-lis
Once you were known for being wicked. Long
Ago you were known

But the grass changes, not the hens. After all
It misses the feeling of making night
Pin & needle stars
So the hens prop the pen
Door open feeling about darkness
Awhile feeling your sadness
Not one sadness or darkness washed down yet
So they stay they wait
Red doors open while their clucks grow