

Bell's Vireo

HEATHER LANG-CASSERA

The creosote bloom like staccato thought
clouds, and they ask us if, now, we are caught
between spring and summer beneath the light
of the only sun we can know. When might
we become breathless or merely voiceless
or needing of more than our want. Say yes
to the choral-throated canyons, quiet
only in expectation. Disquiet
arches like sunrise behind Keystone Thrust,
moonrise, by always city-lights, hushed.
Gathering water at the root, like warm
hands map the birdcage of the heart, the storm
waits beyond the wash, where olive-gray wings
chatter, and this chamber of sandstone sings.