

## Plainsong

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [December 2024](#) issue

Published on December 13, 2024

If such winds throughout the trees  
mid-December, shaking out our golden hour  
can exult this much tintabulation,  
why can't I?

                    And why not beside the sparrows,  
their jubilations, a twittered harrowing?  
Why am I not accompanying the birds,  
the winds, all of us together now, one sound?

The sky's vaulted dome my audience,  
a blue compliance, all attention—  
where else should I lose my song, a dying fall?

My little musics, instrument, accompaniment.