Plainsong

by Peter Cooley in the December 2024 issue
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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.